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OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE,
BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, PATRI-
OTIC ELOQUENCE, POETRY*

THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

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PRESIDENT WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER,
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, HENRY
VAN DYKE, NATHAN HASKELL DÖLE

TWENTY VOLUMES RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

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HISTORIC SCENES IN FICTION

EDITED BY
HENRY VAN DYKE

VOLUME XV



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AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWO BLACK AND WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN THE TEXT.

HISTORY AND THE NOVEL

BY

REV. DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE difference between the historian and the novelist is this. The historian aims to tell what happened to certain people at a certain time. The novelist aims to tell what might have happened to people of a certain kind if they had lived at a certain time.

The story, then, the narrative of events, is the backbone alike of the history and of the novel. But a backbone without a spinal marrow is a dead thing. The marrow of history and of fiction is human character. In order to make a story things must happen. But in order to make a history, the writer must see how and why things have happened to certain people, and to certain races and nations in a certain way. He must enter into those secrets of personal and national character by which mere events are transformed in their working, and controlled in their consequence. Why, for example, did the Revolution in the American colonies mean one thing, and the Revolution in France, a decade later, mean another thing? Why did victory

in war have one effect on Washington and a totally different effect on Napoleon?

Now, just as the historian deals with events in relation to real characters, so must the novelist unfold his story in relation to his imaginary characters. "People of a certain kind" is the phrase that I used a moment since in describing the subjects of fiction. The novelist ought to see the people in his book as clearly as if they were alive. And it is not only their dress and their looks and their manner of speech that he must mentally perceive. He must have an intimate sense of their dispositions and qualities. He must know what kind of people they are; what type they belong to; wherein and how far they are eccentric, so that they are capable of doing strange and unaccountable things. Unless the novelist has some such real acquaintance with his imaginary people, his book will be only a puppet-show or a lunatic asylum.

There is one more element which belongs in common to the history and the novel, and that is the element of "a certain time." The romance, pure and simple, does not include this element, or at least it lays no stress upon it. Romance is magical, in one way or another. It forgets dates, it escapes from laws, it delights in the improbable, it does not shrink from the impossible. But the novel, like the history, belongs to a certain period; and to that period it ought to be true in fancy, as the history ought to be true in fact.

All novels, in a sense, should be historical; that is to say, their stories should be told in a way that makes them fit somewhere into the real world. If they deal with the present time they should have the color of life as it is, in London, in New York, in Paris, in the backwoods of Canada. If they deal with the past they should give an impression of life as it was in the days of Vespasian, or William the Conqueror, or Queen Elizabeth, or Oliver Cromwell, or Queen Anne.

All history, in a sense, must be fictitious. It must embrace an element supplied by the imagination, — not by the wayward fancy, which works at its own will, — but by the intelligent imagination which recreates, out of the material supplied by ancient records and documents, the living personages and moving scenes of the past.

Here, then, we have the line of communication and correspondence between the history and the novel, as they have been developed in the Nineteenth Century. Macaulay wrote in 1828: "The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. . . . A truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The

history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality', — for one-half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' "

Meantime, on the side of fiction, the use of material hitherto supposed to belong to history had been taken up, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, with more zeal than discretion, by many novelists, who placed their stories in any period that happened to please their fancy, and wove a web of adventure, fearfully and wonderfully made, about well-known historical characters. For the most part, these early historical romances, "Longsword," "The Recess," "Earl Strongbow," "The Adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion," "Edwy and Elgiva," and so on, are of little worth, being founded on incorrect information, and constructed with feeble imagination. Two of them, however, may be taken as first-fruits of a better harvest: "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs." But when Walter Scott, in 1814, took up the writing of prose fiction as his life work, the element of history began to find its place in the novel in a way that commanded the attention, interest, and delight of intelligent readers. His historical knowledge was not infallible, to be

sure, and there are some inaccuracies to be found in his novels. But in the broad sense he was a great scholar; his reading was wide; his faculty of interpretation was vivid; he had a sympathetic understanding of ancient manners and customs; and, above all, he was a man of genius, able to make the personages of his story stand out lifelike against the background of the carefully studied period in which he had chosen to place it.

The spirit in which Scott wrote is expressed in a passage from the Introduction to "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since":—

"Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors;—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary coloring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was colored *gules*; it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tintured *sable*. But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer, who can now only ruin his neighbor according to law, by pro-

tracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavored to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

Since the time of Scott no respectable historical novelist has attempted to do his work without a careful study of the period in which his story is placed and a conscientious use of real historical material. The skill with which this study is made and this material used, marks the rank of the writer as a craftsman. The power with which the story penetrates to the springs of human character and action reveals the writer's genius, or his lack of it, and determines the permanent rank of the book as a piece of literature.

But there are many ways in which the writer may make use of his historical material. For example, he may write his book in a close imitation of the style and diction of the period with which he deals. Thackeray did this in "Henry Esmond," and Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." Or he may endeavor to produce his effect by using, not precisely the style of the period, but something which is enough like it to give the flavor of antiquity. This is the method which Kingsley followed in "Westward Ho!" and Scott in "Ivanhoe."

Again, the novelist may choose well-known personages as his principal characters, as Scott did in "Kenil-

worth," and Bulwer-Lytton in "Harold." Or he may go to the other extreme, and make his whole story move in the region of unrecorded history, without introducing a single famous person in any way that affects the action. Thackeray did this in "Vanity Fair," and Dickens in "A Tale of Two Cities." Or he may follow a middle course, laying his plot among imaginary people of the time that he has chosen, and introducing some historical characters, drawn with fidelity, and presented either in actions which they really performed or in imaginary scenes in which they play a part in harmony with their real characters. Thus, for example, in "Westward Ho!" Francis Drake and John Hawkins and Richard Grenville and Martin Frobisher, and many more of the brave sea-fighters of England, come in; and the game of bowls played just before the battle with the Armada is a matter of history. The appearance of Sir Walter Raleigh among them, however, is not well authenticated. In "John Inglesant" the story of the apparition of the ghost of Lord Strafford to Charles I. is purely imaginary; yet it is told in close accord with the characters concerned. In "The Gray Champion" (which is a complete short story, rather than "a scene from fiction"), Hawthorne gives an historical sketch of Sir Edmund Andros; but the Champion is an allegorical figure. In "The Last of the Mohicans" Cooper introduces Montcalm at the massacre of Fort William Henry, and paints his picture in

the main admirably; though he leaves out the well-attested and most important fact that Montcalm made desperate efforts to stay the slaughter.

We may see thus, within the limits of this little book, illustrations of many different ways of using historical material in fiction. Such material, if it be carefully studied, and really assimilated by the imagination of the author, lends an undoubted charm and a substantial value to a good novel.

There are several writers, among the many producers of historical fiction, in America and in England to-day, who are doing admirable work of this kind. I regret that the reluctance of their publishers to recognize the classical value of some of their books has prevented me from using them as illustrations. But the two specimens from recent fiction which are included in this volume are excellent examples of the best method.

In "The Bow of Orange Ribbon,"¹ Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has given us a convincing picture of life in New York just before the Revolution. The only historical figure in the chapter that I have chosen is Marinus Willet, but the whole scene is drawn with accuracy and vigor. It has a special interest because it shows the connection between the colors of the Continental uniform and the orange and blue of the House of Nassau.

In "The Seats of the Mighty,"² Mr. Gilbert Parker

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² Published by D. Appleton & Co. New York. Copyright, 1896.

has used material drawn from "The Memoirs of Major Stobo" and many other sources, with wonderful skill. In a book which breathes the very spirit of romantic adventure, he has painted a superb portrait of General Wolfe on the last night of his heroic life, and described the capture of Quebec with the power and truthfulness of a master. Such work as this in fiction lends a new interest to history, and makes the past live again in our imagination.

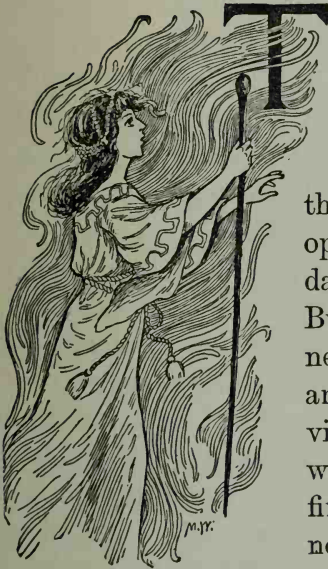
The first aim of the novel, like that of every other work of art, is to give pleasure. But there is no reason why this pleasure should not be connected with an increase of knowledge and a growth in mental power. It is to be hoped that the young folks who begin their study of historical fiction in this volume may be led by it into a more thoughtful and enjoyable reading of the best histories.

Henry van Dyke

HISTORIC SCENES IN FICTION

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.



THE cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass.

It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now

brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and

lighting up the whole city from arch to arch, — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimics of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes, — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee deep, and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt, the footing seemed to slide and creep, — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was

combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticos of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted



WITH SUPERNATURAL FEARS THESE GROUPS
ENCOUNTERED EACH OTHER.

had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore, — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild, haggard, ghastly with

supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind gril. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in the path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps, — in vain: they could not discover her, — it was evident she had been swept along some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was *lost*! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the sea-

shore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? all was rayless to them — a maze without a clew. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

“Alas! alas!” murmured Ione, “I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!”

“Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! yet, whither, — oh! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago.”

“O gods! yon rock, — see, it hath riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!”

“Blessed lightning! See, Ione, — see! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers.”

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

“Who is there?” said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. “Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes.”

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of

Glaucus: and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes; the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple, — and Glaucus, with



IONE . . . COWERED AGAIN BENEATH THE
ARMS OF GLAUCUS.

a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed couched beneath the pillars; — and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them, — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled.

Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator, as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple.

They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes ; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand ; they imagined now that the Day had come.

“Woe! woe!” cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. “Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men! Woe! woe! ye strong and mighty! Woe to ye of the fasces and the purple! Woe to the idolater and the worshipper of the beast! Woe to ye who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death-pangs of the sons of God! Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!”

And with a loud and deep chorus, the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air, “Woe to the harlot of the sea! — Woe! Woe!”

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning, till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged Ione once more to proceed. Just as they stood, hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man, with a bag in his right hand and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognized the two as father and son, — miser and prodigal.

“Father,” said the youth, “if you cannot move more swiftly, I must leave you, or we *both* perish!”

"Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire!"

"But I cannot fly to starve; give me thy bag of gold!" And the youth snatched at it.

"Wretch! Wouldst thou rob thy father?"

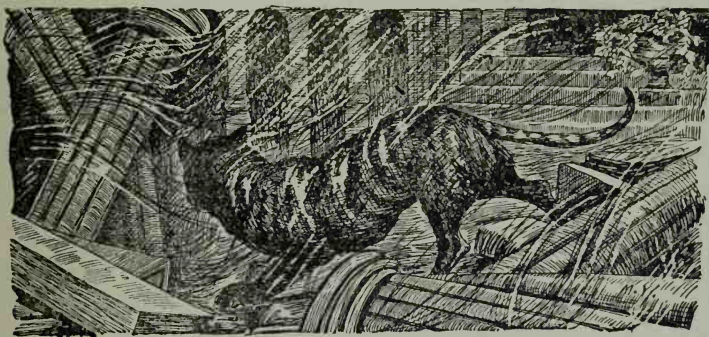
"Ay! who can tell the tale in this hour? Miser, perish!"

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

"Ye gods!" cried Glaucus: "are ye blind, then, even in the dark? Such crimes may well confound the guiltless with the guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on! — on!"

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts, where the ashes lay dry and uncombined with the boiling torrents, cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the fatal

mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame. . . .



“THE TERRIBLE TIGER OF THE DESERT.”

Glaucus . . . caught Ione once more in his arms, and fled along the street, that was yet intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, — rolling on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another, and another, and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart, — a bride on that couch of ruin, — resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided, to find her companions gone; to seize every fugitive; to inquire of Glaucus, — to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror, nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender. At length it occurred to Nydia, that as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path; to thread the streets, — and unerringly (so blessed now was that accustomed darkness, so afflicting in ordinary life!) to take the nearest direction to the sea-side.

Poor girl! her courage was beautiful to behold! — and Fate seemed to favor one so helpless! The boiling torrents touched her not, save by the general rain which accompanied them; the huge fragments of scoria

shivered the pavement before and beside her, but spared that frail form: and when the lesser ashes fell over her, she shook them away with a slight tremor, and dauntlessly resumed her course.

Weak, exposed, yet fearless, supported but by one wish, she was a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings; of Hope, walking through the Valley of the Shadow; of the Soul itself, — lone but undaunted, amidst the dangers and the snares of life!

Her path was, however, constantly impeded by the crowds that now groped amidst the gloom, now fled in the temporary glare of the lightnings across the scene; and, at length, a group of torch-bearers rushing full against her, she was thrown down with some violence.

“What!” said the voice of one of the party, “is this the brave blind girl? By Bacchus, she must not be left here to die! Up! my Thessalian! So, so. Are you hurt? That’s well! Come along with us! we are for the shore!”

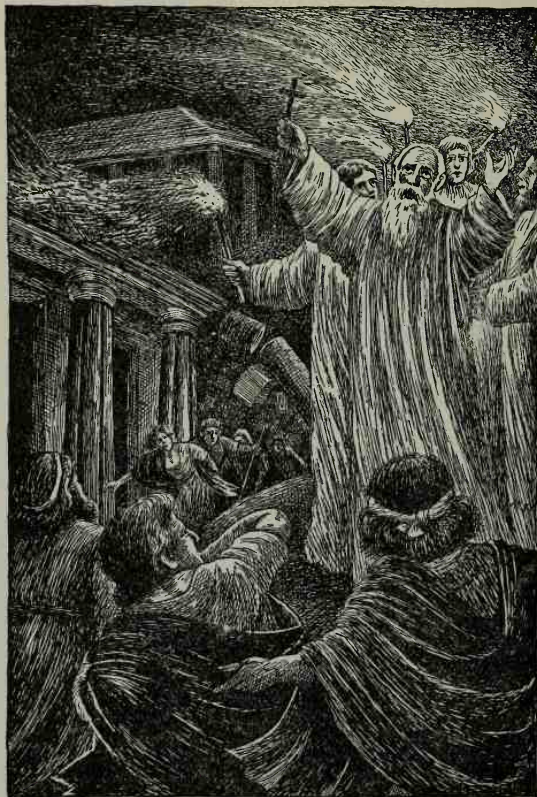
“O Sallust! it is thy voice! The gods be thanked! Glaucus! Glaucus! have ye seen him?”

“Not I. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The gods who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain.”

As the kindly epicure thus encouraged Nydia, he drew her along with him towards the sea, heeding not her passionate entreaties that he would linger yet awhile to search for Glaucus; and still, in the accent of despair, she continued to shriek out that beloved name, which, amidst all the roar of the convulsed elements, kept alive a music at her heart.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the floods of

lava, and the earthquake, which we have already described, chanced when Sallust and his party had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here they were arrested by an immense



“THE HOUR IS COME.”

crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the field without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and

preternatural shrinking of the element, the gaping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other *from* the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers; arrested in despair and doubt.

"The world is to be destroyed by fire," said an old man in long, loose robes, a philosopher of the Stoic school: "Stoic and Epicurean wisdom have alike agreed in this prediction; and the hour is come!"

"Yea; the hour is come!" cried a loud voice, solemn but not fearful.

Those around turned in dismay. The voice came from above them. It was the voice of Olinthus, who, surrounded by his Christian friends, stood upon an abrupt eminence on which the old Greek colonists had raised a temple to Apollo, now timeworn and half in ruin.

As he spoke, there came that sudden illumination which had heralded the death of Arbaces, and glowing over that mighty multitude, awed, crouching, breathless, — never on earth had the faces of men seemed so haggard! never had meeting of mortal beings been so stamped with the horror and sublimity of dread! — never till the last trumpet sounds, shall such meeting be seen again! And above those the form of Olinthus, with outstretched arm and prophet brow, girt with the living fires. And the crowd knew the face of him they had doomed to the fangs of the beast, — *then*

their victim, *now* their warner; and through the stillness again came his ominous voice, —

“The hour is come!”

The Christians repeated the cry. It was caught up, — it was echoed from side to side: woman and man, childhood and old age repeated, not aloud, but in a smothered and dreary murmur, —

“THE HOUR IS COME!”

At that moment, a wild yell burst through the air; — and, thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the desert leaped amongst the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, — and so darkness once more fell over the earth!



HOW A HERO KING FOUGHT AND DIED

(FROM HAROLD.)

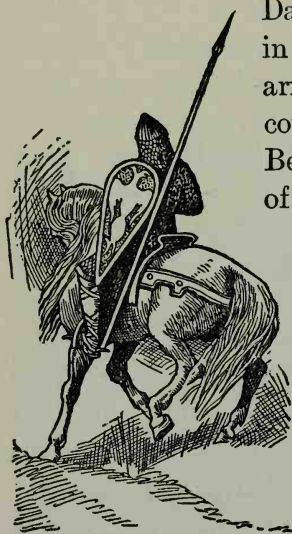
By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.



ON the 14th of October, 1066, the day of St. Calixtus, the Norman force was drawn out in battle array. Mass had been said; Odo and the Bishop of Coutance had blessed the troops, and received their vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day. And Odo had mounted his snow-white charger, and already drawn up the cavalry against the coming of his brother the duke. The army was marshalled in three great divisions. . . .

All the horsemen were in complete link or net mail, armed with spears and strong swords, and long, pear-shaped shields, with the device either of a cross or a dragon. The archers, on whom William greatly relied, were numerous in all three of the corps, were armed more lightly, — helms on their heads, but with leather or quilted breastplates, and “panels,” or gaiters, for the lower limbs. . . .

Meanwhile, no less vigilant, and in his own strategy no less skilful, Harold had marshalled his men. He formed two divisions: those in front of the intrenchments, those within it. At the first the men of Kent as from time immemorial, claimed the honor of the van, under "the Pale Charger," — famous banner of Hengist. This force was drawn up in the form of the Anglo-



NORMAN KNIGHT.

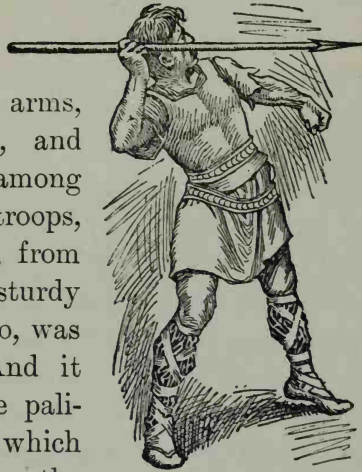
Danish wedge; the foremost lines in the triangle all in heavy mail, armed with their great axes and covered by their immense shields. Behind these lines in the interior of the wedge, were the archers, protected by the front rows of the heavy armed; while the few horsemen — few indeed compared with the Norman cavalry — were artfully disposed where they could best harass and distract the formidable chivalry with which they were instructed to skirmish and not peril actual encounter. Other bodies of the

light armed — slingers, javelin-throwers, and archers — were planted in spots carefully selected, according as they were protected by trees, brushwood, and dykes. . . .

And all were marshalled according to those touching and pathetic tactics which speak of a nation more accustomed to defend than to aggrieve. To that field the head of each family led his sons and kinsfolk; every ten families (or tything) were united under their own chosen captain. Every ten of these tythings had again

some loftier chief, dear to the populace in peace ; and so on the holy circle spread from household, hamlet, town, — till, all combined, as one county under one earl, the warriors fought under the eyes of their own kinsfolk, friends, neighbors, chosen chiefs ! What wonder that they were brave ?

The second division comprised Harold's house-carles, or body-guard, — the veterans especially attached to his family, the companions of his successful wars, a select band of the martial East-Anglians, the soldiers supplied by London and Middlesex, and who, both in arms, discipline, martial temper, and athletic habits, ranked high among the most stalwart of the troops, mixed as their descent was, from the warlike Dane and the sturdy Saxon. In this division, too, was comprised the reserve. And it was all encompassed by the palisades and breastworks, to which were but three sorties whence the defenders might sally, or through which at need the vanguard might secure a retreat. All the heavy armed had mail and shields similar to the Normans, though somewhat less heavy ; the light armed had some tunics of quilted linen, some of hide ; helmets of the last material, spears, javelins, swords, and clubs. But the main arm of the host was in the great shield and the great axe wielded by men larger in stature and stronger of muscle than the



A SAXON WARRIOR.

majority of the Normans, whose physical race had deteriorated, partly by intermarriage with the more delicate Frank, partly by the haughty disdain of foot exercise.

Mounting a swift and light steed, intended not for encounter (for it was the custom of English kings to fight on foot, in token that where they fought there was no retreat), but to bear the rider rapidly from line to line, King Harold rode to the front of the vanguard; — his brothers by his side. His head, like his great foe's was bare, nor could there be a more striking contrast than that of the broad, unwrinkled brow of the Saxon, with his fair locks, the sign of royalty and freedom, parted and falling over the collar of mail, the clear and steadfast eye of blue, the cheek somewhat hollowed by kingly cares, but flushed now with manly pride; the form stalwart and erect, but spare in its graceful symmetry, and void of all that theatric pomp of bearing which was assumed by William, — no greater contrast could there be than that which the simple earnest hero-knight presented to the brow furrowed with harsh ire and politic wile, the shaven hair of monastic affectation, the dark, sparkling tiger eye, and the vast proportions that awed the gaze in the port and form of the imperious Norman. Deep and loud and hearty as the shout with which his armaments had welcomed William was that which now greeted the king of the English host. . . .

The war now raged.

The two divisions of the invading army that included the auxiliaries had sought in vain to surround the English vanguard, and take it in the rear: that noble

phalanx had no rear. Deepest and strongest at the base of the triangle, everywhere a front opposed the foe; shields formed a rampart against the dart,—spears a palisade against the horse. While that vanguard maintained its ground, William could not pierce to the intrenchments, the strength of which, however, he was enabled to perceive. He now changed his tactics, joined his knighthood to the other sections, threw his hosts rapidly into many wings, and, leaving broad spaces between his archers, — who continued their fiery hail, — ordered his heavy-armed foot to advance on all sides upon the wedge, and break its ranks for the awaiting charge of his horse.

Harold, still in the centre of the vanguard, amidst the men of Kent, continued to animate them

all with voice and hand; and, as the Normans now closed in, he flung himself from his steed, and strode on foot, with his mighty battle-axe, to the spot where the rush was dreadest.

Now came the shock,—the fight hand to hand: spear and lance were thrown aside, axe and sword rose and shore. But before the close, serried lines of the English, with their physical strength, and veteran practice in their own special arm, the Norman foot were mowed as by the scythe. In vain, in the intervals, thundered the repeated charges of the fiery knights; in vain, throughout all, came the shaft and the bolt.



WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

Animated by the presence of their king, fighting amongst them as a simple soldier, but with his eye ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on, step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Crosse!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! — Notre Dame!"

"*Per la resplendar Dé,*" cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, spears to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Aumale and De Littain, — with me, gallant Bruse and De Mortain; with me, De Graville and Grantmesnil: Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his prowtest knights, William came as a thunderbolt on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving naught but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the axe in both hands, bent forward the soldiery in the second rank, to smite and to crush. And, from the core of the wedge, poured the shafts of the archers. Down rolled in the dust half the charge of those knights. Bruse reeled on his saddle; the dread right-hand of D'Aumale fell lopped by the axe; De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, borne by his great steed and his colossal strength into the third rank, there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him, and had scarcely time to back from the

foe, — scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, — ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully gashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him. Twenty barons leaped from selle to yield him their chargers. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines. Meanwhile, De Graville's casque, its strings broken by the shock, had fallen off, and as Harold was about to strike, he recognized his guest.

Holding up his hand to keep off the press of his men, the generous king said, briefly, "Rise and retreat! — no time on this field for captor and captive. He whom thou hast called recreant knight has been Saxon host. Thou hast fought by his side, thou shalt not die by his hand! — Go."

Not a word spoke De Graville; but his dark eye dwelt one minute with mingled pity and reverence on the king; then rising, he turned away; and slowly, as if he disdained to fly, strode back over the corpses of his countrymen.

"Stay, all hands!" cried the king to his archers; "yon man hath tasted our salt, and done us good service of old. He hath paid his wergeld."

Not a shaft was discharged.

Meanwhile, the Norman infantry, who had been before recoiling, no sooner saw their duke (whom they recognized by his steed and equipment) fall on the ground, than, setting up a shout, "The duke is dead!" they fairly turned round, and fled fast in disorder.

The fortune of the day was now wellnigh turned in favor of the Saxons; and the confusion of the Normans, as the cry of "The duke is dead!" reached, and

circled round the host, would have been irrecoverable, had Harold possessed a cavalry fit to press the advantage gained, or had not William himself rushed into the midst of the fugitives, throwing his helmet back on his neck, showing his face all animated with fierce valor and disdainful wrath, while he cried aloud, —

“I live, ye varlets! Behold the face of a chief who never yet forgave coward! Ay, tremble more at me than at yon English, doomed and accursed as they be! Ye Normans, ye! I blush for you!” and striking the foremost in the retreat with the flat of his sword, chiding, stimulating, threatening, promising in a breath, he succeeded in staying the flight, re-forming the lines, and dispelling the general panic. Then, as he joined his own chosen knights, and surveyed the field, he beheld an opening which the advanced position of the Saxon vanguard had left, and by which his knights might gain the intrenchments. He mused a moment, his face still bare, and brightening as he mused. Looking round him, he saw Mallet de Graville, who had remounted, and said, shortly, —

“*Pardex*, dear knight, we thought you already with St. Michael! joy, that you live yet to be an English earl. Look you, ride to Fitzosborne with the signal word, ‘*Li Hardiz passent avant!*’ Off, and quick.”

De Graville bowed, and darted across the plain.

“Now, my quens and chevaliers,” said William, gayly, as he closed his helmet, and took from his squire another spear; “now, I shall give ye the day’s great pastime. Pass the word, Sire de Tancarville, to every horseman, ‘Charge! — to the Standard!’”

The word passed, the steeds bounded, and the whole

force of William's knighthood, scouring the plain to the rear of the Saxon vanguard, made for the intrenchments.

At that sight, Harold, divining the object, and seeing this new and more urgent demand on his presence, halted the battalions over which he had presided, and, yielding the command to Leofwine, once more briefly but strenuously enjoined the troops to heed well their leaders, and on no account to break the wedge, in the form of which lay their whole strength both against the cavalry and the greater number of the foe. Then mounting his horse, and attended only by Haco, he spurred across the plain in the opposite direction to that taken by the Normans. In doing so, he was forced to make a considerable circuit towards the rear of the intrenchment, and the farm, with its watchful groups, came in sight. He distinguished the garbs of the women, and Haco said to him, —

"There wait the wives, to welcome the living victors."

"Or search their lords among the dead!" answered Harold. "Who, Haco, if we fall, will search for us?"

As the word left his lips, he saw, under a lonely thorn-tree, and scarce out of bowshot from the intrenchments, a woman seated. The king looked hard at the bended, hooded form.

"Poor wretch!" he murmured, "her heart is in the battle!" And he shouted aloud, "Farther off! farther off! — the war rushes hitherward!"

At the sound of that voice the woman rose, stretched her arms, and sprang forward. But the Saxon chiefs had already turned their faces towards the neighboring ingress into the ramparts, and beheld not her movement, while the tramp of rushing chargers, the shout

and the roar of clashing war, drowned the wail of her feeble cry.

"I have heard him again, again!" murmured the woman, "God be praised!" and she reseated herself quietly under the lonely thorn.

As Harold and Haco sprang to their feet within the intrenchments, the shout of "The king, the king! — Holy Crosse!" came in time to rally the force at the farther end, now undergoing the full storm of the Norman chivalry.

The willow ramparts were already rent and hewed beneath the hoofs of horses and the clash of swords, and the sharp points on the frontals of the Norman destriers were already gleaming within the intrenchments, when Harold arrived at the brunt of action. The tide was then turned; not one of those rash riders left the intrenchments they had gained; steel and horse alike went down beneath the ponderous battle-axes; and William, again foiled and baffled, drew off his cavalry with the reluctant conviction that those breastworks, so manned, were not to be won by horse. Slowly the knights retreated down the slope of the hillock, and the English, animated by that sight, would have left their stronghold to pursue, but for the warning cry of Harold. The interval in the strife thus gained was promptly and vigorously employed in repairing the palisades. And this done, Harold, turning to Haco and the thegns round him, said, joyously, —

"By Heaven's help we shall yet win this day. And know you not that it is my fortunate day, — the day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me in peace and in war, — the day of my birth!"

“Of your birth!” echoed Haco in surprise.

“Ay, — did you not know it?”

“Nay! — strange! — it is also the birthday of Duke William! What would astrologers say to the meeting of such stars?”

Harold's cheek paled, but his helmet concealed the paleness; his arm drooped. The strange dream of his youth again came distinct before him, as it had come in the hall of the Norman at the sight of the ghastly relics: again he saw the shadowy hand from the cloud; again heard the voice murmuring, “Lo! the star that shone on the birth of the victor;” again he heard the words of Hilda interpreting the dream, — again the chant which the dead or the fiend had poured from the rigid lips of the Vala. It boomed on his ear: hollow as a death-bell it knelled through the roar of battle, —

“Never

Crown and brow shall Force dis sever,
Till the dead man, unforgiving,
Loose the war-steeds on the living;
Till a sun whose race is ending
Sees the rival stars contending,
Where the dead men, unforgiving,
Wheel their war-steeds round the living!”

Faded the vision and died the chant, as a breath that dims and vanishes from the mirror of steel. The breath was gone, — the firm steel was bright once more; and suddenly the king was recalled to the sense of the present hour by shouts and cries, in which the yell of Norman triumph predominated, at the farther end of the field. The signal words to Fitzosborne had

conveyed to that chief the order for the mock charge on the Saxon vanguard, to be followed by the feigned flight; and so artfully had this stratagem been practised, that despite all the solemn orders of Harold, — despite even the warning cry of Leofwine, who, rash and gay-hearted though he was, had yet a captain's skill, — the bold English, their blood heated by long contest and seeming victory, could not resist pursuit. They rushed forward impetuously, breaking the order of their hitherto indomitable phalanx, and the more eagerly because the Normans had unwittingly taken their way towards a part of the ground concealing dykes and ditches, into which the English trusted to precipitate the foe. It was as William's knights retreated from the breastworks that this fatal error was committed; and pointing towards the disordered Saxons with a wild laugh of revengeful joy, William set spurs to his horse, and followed by all his chivalry, joined the cavalry of Poitou and Boulogne in their swoop upon the scattered array. Already the Norman infantry had turned round, — already the horses that lay in ambush amongst the brushwood near the dykes had thundered forth. The whole of the late impregnable vanguard was broken up, divided corps from corps, hemmed in; horse after horse charging to the rear, to the front, to the flank, to the right, to the left.

Gurth, with the men of Surrey and Sussex, had alone kept their ground, but they were now compelled to advance to the aid of their scattered comrades; and coming up in close order, they not only awhile stayed the slaughter, but again half turned the day. Knowing the country thoroughly, Gurth lured the foe into the

ditches concealed within a hundred yards of their own ambush, and there the havoc of the foreigners was so great, that the hollows are said to have been literally made level with the plain by their corpses. Yet this combat, however fierce, and however skill might seek to repair the former error, could not be long maintained against such disparity of numbers. And meanwhile the whole of the division under Geoffroi Martel and his co-captains had, by a fresh order of William's, occupied the space between the intrenchments and the more distant engagement; thus, when Harold looked up, he saw the foot of the hillocks so lined with steel as to render it hopeless that he himself could win to the aid of his vanguard. He set his teeth firmly, looked on, and only by gesture and smothered exclamations showed his emotions of hope and fear. At length he cried, —

“Gallant Gurth! brave Leofwine, look to their penons; right, right; well fought, sturdy Vebba! Ha! they are moving this way. The wedge cleaves on,—it cuts its path through the heart of the foe.” And, indeed, the chiefs now drawing off the shattered remains of their countrymen, still disunited, but still each section shaping itself wedge-like, — on came the English, with their shields over their heads, through the tempest of missiles, against the rush of the steeds, here and there, through the plains, up the slopes, towards the intrenchment, in the teeth of the formidable array of Martel, and harassed by hosts that seemed numberless. The king could restrain himself no longer. He selected five hundred of his bravest and most practised veterans yet comparatively fresh, and commanding the rest to

stay firm, descended the hills, and charged unexpectedly into the rear of the mingled Normans and Bretons.

This sortie, well-timed though desperate, served to cover and favor the retreat of the straggling Saxons. Many, indeed, were cut off, but Gurth, Leofwine, and Vebba hewed the way for their followers to the side of Harold, and entered the intrenchments, close followed by the nearer foe, who were again repulsed amidst the shouts of the English.

But, alas! small indeed the band thus saved, and hopeless the thought that the small detachments of English still surviving and scattered over the plain would ever win to their aid.

Yet in those scattered remnants were, perhaps, almost the only men who, availing themselves of their acquaintance with the country, and despairing of victory, escaped by flight from the field of Sanguelac. Nevertheless, within the intrenchments not a man had lost heart; the day was already far advanced, no impression had been yet made on the outworks, the position seemed as impregnable as a fortress of stone; and, truth to say, even the bravest Normans were disheartened, when they looked to that eminence which had foiled the charge of William himself. The duke, in the recent *mêlée* had received more than one wound; his third horse that day had been slain under him. The slaughter among the knights and nobles had been immense, for they had exposed their persons with the most desperate valor. And William, after surveying the rout of nearly one-half of the English army, heard everywhere, to his wrath and his shame, murmurs of discontent and dismay at the prospect of scaling the heights, in which the gallant remnant had found their refuge.

At this critical juncture, Odo of Bayeux, who had hitherto remained in the rear with the crowds of monks that accompanied the armament, rode into the full field, where all the hosts were re-forming their lines. He was in complete mail; but a white surplice was drawn over the steel, his head was bare, and in his right hand he bore the crozier. A formidable club swung by a leathern noose from his wrist, to be used only for self-defence: the canons forbade the priest to strike merely in assault.

Behind the milk-white steed of Odo came the whole body of reserve, fresh and unbreathed, free from the terrors of their comrades, and stung into proud wrath at the delay of the Norman conquest.

“How now, how now!” cried the prelate; “do ye flag? do ye falter when the sheaves are down and ye have but to gather up the harvest? How now, sons of the Church! warriors of the Cross! avengers of the Saints! Desert your count if ye please; but shrink not back from a Lord mightier than man. Lo, I come forth to ride side by side with my brother, bare-headed, the crozier in my hand. He who fails his liege is but a coward,—he who fails the Church is apostate!”

The fierce shout of the reserve closed this harangue, and the words of the prelate, as well as the physical aid he brought to back them, renerved the army. And now the whole of William’s mighty host, covering the field till its lines seemed to blend with the gray horizon, came on—serried, steadied, orderly—to all sides of the intrenchment. Aware of the inutility of his horse till the breastworks were cleared, William placed in the van all his heavy armed foot, spearmen, and archers, to open

the way through the palisades, the sorties from which had now been carefully closed.

As they came up the hills, Harold turned to Haco and said, "Where is thy battle-axe?"

"Harold," answered Haco, with more than his usual tone of sombre sadness, "I desire now to be thy shield-bearer, for thou must use thine axe with both hands while the day lasts and thy shield is useless. Wherefore, thou strike and I will shield thee."

"Thou lovest me, then, son of Sweyn; I have sometimes doubted it."

"I love thee as the best part of my life, and with thy life ceases mine: it is my heart that my shield guards when it covers the breast of Harold."

"I would bid thee live, poor youth," whispered Harold; "but what were life if this day were lost? Happy, then, will be those who die!"

Scarce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to the breastworks, and with a sudden sweep of his axe down dropped a helm that peered above them. But helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm upon swarm, as wolves on a traveller, as bears round a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage, on they come! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air: with deadly precision to each arm, each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks, whirs the shaft. They clamber the palisades, the foremost fall dead under the Saxon axe; now thousands rush on: vain is the might of Harold, vain had been a Harold's might in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks is forced,—it is trampled, hewed, crushed down, cumbered with the dead. "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame! Notre

Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill, the chargers snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by the slaughterers flashes the crozier of the Church.

"On, Normans!—earldom and land!" cries the duke.

"On, sons of the Church! Salvation and heaven!" shouts the voice of Odo.

The first breastwork down,—the Saxons yielding inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed, crushed back into the second enclosure. The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar: the second enclosure gives way. And now, in the centre of the third — lo, before the eyes of the Normans — towers proudly aloft and shines in the rays of the western sun,



HAROLD'S LAST STAND.

broidered with gold and blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's king! And there are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat,—unwearied they by the battle, vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and staves of iron, with the wagons and carts of the baggage, and piled logs of timber,—barricades at which even William

paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the front of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his axe, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold ! live yet, and Saxon England shall not die !

The English archers had at no time been numerous ; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent ; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breastworks and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the duke, "that your shafts and bolts fall harmless on those osier walls ? Shoot in the air ; let the arrows fall perpendicular on those within, fall as the vengeance of the saints falls,—direct from heaven ! Give me thy bow, archer,—thus." He drew the bow as he sat on his steed,—the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So ; that standard be your mark," said the duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the

iron rain. It took the English host as by surprise, piercing hide cap and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look up, — death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the intrenchments on the Norman ear.

“Now,” said William, “they must either use their shields to guard their heads, and their axes are useless, or, while they smite with the axe they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!”

Yet, despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last enclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by the small force of the survivors, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

“Courage!” cries the voice of Harold, — “hold but till nightfall and ye are saved. Courage and freedom!”

“Harold and Holy Crosse!” is the answer.

Still foiled, William again resolves to hazard his fatal stratagem. He marked that quarter of the enclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack, — most remote from the provident watch of Harold, whose cheering voice ever and anon he recognized amidst the hurtling clamor. In this quarter the palisades were the weakest and the ground the least elevated; but it was guarded by men on whose skill with axe and shield Harold placed the firmest reliance, — the Anglo-Danes of his old East-Anglian earldom. Thither, then, the

duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favorite *ruse*, and accompanied by a band of archers; while at the same time, he himself, with his brother Odo, headed a considerable company of knights under the son of the great Roger de Beaumont, to gain the contiguous level heights on which now stretches the little town of "Battle," there to watch and to aid the manœuvre. The foot column advanced to the appointed spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastworks. But that temporary success only animates yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy-armed Normans falls back down the slopes; they give way; they turn in disorder; they retreat; they fly;—but the archers stand firm, midway on the descent,—those archers seem an easy prey to the English; the temptation is irresistible. Long galled, and harassed, and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and, sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward!" cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

"Forward!" cries Odo; "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air! Forward! it is the dead that wheel our war-steeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying round him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

“Close shields! Hold fast!” shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; — Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces, the Norman knights charge through the breach.

“Look up, look up, and guard thy head!” cries the fatal voice of Haco to the king.

At that cry the king raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

“Fight on!” gasped the king: “conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe — woe!”

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clinched his right hand, and fell once more, — a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen towards the standard bore back a line of Saxons, and covered the body of the king with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell

with his head on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lips, groaned, and died.

Inspired by despair with superhuman strength, Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen, opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire strength of the English remnant, coming round him at the menaced danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

But now, all the enclosure was filled with the foe; the whole space seemed gay in the darkening air with banderols and banners. High through all rose the club of the conqueror; high through all shone the crozier of the churchman. Not one Englishman fled; all now centring round the standard, they fell, slaughtering if slaughtered. Man by man, under the charmed banner fell the lithsmen of Hilda. Then died the faithful Sexwolf. Then died the gallant Godrith, redeeming, by the death of many a Norman, his young fantastic love of the Norman manners. Then died, last of such of the Kent men as had won retreat from their scattered vanguard into the circle of closing slaughter, the English-hearted Vebba.

Even still in that age, when the Teuton had yet in his veins the blood of Odin, the demi-god, — even still one man could delay the might of numbers. Through the crowd, the Normans beheld with admiring awe here, in the front of their horse, a single warrior, before whose axe spear shivered, helm drooped, — there, close by the standard, standing breast high among the slain, one still more formidable, and even amidst ruin unvanquished. The first fell at length under the mace of Roger de Montgommeri. So, unknown to the Norman poet (who

hath preserved in his verse the deeds but not the name), fell, laughing in death, young Leofwine! Still by the enchanted standard towers the other; still the enchanted standard waves aloft, with its brave ensign of the solitary "Fighting Man" girded by the gems that had flashed in the crown of Odin.

"Thine be the honor of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favorite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the axe of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery!" cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery! This is no man, but fiend."

"Spare him! spare the brave!" cried in a breath Bruse, D'Aincourt, and De Graville.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and, spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tonstain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet, he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the knight- duke and the Saxon hero. Nor even then conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell, and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So, last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set, the first star was in heaven, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey, rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

ALTHOUGH Richard Cœur de Lion was but for a short time King of England, and spent most of his reign far from the island kingdom which he not overwisely ruled, his name is perhaps the most popular in the long line of British monarchs. Certainly the adventures of no other hero-king have been so sung and storied by bards and tale-makers ; for no other was so romantic and picturesque a figure. During his long absence as the favorite of all Crusaders in the Holy Land, his wicked brother John conspired to seize his crown. But Richard's unlooked-for return foiled the traitor's schemes. Scott has taken advantage of this historic incident to introduce Richard, the undiscovered adventurer, into his novel of *Ivanhoe*. Disguised as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock, newly escaped from wild perils abroad, King Richard has many wonderful adventures in Scott's pages. In the course of his wanderings, it seems, he came to the cell of the jolly hermit of Copmanhurst, who in an exchange of blows with his unknown guest had the worst of it from Richard's mighty arm. Then the Black Knight led Locksley's merry band of archers to the taking of Torquilstone castle, when they rescued Cedric the Saxon and his fair daughter from the Norman tyrants who had made them prisoners. Finally, in the forest where the outlaw Locksley was king, the latter presented the

Richard Cœur de Lion

Black Knight with his bugle, bidding him to blow on it whenever he should need assistance. And the occasion soon came. For already Prince John had learned of his hated brother's return, and had sent his minister, Waldemar Fitzurse, with a band of ruffians, to murder the King, wherever he might be found. How this wicked design was frustrated is told in the following selection, which begins at the point where the Black Knight, with Wamba the jester for his guide, are pacing through the forest, having lately bade farewell to their friend Locksley and his merry men.

THE RETURN OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

(FROM IVANHOE.)

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE Black Champion and his guide were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good Knight whiles humming to himself the lay of some enamored troubadour, sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this Knight, such as we have already described him, strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily he paced forward under it, having the visor of his helmet raised, in order to admit freedom of breath, yet keeping the beaver, or under part, closed, so that his features could be but imperfectly distinguished. But his ruddy, embrowned cheek-

bones could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shade of the raised visor; and the whole gesture and look of the champion expressed careless gayety and fearless confidence — a mind which was unapt to apprehend danger, and prompt to defy it when most imminent, yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and adventure.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting falchion, instead of his wooden sword, with a targe to match it; of both which weapons he had, notwithstanding his profession, shown himself a skilful master during the storming of Torquilstone. Indeed, the infirmity of Wamba's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient irritability, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any posture, or adhere to any certain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task, or in apprehending any immediate topic. On horseback, therefore, he was perpetually swinging himself backwards and forwards, now on the horse's ears, then anon on the very rump of the animal; now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, moping, mowing, and making a thousand apish gestures, until his palfrey took his freaks so much to heart as fairly to lay him at his length on the green grass — an incident which greatly amused the Knight, but compelled his companion to ride more steadily thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow

burden to the better-instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. . . .

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.



KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan, ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There never was a widow could say him nay.

"I would, Wamba," said the Knight, "that our host
of the trysting-tree, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain,
heard this thy ditty in praise of our bluff yeoman."

"So would not I," said Wamba, "but for the horn
that hangs at your baldric."

"Ay," said the Knight, "this is a pledge of Locks-
ley's good-will, though I am not like to need it. Three
notes on this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at
our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forefend," said the Jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. But canst thou construe me this, Sir Knight? When is thy wine-pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba. "It may relieve a man's steed to take off his mail when he hath a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to the rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do such services. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it might save them some trouble."

"*We* are bound to pray for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba; "but in the town, not in the greenwood, like the abbot of St. Bee's whom they caused to say mass with an old hollow oak-tree for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight, "these yeomen did thy master Cedric yeomanly service at Torquilstone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba; "but that was in the fashion of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba! how mean you by that?" replied his companion.

"Marry thus," said the Jester. "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old cellarer used to call his ciphering, as fair as Isaac the Jew keeps with his debtors, and, like him, give out a very little, and take large credit for doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf the sevenfold usury which the blessed text hath promised to charitable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba; I know nothing of ciphers or rates of usage," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "an your valor be so dull, you will please to learn that these honest fellows balance a good deed with one not quite so laudable, as a crown given a begging friar with an hundred byzants taken from a fat abbot, or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the felony?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension. You said nothing so well, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken vespers with the bluff hermit. But to go on. — The merry men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the burning of a castle, the thatching of a choir against the robbing of a church,

the setting free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff, or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a Saxon franklin against the burning alive of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in short, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the luckiest to meet with them when they are at their worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then they have some compunction, and are for making up matters with Heaven. But when they have struck an even balance, Heaven help them with whom they next open the account! The travellers who first met them after their good service at Torquilstone would have a woeful flaying. And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you that, in time of civil war, a halfscore of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are re-enforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone; so that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our feats of arms. Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two; would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such rascaille as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When valor and folly travel, folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay, but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceedeth thy license. Beware ye tamper not with my patience."

"Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or folly will show a clean pair of heels, and leave valor to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the horn an thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knave!"

"Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," continued Wamba, as he approached with great caution.

"My knightly word I pledge; only come on with thy foolish self."

"Nay, then, valor and folly are once more boon companions," said the Jester, coming up frankly to the Knight's side; "but, in truth, I love not such buffets as that you bestowed on the burly Friar, when his holiness rolled on the green like a king of the nine-pins. And now that folly wears the horn, let valor rouse himself and shake his mane; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the lookout for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a choice chapel for the clerks of St. Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the gorget, and by the shield which hung around his neck.

"Thanks, trusty armorer," said the Knight. "Wamba, let us close with them," and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms,

who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters!" The men made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation; "have we traitors here!"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terror of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight, in blue armor, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

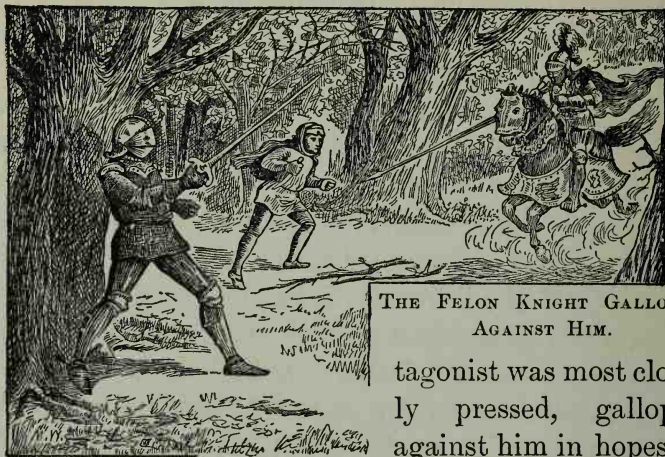
"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye

fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable an-



THE FELON KNIGHT GALLOPED
AGAINST HIM.

tagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so



RICHARD COEUR DE LION AT THE HEAD OF THE CRUSADE.

many points at nearly the same moment, when a gray-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt, bold soldier than of a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies. Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the assassins, who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armorer as well as your equerry. I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive knight, looking up to

him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not to what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam."

"Revenge!" answered the Black Knight; "I never wronged thee. On me thou hast nought to revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst scorn — was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter!" replied the Black Knight. "A proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue! Stand back, my masters, I would speak to him alone. And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth; confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar?" said the King.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard; "the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses. Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony. If thou art found on English ground after the space I have

allotted thee, thou diest; or if thou breathest aught that can attain the honor of my house, by St. George! not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens from the very pinnacle of thine own castle. Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labor of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest: I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character, of Cœur-de-Lion, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humor had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion — "arise," he said, "my friends! Your misdemeanors, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future. And thou, brave Locksley —"

"Call me no longer Locksley, my liege, but know me

under the name which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears: I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

"King of outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!" said the King, "who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage."

"True says the proverb," said Wamba, interposing his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance —

"When the cat is away,
The mice will play."

"What, Wamba, art thou there!" said Richard; "I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight."

"I take flight!" said Wamba; "when do you ever find folly separated from valor? There lies the trophy of my sword, that good gray gelding, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, conditioning his master lay there houghed in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for a motley jacket does not brook lance-heads as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword's point, you will grant me that I sounded the onset."

"And to good purpose, honest Wamba," replied the King. "Thy good service shall not be forgotten."

"*Confiteor! confiteor!*" exclaimed, in a submissive tone, a voice near the King's side; "my Latin will carry me no farther, but I confess my deadly treason,

and pray leave to have absolution before I am led to execution ! ”

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, as Wamba expressed it, like the tassels at the mouth of a purse. Yet this demure affectation of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous meaning which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

“For what art thou cast down, mad priest?” said Richard; “art thou afraid thy diocesan should learn how truly thou dost serve Our Lady and St. Dunstan? Tush, man! fear it not; Richard of England betrays no secrets that pass over the flagon.”

“Nay, most gracious sovereign,” answered the hermit, well known to the curious in penny histories of Robin Hood by the name of Friar Tuck, “it is not the crosier I fear, but the sceptre. Alas! that my sacrilegious fist should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord’s anointed ! ”

“Ha! ha!” said Richard, “sits the wind there? In truth, I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear sung after it for a whole day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around, if it was not as well repaid; or, if thou thinkest I still owe thee aught, and will stand forth for another counter-buff — ”

“By no means,” replied Friar Tuck, “I had mine own returned, and with usury: may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fully!”

“If I could do so with cuffs,” said the King, “my creditors should have little reason to complain of an empty exchequer.”

“And yet,” said the Friar, resuming his demure, hypocritical countenance, “I know not what penance I ought to perform for the most sacrilegious blow — !”

“Speak no more of it, brother,” said the King; “after having stood so many cuffs from paynims and misbelievers, I were void of reason to quarrel with the buffet of a clerk so holy as he of Copmanhurst. Yet, mine honest Friar, I think it would be best both for the church and thyself that I should procure a license to unfrock thee, and retain thee as a yeoman of our guard, serving in care of our person, as formerly in attendance upon the altar of St. Dunstan.”

“My Liege,” said the Friar, “I humbly crave your pardon; and you would readily grant my excuse, did you but know how the sin of laziness has beset me. St. Dunstan — may he be gracious to us! — stands quiet in his niche, though I should forget my orisons in killing a fat buck; I stay out of my cell sometimes a night, doing I wot not what — St. Dunstan never complains — a quiet master he is, and a peaceful, as ever was made of wood. But to be a yeoman in attendance on my sovereign the King — the honor is great, doubtless — yet, if I were but to step aside to comfort a widow in one corner, or to kill a deer in another, it would be, ‘Where is the dog priest?’ says one. ‘Who has seen the accursed Tuck?’ says another. ‘The unfrocked

villain destroys more venison than half the country besides,' says one keeper; 'And is hunting after every shy doe in the country!' quoth a second. In fine, good my Liege, I pray you to leave me as you found me; or, if in aught you desire to extend your benevolence to me, that I may be considered as the poor clerk of St. Dunstan's cell in Copmanhurst, to whom any small donation will be most thankfully acceptable."

"I understand thee," said the King, "and the holy clerk shall have a grant of vert and venison in my woods of Wharnccliffe. Mark, however, I will but assign thee three bucks every season; but if that do not prove an apology for thy slaying thirty, I am no Christian knight nor true king."

"Your Grace may be well assured," said the Friar, "that, with the grace of St. Dunstan, I shall find the way of multiplying your most bounteous gift."

"I nothing doubt it, good brother," said the King; "and as venison is but dry food, our cellarer shall have orders to deliver to thee a butt of sack, a runlet of Malvoisie, and three hogsheads of ale of the first strike, yearly. If that will not quench thy thirst, thou must come to court, and become acquainted with my butler."

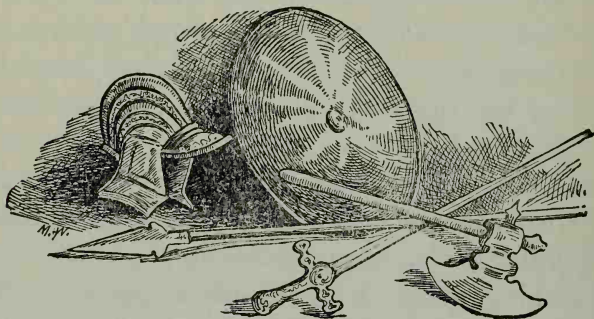
"But for St. Dunstan?" said the Friar —

"A cope, a stole, and an altar-cloth shalt thou also have," continued the King, crossing himself. "But we may not turn our game earnest, lest God punish us for thinking more on our follies than on His honor and worship."

"I will answer for my patron," said the priest, joyously.

"Answer for thyself, Friar," said King Richard,

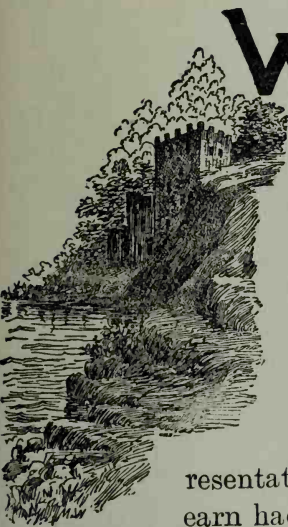
something sternly ; but immediately stretching out his hand to the hermit, the latter, somewhat abashed, bent his knee, and saluted it. "Thou dost less honor to my extended palm than to my clenched fist," said the monarch ; "thou dost only kneel to the one, and to the other didst prostrate thyself."



FOR WALLACE OR KING EDWARD

(FROM THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS.)

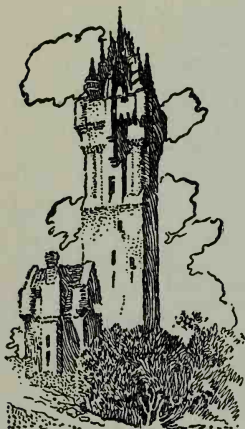
By MISS JANE PORTER.



WALLACE drew up his army in order for the new battle near a convent of Cistercian monks, on the narrow plain of Dalkeith. The two rivers Eske, flowing on each side of the little phalanx, formed a temporary barrier between it and the pressing legions of De Warenne. The earl's troops seemed countless, while the Southron lords who led them on, being elated by the representations which the countess of Strathearn had given to them of the disunited state of the Scottish army, and the consequent dismay which had seized their hitherto all-conquering commander, bore down upon the Scots with an impetuosity which threatened their universal destruction. Deceived by the blandishing falsehoods of his bride, De Warenne had entirely changed his former opinion of his brave opponent, and by her sophistries having brought his mind to adopt stratagems of intimidation unworthy of

his nobleness (so contagious is baseness, in too fond a contact with the unprincipled !), he placed himself on an adjoining height, intending from that commanding post to dispense his orders and behold his victory. "Soldiers!" cried he, "the rebel's hour is come. — The sentence of Heaven is gone forth against him. Charge resolutely, and he and his host are yours."

The sky was obscured; an awful stillness reigned through the air, and the spirits of the mighty dead seemed leaning from their clouds, to witness this last struggle of their sons. Fate did indeed hover over the



MONUMENT TO WALLACE.

opposing armies. She descended on the head of Wallace, and dictated from amidst his waving plumes. She pointed his spear, she wielded his flaming sword, she charged with him in the dreadful shock of battle. De Warenne saw his foremost thousands fall. He heard the shouts of the Scots, the cries of his men, and the plains of Stirling rose to his remembrance. He hastily ordered the knights around him to bear his wife from the field; and descending the hill to lead forward himself, was met and almost overwhelmed by his flying troops; horses without riders, men without shield or sword, but all in dismay, rushed past him. He called to them, he waved the royal standard, he urged, he reproached, he rallied, and led them back again. The fight recommenced. Long and bloody was the conflict. De Warenne fought for conquest, and to recover a lost

reputation. Wallace contended for his country, and to show himself always worthy of her latest blessing "before he should go hence, and be no more seen."

The issue declared for Scotland. But the ground was covered with the slain, and Wallace chased a wounded foe with troops which dropped as they pursued. At sight of the melancholy state of his intrepid soldiers, he tried to check their ardor, but in vain. "It



WALLACE NOW TOLD HIS FRIEND . . . HIS ADVENTURE.

is for Wallace that we conquer!" cried they; "and we die, or prove him the only captain in this ungrateful country."

Night compelled them to halt; and while they rested on their arms, Wallace was satisfied that he had destroyed the power of De Warenne. As he leaned on his sword, and stood with Edwin near the watch-fire over which that youthful hero kept a guard, he contemplated with generous forbearance the terrified South-

rons, as they fled precipitately by the foot of the hill towards the Tweed. Wallace now told his friend the history of his adventure with the seer of the craigs ; and finding within himself how much the brightness of true religion excludes the glooms of superstition, he added, "the proof of the Divine Spirit in prophecy is its completion. Hence let the false seer I met last night warn you, my Edwin, by my example, how you give credit to any prediction that might slacken the sinews of duty. God can speak but one language. He is not a man, that he should repent ; neither a mortal that he should change his purpose. This prophet of Baal beguiled me into a credence of his denunciation ; but not to adopt the conduct his offered alternative would have persuaded me to pursue. I now see that he was a traitor in both ; and henceforth shall read my fate in the oracles of God alone. Obeying them, my Edwin, we need not fear the curses of our enemy, nor the lying of suborned soothsayers."

The splendor of this victory struck to the souls of the country at Stirling ; but with no touch of remorse. Scotland being again rescued from the vengeance of her implacable foe, the disaffected lords in the citadel affected to spurn at her preservation, declaring to the regent that they would rather bear the yoke of the veriest tyrant in the world, than owe a moment of freedom to the man who (they pretended to believe) had conspired against their lives. And they had a weighty reason for this decision : though De Warenne was beaten, his wife was a victor. She had made Edward triumphant in the venal hearts of her kinsmen ; gold, and her persuasions, promises of future

honors from the king of England, had sealed them entirely his. All but the regent were ready to commit everything into the hands of Edward. The rising favor of these other lords with the court of England, induced him to recollect that he might rule as the unrivalled friend of Bruce, should that prince live; or, in case of his death, he might have it in his own power to assume the Scottish throne untrammelled. These thoughts made him fluctuate; and his country found him as undetermined in treason as unstable in fidelity.

Immediately on the victory at Dalkeith, Kirkpatrick (eager to be the first communicator of such welcome news to Lenox, who had planted himself as a watch at Stirling) withdrew secretly from Wallace's camp; and hoping to move the gratitude of the refractory lords, entered full of honest joy into the midst of their council.

He proclaimed the success of his commander. His answer was accusations and insult. All that had been charged against the too fortunate Wallace, was re-urged with added acrimony. Treachery to the state, hypocrisy in morals, fanaticism in religion — no stigma was too extravagant, too contradictory, to be affixed to his name. They who had been hurt in the fray in the hall, pointed to their still smarting wounds, and called upon Lenox to say if they did not plead against so dangerous a man? "Dangerous to your crimes, and ruinous to your ambition!" cried Kirkpatrick; "for so help me God, as I believe, that an honester man than William Wallace lives — not in Scotland! And that ye know; and his virtues overtopping your littleness, ye would uproot the greatness which ye cannot equal."

This speech, which a burst of indignation had wrested from him, brought down the wrath of the whole party upon himself. Lord Athol, yet stung with his old wound, furiously struck him: Kirkpatrick drew his sword, and the two chiefs commenced a furious combat, each determined on the extirpation of the other. Gasping with almost the last breathings of life neither could be torn from their desperate revenge, till many were hurt in attempting to separate them; and then the two were carried off insensible, and covered with wounds.

When this sad news was transmitted to Sir William Wallace, it found him on the banks of the Eske, just returned from the citadel of Berwick, where, once more master of that fortress, he had dictated the terms of a conqueror and a patriot.

In the scene of his former victories, the romantic shades of Hawthornden, he now pitched his triumphant camp; and from its verdant bounds despatched the requisite orders to the garrisoned castles on the borders. While employed in this duty, his heart was wrung by an account of the newly-aroused storm in the citadel of Stirling; but as some equivalent, the chieftains of Mid-Lothian poured in to him on every side; and acknowledging him their protector, he again found himself the idol of gratitude, and the almost deified object of trust. At such a moment, when with one voice they were disclaiming all participation in the insurgent proceedings at Stirling, another messenger arrived from Lord Lenox, to conjure him, if he would avoid open violence or secret treachery, to march his victorious troops immediately to that city, and seize the **assem-**

bled abthanes at once as traitors to their country. "Resume the regency," added he; "which you only know how to conduct; and crush a treason which, increasing hourly, now walks openly in the day, threatening all that is virtuous, or faithful to you."

He did not hesitate to decide against this counsel, for, in following it, it could not be one adversary he must strike, but thousands. "I am only a brother to my countrymen," said he to himself, "and have no right to force them to their duty. When their king appears, then these rebellious heads may be made to bow. While he mused upon the letter of Lenox, Ruthven entered the recess of the tent, whither he had retired to read it. "I bring you better news of our friend at Huntingtower," cried the good lord. "Here is a packet from Douglas, and another from my wife." Wallace gladly read them, and found that Bruce was relieved from his delirium; but so weak, that his friends dared not hazard a relapse by imparting to him any idea of the proceedings at Stirling. All he knew was, that Wallace was victorious in arms, and panting for his recovery to render such success really beneficial to his country. Helen and Isabella, with the sage of Ercildown, were the prince's unwearied attendants; and though his life was yet in extreme peril, it was to be hoped that their attentions, and his own constitution would finally cure the wound, and conquer its attendant fever. Comforted with these tidings, Wallace declared his intentions of visiting his suffering friend as soon as he could establish any principle in the minds of his followers to induce them to bear, even for a little time, with the insolence of the abthanes. "I will

then," said he, "watch by the side of our beloved Bruce till his recovered health allow him to proclaim himself king; and with that act I trust all these feuds will be forever laid to sleep!" Ruthven participated in these hopes, and the friends returned into the council-tent, but all there was changed. Most of the Lothian chieftains had also received messengers from their friends in Stirling. Allegations against Wallace: arguments to prove "the policy of submitting themselves and their properties to the protection of a great and generous king, though a foreigner, rather than to risk all by attaching themselves to the fortunes of a private person, who made their services the ladder of his ambition," were the contents of their packets; and they had been sufficient to shake the easy faith to which they were addressed. On the re-entrance of Wallace, the chieftains stole suspicious glances at each other, and, without a word glided severally out of the tent.

Next morning, instead of coming as usual directly to their acknowledged protector, the Lothian chieftains were seen at different parts of the camp, closely conversing in groups; and when any of Wallace's officers approached, they separated, or withdrew to a greater distance. This strange conduct Wallace attributed to its right source, and thought of Bruce with a sigh, when he contemplated the variable substance of these men's minds. However, he was so convinced that nothing but the proclamation of Bruce, and that prince's personal exertions, could preserve his country from falling again into the snare from which he had just snatched it, that he was preparing to set out for Perthshire with such persuasions, when Ker hastily

entered his tent. He was followed by the Lord Soulis Lord Buchan, and several other chiefs of equally hostile intentions. Soulis did not hesitate to declare his errand.

“We come, Sir William Wallace, by the command of the regent, and the assembled abthanes of Scotland, to take these brave troops, which have performed such good services to their country, from the power of a man who, we have every reason to believe, means to turn their arms against the liberties of the realm. Without a pardon from the states; without the signature of the regent; in contempt of the court which, having found you guilty of high treason, had in mercy delayed to pronounce sentence on your crime, you have presumed to place yourself at the head of the national troops, and to take to yourself the merit of a victory won by their prowess alone! Your designs are known, and the authority you have despised is now roused to punish. You are to accompany us this day to Stirling. We have brought a guard of four thousand men to compel your obedience.”

Before the indignant spirit of Wallace could utter the answer his wrongs dictated, Bothwell, who at sight of the regent's troops had hastened to his general's tent, entered, followed by his chieftains: —“Were your guard forty thousand, instead of four,” he cried, “they should not force our commander from us — they should not extinguish the glory of Scotland beneath the traitorous devices of hell-engendered envy and murderous cowardice!” Soulis turned on him with eyes of fire, and laid his hand on his sword. “Ay, cowardice!” reiterated Bothwell; “the midnight ravisher, the slanderer

of virtue, the betrayer of his country, knows in his heart that he fears to draw aught but the assassin's steel. He dreads the sceptre of honor: Wallace must fall, that vice and her votaries may reign in Scotland. A thousand brave Scots lie under these sods, and a thousand yet survive who may share their graves; but they never will relinquish their invincible leader into the hands of traitors!"

The clamors of the citadel of Stirling now resounded through the tent of Wallace. Invectives, accusations, threatenings, reproaches, and revilings, joined in one turbulent uproar. Again swords were drawn; and Wallace, in attempting to beat down the weapons of Soulis and Buchan, aimed at Bothwell's heart, must have received the point of Soulis's in his own body, had he not grasped the blade, and, wrenching it out of the chief's hand, broken it into shivers: "Such be the fate of every sword which Scot draws against Scot!" cried he. "Put up your weapons, my friends. The arm of Wallace is not shrunk, that he could not defend himself, did he think that violence were necessary. Hear my determination, once and forever!" added he. "I acknowledge no authority in Scotland but the laws. The present regent and his abthanes outrage them in every ordinance, and I should indeed be a traitor to my country did I submit to such men's behests. I shall not obey their summons to Stirling; neither will I permit a hostile arm to be raised in this camp against their delegates, unless the violence begins with them. — This is my answer." Uttering these words, he motioned Bothwell to follow him, and left the tent.

Crossing a rude plank bridge, which then lay over

the Eske, he met Lord Ruthven, accompanied by Edwin and Lord Sinclair. The latter came to inform Wallace that ambassadors from Edward awaited his presence at Roslyn. "They come to offer peace to our distracted country," cried Sinclair. "Then," answered Wallace, "I shall not delay going where I may hear the terms." Horses were brought; and, during their short ride, to prevent the impassioned representations of the still raging Bothwell, Wallace communicated, to his not less indignant friends, the particulars of the scene he had left. "These contentions must be terminated," added he; "and, with God's blessing, a few days and they shall be so!" "Heaven grant it!" returned Sinclair, thinking he referred to the proposed negotiation. "If Edward's offers be at all reasonable I would urge you to accept them; otherwise, invasion from without, and civil commotion within, will probably make a desert of poor Scotland." Ruthven interrupted him:—"Despair not, my lord! Whatever be the fate of this embassy, let us remember that it is our steadiest friend who decides, and that his arm is still with us to repel invasion, to chastise treason!" Edwin's eyes turned with a direful expression upon Wallace, while he lowly murmured, "Treason! hydra treason!" Wallace understood him, and answered, "Grievous are the alternatives, my friends, which your love for me would persuade you even to welcome. But that which I shall choose will, I trust, indeed lay the land at peace, or point its hostilities to the only aim against which a true Scot ought to direct his sword at this crisis!"

Being arrived at the gate of Roslyn, Wallace, regardless of those ceremonials which often delay the business

they pretend to dignify, entered at once into the hall where the ambassadors sat. Baron Hilton was one, and Le de Spencer (father to the young and violent envoy of that name) was the other. At sight of the Scottish chief they rose: and the good baron, believing he came on a propitious errand, smiling, said, "Sir William Wallace, it is your private ear



WILLIAM WALLACE.

I am commanded to seek." While speaking, he looked on Sinclair and the other lords. "These chiefs are as myself," replied Wallace; "but I will not impede your embassy by crossing the wishes of your master in a trifle." He then turned to his friends: "Indulge the monarch of England in making me the first acquainted with that which can only be a message to the whole nation."

The chiefs withdrew; and Hilton, without further parley, opened his mission. He said that King Edward, more than ever impressed with the wondrous military tal-

ents of Sir William Wallace, and solicitous to make a friend of so heroic an enemy, had sent him an offer of grace, which, if he contemned, must be the last. He offered him a theatre whereon he might display his peerless endowments to the admiration of the world, — the kingdom of Ireland, with its unreaped fields of glory, and all the ample riches of its abundant provinces, should be his! Edward only required in return for

this royal gift, that he should abandon the cause of Scotland, swear fealty to him for Ireland, and resign into his hands one whom he had proscribed as the most ungrateful of traitors. In double acknowledgment for the latter sacrifice, Wallace need only send to England a list of those Scottish lords against whom he bore resentment, and their fates should be ordered according to his dictates. Edward concluded his offers by inviting him immediately to London, to be invested with his new sovereignty; and Hilton ended his address by showing him the madness of abiding in a country where almost every chief, secretly or openly, carried a dagger against his life; and therefore he exhorted him no longer to contend for a nation so unworthy of freedom, that it bore with impatience the only man who had the courage to maintain its independence by virtue alone.

Wallace replied calmly, and without hesitation: "To this message an honest man can make but one reply. As well might your sovereign exact of me to dethrone the angels of heaven, as to require me to subscribe to his proposals. They do but mock me; and aware of my rejection, they are thus delivered, to throw the whole blame of this cruelly-persecuting war upon me. Edward knows that as a knight, a true Scot, and a man, I should dishonor myself to accept even life, ay, or the lives of all my kindred, upon these terms."

Hilton interrupted him by declaring the sincerity of Edward; and, contrasting it with the ingratitude of the people whom he had served, he conjured him, with every persuasive of rhetoric, every entreaty dictated by a mind that revered the very firmness he strove to

shake, to relinquish his faithless country, and become the friend of a king ready to receive him with open arms. Wallace shook his head; and with an incredulous smile, which spoke his thoughts of Edward, while his eyes beamed kindness upon Hilton, he answered: "Can the man who would bribe me to betray a friend, be faithful in his friendship? But that is not the weight with me. I was not brought up in those schools, my good baron, which teach that sound policy or true self-interest can be separated from virtue. When I was a boy, my father often repeated to me this proverb:—

"Dico tibi verum, honestas, optima rerum,
Nunquam servili sub nexu vivitur, fili."

"Know of a certainty that virtue, the best of possessions, never can exist under the bond of servility."

I learned it then; I have since made it the standard of my actions, and I answer your monarch in a word. Were all my countrymen to resign their claims to the liberty which is their right, I alone would declare the independence of my country; and by God's assistance, while I live, acknowledge no other master but the laws of St. David and the legitimate heir of his blood!" The glow of resolute patriotism which overspread his countenance while he spoke, was reflected by a fluctuating color on that of Hilton. "Noble chief!" cried he; "I admire while I regret; I revere the virtue which I am even now constrained to denounce. These principles, bravest of men, might have suited the simple ages of Greece and Rome; a Phocion or a Fabricius might have uttered the like, and compelled the homage of their enemies; but in these days, such magnanimity

is considered frenzy, and ruin is its consequence." — "And shall a Christian," cried Wallace, reddening with the flush of honest shame, "deem the virtue which even heathens practised with veneration, of too pure a nature to be exercised by men taught by Christ himself? There is blasphemy in the idea, and I can hear no more."

Hilton, in some confusion, excused his argument by declaring that it proceeded from his observations on the conduct of men. "And shall we," replied Wallace, "follow a multitude to do evil? I act to one Being alone. Edward must acknowledge *His* supremacy, and by that know that my soul is above all price!" — "Am I answered?" said Hilton, and then hastily interrupting himself, he added, in a voice even of supplication, "Your fate rests on your reply! Oh! noblest of warriors, consider only for a day!" — "Not for a moment," said Wallace; "I am sensible to your kindness; but my answer to Edward has been pronounced."

Baron Hilton turned sorrowfully away, and Le de Spencer rose; "Sir William Wallace, my part of the embassy must be delivered to you in the assembly of your chieftains!" — "In the congregation of my camp," returned he; and opening the door of the anteroom, in which his friends stood, he sent Edwin to summon his chiefs to the platform before the council tent.

When Wallace approached his tent he found not only the captains of his own army, but the followers of Soulis and the chieftains of Lothian. He looked on this range of his enemies with a fearless eye, and passing through the crowd, took his station, beside the ambassadors, on the platform of the tent. The venerable Hilton turned

away with tears on his veteran cheeks as the chief advanced, and Le de Spencer came forward to speak. Wallace, with a dignified action, requested his leave for a few minutes, and then addressing the congregated warriors, unfolded to them the offer of Edward to him, and his reply. "And now," added he, "the ambassador of England is at liberty to declare his master's alternative."

Le de Spencer again advanced; but the acclamations with which the followers of Wallace acknowledged the nobleness of his answer, excited such an opposite clamor on the side of the Soulis party, that Le de Spencer was obliged to mount a war-carriage which stood near, and to vociferate long and loudly for silence before he could be heard. But the first words which caught the ears of his audience acted like a spell, and seemed to hold them in breathless attention.

"Since Sir William Wallace rejects the grace of his liege lord, Edward king of England, offered to him this once, and never to be again repeated: thus saith the king in his clemency to the earls, barons, knights, and commonalty of Scotland! To every one of them, chief and vassal, excepting the aforesaid incorrigible rebel, he, the royal Edward, grants an amnesty of all their past treasons against his sacred person and rule, provided that within twenty-four hours after they hear the words of this proclamation, they acknowledge their disloyalty, with repentance, and laying down their arms, swear eternal fealty to their only lawful ruler Edward, the lord of the whole island from sea to sea."—Le de Spencer then proclaimed the king of England to be now on the borders with an army of a hundred thousand men, ready



WALLACE LED CAPTIVE TO LONDON

to march with fire and sword into the heart of the kingdom, and put to the rack all of every sex, age and condition, who should venture to dispute his rights. — “Yield,” added he, “while you may yet not only grasp the mercy extended to you, but the rewards and the honors he is ready to bestow. Adhere to that unhappy man, and by to-morrow’s sunset your offended king will be on these hills, and then mercy shall be no more! Death is the doom of Sir William Wallace, and a similar fate to every Scot who after this hour dares to give him food, shelter or succor. He is the prisoner of King Edward, and thus I demand him at your hands!”

Wallace spoke not, but with an unmoved countenance looked around upon the assembly. Edwin precipitated himself into his arms. Bothwell’s full soul then forced utterance from his laboring breast: “Tell your sovereign,” cried he, “that he mistakes. — We are the conquerors who ought to dictate terms of peace! Wallace is our invincible leader, our redeemer from slavery, the earthly hope in whom we trust, and it is not in the power of men nor devils to bribe us to betray our benefactor. Away to your king, and tell him that Andrew Murray and every honest Scot, is ready to live or to die by the side of Sir William Wallace.” — “And by this good sword I swear the same!” cried Ruthven. — “And so do I!” rejoined Scrymgeour, “or may the standard of Scotland be my winding-sheet!” — “Or may the Clyde swallow us up, quick!” exclaimed Lockhart of Lee, shaking his mailed hand at the ambassadors.

But not another chief spoke for Wallace. Even Sinclair was intimidated, and, like others who wished him well, he feared to utter his sentiments. But most, oh!

shame to Scotland and to man, cast up their bonnets and cried aloud — “Long live King Edward, the only legitimate lord of Scotland!” — At this outcry, which was echoed even by some in whom he had confided, while it pealed around him like a burst of thunder, Wallace threw out his arms, as if he would yet protect Scotland from herself: — “O! desolate people,” exclaimed he in a voice of piercing woe, “too credulous of fair speeches, and not aware of the calamities that are coming upon you! Call to remembrance the miseries you have suffered, and start, before it is too late, from this last snare of your oppressor! — Have I yet to tell ye that his embrace is death? O! look yet to Heaven and ye shall find a rescue!” Bruce seemed to rise at that moment in pale but gallant apparition before his soul.

“Seize that rebellious man,” cried Soulis to his marshals. “In the name of the king of England I command you.” — “And in the name of the King of kings I denounce death on him who attempts it!” exclaimed Bothwell, throwing himself between Wallace and the men; “put forth a hostile hand towards him, and this bugle shall call a thousand resolute swords to lay this platform in blood!”

Soulis, followed by his knights, pressed forward to execute his treason himself. Scrymgeour, Ruthven, Lockhart, and Ker, rushed before their friend. Edwin, starting forward, drew his sword, and the clash of steel was heard. Bothwell and Soulis grappled together, the falchion of Ruthven gleamed amidst a hundred swords, and blood flowed around. The voice, the arm of Wallace, in vain sought to enforce peace; he was

not heard, he was not felt in the dreadful warfare; Ker fell with a gasp at his feet and breathed no more. At such a sight the soul-struck Wallace wrung his hands, and exclaimed in bitter anguish, "Oh, my country! was it for these horrors that my Marion died; that I became a homeless wretch, and passed my days and nights in fields of carnage? Venerable Mar, dear and valiant Graham! is this the consummation for which you fell?" — At that moment, Bothwell having disabled Soulis, would have blown his bugle to call up his men to a general conflict, but Wallace snatched the horn from his hand, and springing upon the very war-carriage from which Le de Spencer had proclaimed Edward's embassy, he drew forth his sword, and stretching the mighty arm that held it over the throng, with more than mortal energy he exclaimed, "Peace! men of Scotland, and for the last time hear the voice of William Wallace." A dead silence immediately ensued, and he proceeded, "If ye have aught of nobleness within ye; if a delusion more fell than witchcraft have not blinded your senses, look beyond this field of horror, and behold your country free. Edward, in these apparent demands, sues for peace. Did we not drive his armies into the sea? And were we resolved, he never could cross our borders more. What is it then you do, when you again put your necks under his yoke? Did he not seek to bribe me to betray you? — and yet, when I refuse to purchase life and the world's rewards by such baseness, you — you forget that you are free-born Scots, that you are the victors and he the vanquished; and you give, not sell, your birthright to the demands of a tyrant! — You

yield yourselves to his extortions, his oppressions, his revenge! — think not he will spare the people he would have sold to purchase his bitterest enemy, or allow them to live unmanacled who possess the power of resistance. On the day in which you are in his hands you will feel that you have exchanged honor for disgrace, liberty for bondage, life for death! — Me, you abhor, and may God in your extremest hour forget that injustice, and pardon the faithful blood you have shed this day! — I draw this sword for you no more. But there yet lives a prince, a descendant of the royal heroes of Scotland, whom Providence may conduct to be your preserver. Reject the proposals of Edward, dare to defend the freedom you now possess, and that prince will soon appear to crown your patriotism with glory and happiness!”

“We acknowledge no prince but King Edward of England!” cried Buchan. — “His countenance is our glory, his presence our happiness!” The exclamation was reiterated by a most disgraceful majority on the ground. Wallace was transfixed. — “Then,” cried Le de Spencer in the first pause of the tumult, “to every man, woman, and child throughout the realm of Scotland, excepting Sir William Wallace, I proclaim, in the name of King Edward, pardon and peace.”

At these words several hundred Scottish chieftains dropped on their knees before Le de Spencer, and murmured their vows of fealty. Indignant, grieved, Wallace took his helmet from his head, and throwing his sword into the hand of Bothwell, “That weapon,” cried he, “which I wrested from this very King Edward, and with which I twice drove him from our bor-

ders, I give to you. In your hands it may again serve Scotland. I relinquish a soldier's name, on the spot where I humbled England three times in one day, where I now see my victorious country deliver herself, bound, into the grasp of the vanquished! I go without sword or buckler from this dishonored field, and what Scot, my public or private enemy, will dare to strike the unguarded head of William Wallace?" — As he spoke, he threw his shield and helmet to the ground, and leaping from the war-carriage, took his course, with a fearless and dignified step, through the parting ranks of his enemies, who, awe-struck, or kept in check by a suspicion that others might not second the attack they would have made on him, durst not lift an arm or breathe a word as he passed.



HOW ENGLAND HELD THE LISTS AT BORDEAUX

(FROM THE WHITE COMPANY.)

By A. CONAN DOYLE.



THE excitement through town and district was great when it was learned that on the third Wednesday in Advent there would be held a passage-at-arms in which five knights of England would hold the lists against all comers. The great concourse of noblemen and famous soldiers, the national character of the contest, and the fact that this was a last trial of arms before what promised to be an arduous and bloody war, all united to make the event one of the most notable and brilliant that Bordeaux had ever seen. On the eve of the contest the peasants flocked in from the whole district of Médoc, and the fields beyond the walls were whitened with the tents of those who could find no warmer lodgings. From the distant camp of Dax, too, and from Blaye, Bourg, Libourne,

St. Emilion, Castillion, St. Macaire, Cardillac, Lyons, and all the cluster of flourishing towns which look upon Bordeaux as their mother, there thronged an unceasing stream of horsemen and of footmen, all converging upon the great city. By the morning of the day on which the courses were to be run, not less than eighty thousand people had assembled round the lists and along the low grassy ridge which looks down upon the scene of the encounter.

It was, as may well be imagined, no easy matter among so many noted cavaliers to choose out five on either side who should have precedence over their fellows. A score of secondary combats had nearly arisen from the rivalries and bad blood created by the selection, and it was only the influence of the prince and the efforts of the older barons which kept the peace among so many eager and fiery soldiers. Not till the day before the courses were the shields finally hung out for the inspection of the ladies and the heralds, so that all men might know the names of the champions and have the opportunity to prefer any charge against them, should there be stain upon them which should disqualify them from taking part in so honorable a ceremony.

Sir Hugh Claverley and Sir Robert Knolles had not yet returned from their raid into the marches of Navarre, so that the English party were deprived of two of their most famous lances. Yet there remained so many good names that Chandos and Felton, to whom the selection had been referred, had many an earnest consultation, in which every feat of arms and failure or success of each candidate was weighed and balanced against the rival claims of his companions.

Lord Audley of Cheshire, the hero of Poictiers, and Loring of Hampshire, who was held to be the second lance in the army, were easily fixed upon. Then, of the younger men, Sir Thomas Percy of Northumberland, Sir Thomas Wake of Yorkshire, and Sir William Beauchamp of Gloucestershire, were finally selected to uphold the honor of England. On the other side were the veteran Captal de Buch and the brawny Olivier de Clisson, with the free companion Sir Perducas d'Albret, the valiant Lord of Mucident, and Sigismond von Altenstadt, of the Teutonic order. The older soldiers among the English shook their heads as they looked upon the escutcheons of these famous warriors, for they were all men who had spent their lives upon the saddle, and bravery and strength can avail little against experience and wisdom of war.

"By my faith, Sir John!" said the prince, as he rode through the winding streets on his way to the lists, "I should have been glad to splinter a lance to-day. You have seen me hold a spear since I had strength to lift one, and should know best whether I do not merit a place among this honorable company."

"There is no better seat and no truer lance, sire," said Chandos; "but, if I may say so without fear of offence, it were not fitting that you should join in this debate."

"And why, Sir John?"

"Because, sire, it is not for you to take part with Gascons against English, or with English against Gascons, seeing that you are lord of both. We are not too well loved by the Gascons now, and it is but the golden

link of your princely coronet which holds us together. If that be snapped I know not what would follow."

"Snapped, Sir John!" cried the prince, with an angry sparkle in his dark eyes. "What manner of talk is this? You speak as though the allegiance of our people were a thing which might be thrown off or on like a falcon's jesses."

"With a sorry hack one uses whip and spur, sire," said Chandos; "but with a horse of blood and spirit a good cavalier is gentle and soothing, coaxing rather than forcing. These folk are strange people, and you must hold their love, even as you have it now, for you will get from their kindness what all the pennons in your army could not wring from them."

"You are over-grave to-day, John," the prince answered. "We may keep such questions for our council-chamber. But how now, my brothers of Spain and of Majorca, what think you of this challenge?"

"I look to see some handsome jousting," said Don Pedro, who rode with the King of Majorca upon the right of the prince, while Chandos was on the left. "By St. James of Compostella! but these burghers would bear some taxing. See to the broadcloth and velvet that the rogues bear upon their backs. By my troth! if they were my subjects they would be glad enough to wear falding and leather ere I had done with them. But mayhap it is best to let the wool grow long ere you clip it."

"It is our pride," the prince answered coldly, "that we rule over freemen and not slaves."

"Every man to his own humor," said Pedro carelessly. "Carajo! there is a sweet face at yonder

window! Don Fernando, I pray you to mark the house, and to have the maid brought to us at the abbey."

"Nay, brother, nay!" cried the prince impatiently. "I have had occasion to tell you more than once that things are not ordered in this way in Aquitaine."

"A thousand pardons, dear friend," the Spaniard answered quickly, for a flush of anger had sprung to the dark cheek of the English prince. "You make my exile so like a home that I forget at times that I am not in very truth back in Castile. Every land hath indeed its own ways and manners; but I promise you, Edward, that when you are my guest in Toledo or Madrid you shall not yearn in vain for any commoner's daughter on whom you may deign to cast your eye."

"Your talk, sire," said the prince, still more coldly, "is not such as I love to hear from your lips. I have no taste for such amours as you speak of, and I have sworn that my name shall be coupled with that of no woman save my ever dear wife."

"Ever the mirror of true chivalry!" exclaimed Pedro, while James of Majorca, frightened at the stern countenance of their all-powerful protector, plucked hard at the mantle of his brother-exile.

"Have a care, cousin," he whispered; "for the sake of the Virgin have a care! for you have angered him."

"Pshaw! fear not," the other answered in the same low tone. "If I miss one stoop I will strike him on the next. Mark me else. Fair cousin," he continued, turning to the prince, "these be rare men-at-arms and lusty bowmen. It would be hard indeed to match them."

"They have journeyed far, sire, but they have never yet found their match."

"Nor ever will, I doubt not. I feel myself to be back upon my throne when I look at them. But tell me, dear coz, what shall we do next, when we have driven this bastard Henry from the kingdom which he hath filched?"

"We shall then compel the King of Aragon to place our good friend and brother James of Majorca upon the throne."

"Noble and generous prince!" cried the little monarch.

"That done," said King Pedro, glancing out of the corners of his eyes at the young conqueror, "we shall unite the forces of England, of Aquitaine, of Spain, and of Majorca. It would be shame to us if we did not do some great deed with such forces ready to our hand."

"You say truly, brother," cried the prince, his eyes kindling at the thought. "Methinks that we could not do anything more pleasing to Our Lady than to drive the heathen Moors out of the country."

"I am with you, Edward, as true as hilt to blade. But, by St. James! we shall not let these Moors mock us from over the sea. We must take ship and thrust them from Africa."

"By Heaven, yes!" cried the prince. "And it is the dream of my heart that our English pennons shall wave upon the Mount of Olives, and the lions and lilies float over the holy city."

"And why not, dear coz? Your bowmen have cleared a path to Paris, and why not to Jerusalem? Once there, you might rest."

"Nay, there is more to be done," cried the prince, carried away by the ambitious dream. "There is still the city of Constantine to be taken, and war to be waged against the Soldan of Damascus. And beyond him again there is tribute to be levied from the Cham of Tartary and from the kingdom of Cathay. Ha, John! what say you? Can we not go as far eastward as Richard of the Lion Heart?"

"Old John will bide at home, sire," said the rugged soldier. "By my soul! as long as I am seneschal of Aquitaine I will find enough to do in guarding the marches which you have entrusted to me. It would be a blithe day for the King of France when he heard that the seas lay between him and us."

"By my soul, John!" said the prince, "I have never known you turn laggard before."

"The babbling hound, sire, is not always the first at the mort," the old knight answered.

"Nay, my true heart! I have tried you too often not to know. But, by my soul! I have not seen so dense a throng since the day that we brought King John down Cheapside."

It was indeed an enormous crowd which covered the whole vast plain from the line of vineyards to the river bank. From the northern gate the prince and his companions looked down at a dark sea of heads, brightened here and there by the colored hoods of the women or by the sparkling head-pieces of archers and men-at-arms. In the centre of this vast assemblage the lists seemed but a narrow strip of green marked out with banners and streamers, while a gleam of white, with a flutter of pennons at either end, showed where the marquees were

pitched which served as the dressing-rooms of the combatants. A path had been staked off from the city gate to the stands which had been erected for the court and the nobility. Down this, amid the shouts of the enormous multitude, the prince cantered with his two attendant kings, his high officers of state, and his long train of lords and ladies, courtiers, counsellors, and soldiers, with toss of plume and flash of jewel, sheen of silk and glint of gold — as rich and gallant a show as heart could wish. The head of the cavalcade had reached the lists ere the rear had come clear of the city gate, for the fairest and the bravest had assembled from all the broad lands which are watered by the Dordogne and the Garonne. Here rode dark-browed cavaliers from the sunny south, fiery soldiers from Gascony, graceful courtiers of Limousin or Saintonge, and gallant young Englishmen from beyond the seas. Here, too, were the beautiful brunettes of the Gironde, with eyes which out-flashed their jewels, while beside them rode their blond sisters of England, clear cut and aquiline, swathed in swan's-down and in ermine, for the air was biting though the sun was bright.

The holders of the lists occupied the end which was nearest to the city gate. There, in front of their respective pavilions, flew the martlets of Audley, the roses of Loring, the scarlet bars of Wake, the lion of the Percies, and the silver wings of the Beauchamps, each supported by a squire clad in hanging green stuff to represent so many Tritons, and bearing a huge conch-shell in his left hand. Behind the tents the great war-horses, armed at all points, champed and reared, while their masters sat at the doors of their pavilions, with

their helmets upon their knees, chatting as to the order of the day's doings. The English archers and men-at-arms had mustered at that end of the lists, but the vast majority of the spectators were in favor of the attacking party, for the English had declined in popularity ever since the bitter dispute as to the disposal of the royal captive after the battle of Poitiers. Hence the applause was by no means general when the herald-at-arms proclaimed, after a flourish of trumpets, the names and styles of the knights who were prepared, for the honor of their country and for the love of their ladies, to hold the field against all who might do them the favor to run a course with them. On the other hand, a deafening burst of cheering greeted the rival herald, who, advancing from the other end of the lists, rolled forth the well-known titles of the five famous warriors who had accepted the defiance.

"Faith, John," said the prince, "it sounds as though you were right. Ha! my grace D'Armagnac, it seems that our friends on this side will not grieve if our English champions lose the day."

"It may be so, sire," the Gascon nobleman answered. "I have little doubt that in Smithfield or at Windsor an English crowd would favor their own countrymen."

"By my faith! that's easily seen," said the prince, laughing, "for a few score English archers at yonder end are bellowing as though they would out-shout the mighty multitude. I fear that they will have little to shout over this journey, for my gold vase has small prospect of crossing the water. What are the conditions, John?"

"They are to tilt singly not less than three courses,

sire, and the victory to rest with that party which shall have won the greater number of courses, each pair continuing till one or other have the vantage. He who carries himself best of the victors hath the prize, and he who is judged best of the other party hath a jewelled clasp. Shall I order that the nakirs sound, sire?"

The prince nodded and the trumpets rang out, while the champions rode forth one after the other, each meeting his opponent in the centre of the lists. Sir William Beauchamp went down before the practised lance of the Captal de Buch, Sir Thomas Percy won the vantage over the Lord of Mucident, and the Lord Audley struck Sir Perducas d'Albret from the saddle. The burly De Clisson, however, restored the hopes of the attackers by beating to the ground Sir Thomas Wake of Yorkshire. So far, there was little to choose betwixt challengers and challenged.

"By Saint James of Santiago!" cried Don Pedro, with a tinge of color upon his pale cheeks, "win who will, this has been a most noble contest."

"Who comes next for England, John?" asked the prince, in a voice which quivered with excitement.

"Sir Nigel Loring of Hampshire, sire."

"Ha! he is a man of good courage, and skilled in the use of all weapons."

"He is indeed, sire. But his eyes, like my own, are the worse for the wars. Yet he can tilt or play his part at hand strokes as merrily as ever. It was he, sire, who won the golden crown which Queen Philippa, your royal mother, gave to be jousted for by all the knights of England after the harrying of Calais. I

have heard that at Twynham Castle there is a buffet which groans beneath the weight of his prizes."

"I pray that my vase may join them," said the prince. "But here is the cavalier of Germany, and, by my soul! he looks like a man of great valor and hardiness. Let them run their full three courses, for the issue is over-great to hang upon one."

As the prince spoke, amid a loud flourish of trumpets and the shouting of the Gascon party, the last of the assailants rode gallantly into the lists. He was a man of great size, clad in black armor without blazonry or ornament of any kind, for all worldly display was forbidden by the rules of the military brotherhood to which he belonged. No plume or nobloy fluttered from his plain tilting salade, and even his lance was devoid of the customary banderole. A white mantle fluttered behind him, upon the left side of which was marked the broad black cross picked out with silver which was the well-known badge of the Teutonic order. Mounted upon a horse as large as black and as forbidding as himself, he cantered slowly forward, with none of those prancings and gambades with which a cavalier was accustomed to show his command over his charger. Gravely and sternly he inclined his head to the prince, and took his place at the further end of the arena.

He had scarce done so before Sir Nigel rode out from the holders' enclosure, and, galloping at full speed down the lists, drew his charger up before the prince's stand with a jerk which threw it back upon its haunches. With white armor, blazoned shield, and plume of ostrich-feathers from his helmet, he carried himself in so jaunty and joyous a fashion, with tossing pennon and curvet-

ting charger, that a shout of applause ran the full circle of the arena. With the air of a man who hastes to a joyous festival, he waved his lance in salute, and rein-ing the pawing horse round without permitting its fore-feet to touch the ground, he hastened back to his station.

A great hush fell over the huge multitude as the two last champions faced each other. A double issue seemed to rest upon their contest, for their personal fame was at stake as well as their party's honor. Both were famous warriors, but, as their exploits had been performed in widely sundered countries, they had never before been able to cross lances. A course between such men would have been enough in itself to cause the keenest interest, apart from its being the crisis which would decide who should be the victors of the day. For a moment they waited — the German sombre and collected, Sir Nigel quivering in every fibre with eagerness and fiery resolution. Then, amid a long-drawn breath from the spectators, the glove fell from the marshal's hand, and the two steel-clad horsemen met like a thunder-clap in front of the royal stand. The German, though he reeled for an instant before the thrust of the Englishman, struck his opponent so fairly upon the vizor that the laces burst, the plumed helmet flew to pieces, and Sir Nigel galloped on down the list with his bald head shimmering in the sunshine. A thousand waving scarfs and tossing caps announced that the first bout had fallen to the popular party.

The Hampshire knight was not a man to be disheartened by a reverse. He spurred back to his pavilion, and was out in a few instants with another helmet. The second course was so equal that the keenest judges

could not discern any vantage. Each struck fire from the other's shield, and each endured the jarring shock as though welded to the horse beneath him. In the final bout, however, Sir Nigel struck his opponent with so true an aim that the point of the lance caught between the bars of his vizor and tore the front of his helmet out, while the German, aiming somewhat low, and half stunned by the shock, had the misfortune to strike his adversary upon the thigh, a breach of the rules of the tilting-yard, by which he not only sacrificed his chances of success, but would also have forfeited his horse and his armor, had the English knight chosen to claim them. A roar of applause from the English soldiers, with an ominous silence from the vast crowd who pressed round the barriers, announced that the balance of victory lay with the holders. Already the ten champions had assembled in front of the prince to receive his award, when a harsh bugle-call from the further end of the lists drew all eyes to a new and unexpected arrival.

The Bordeaux lists were, as has already been explained, situated upon the plain near the river upon those great occasions when the tilting-ground in front of the Abbey of St. Andrew's was deemed to be too small to contain the crowd. On the eastern side of this plain the country-side sloped upward, thick with vines in summer, but now ridged with the brown bare enclosures. Over the gently rising plain curved the white road which leads inland, usually flecked with travellers, but now with scarce a living form upon it, so completely had the lists drained all the district of its inhabitants. Strange it was to see so vast a concourse of people, and

then to look upon that broad, white, empty highway which wound away, bleak and deserted, until it narrowed itself to a bare streak against the uplands.

Shortly after the contest had begun, any one looking from the lists along this road might have remarked, far away in the extreme distance, two brilliant and sparkling points which glittered and twinkled in the bright shimmer of the winter's sun. Within an hour these points became clearer and nearer, until they might be seen to come from the reflection from the head-pieces of two horsemen who were riding at the top of their speed in the direction of Bordeaux. Another half-hour had brought them so close that every point of their bearing and equipment could be discerned. The first was a knight in full armor, mounted upon a horse with a white blaze upon breast and forehead. He was a short man of great breadth of shoulder, with vizor closed and no blazonry upon his simple white surcoat or plain black shield. The other, who was evidently his squire and attendant, was unarmed save for the helmet upon his head, but bore in his right hand a very long and heavy oaken spear which belonged to his master. In his left hand the squire held not only the reins of his own horse but those of a great black war-horse, fully harnessed, which trotted along at his side. Thus the three horses and their two riders rode swiftly to the lists, and it was the blare of the trumpet sounded by the squire, as his lord rode into the arena, which had broken in upon the prize-giving and drawn away the attention and interest of the spectators.

"Ha, John!" cried the prince, craning his neck, "who is this cavalier, and what is it that he desires?"

"On my word, sire," replied Chandos, with the utmost surprise upon his face, "it is my opinion that he is a Frenchman."

"A Frenchman!" repeated Don Pedro. "And how can you tell that, my Lord Chandos, when he has neither coat-armor, crest, nor blazonry?"

"By his armor, sire, which is rounder at elbow and at shoulder than any of Bordeaux or of England. Italian he might be were his bassinet more sloped, but I will swear that those plates were welded betwixt this and Rhine. Here comes his squire, however, and we shall hear what strange fortune hath brought him over the marches."

As he spoke the attendant cantered up the grassy enclosure, and pulling up his steed in front of the royal stand, blew a second fanfare upon his bugle. He was a raw-boned, swarthy-cheeked man, with black bristling beard and a swaggering bearing. Having sounded his call, he thrust the bugle into his belt, and, pushing his way betwixt the groups of English and Gascon knights, he reined up within a spear's length of the royal party.

"I come," he shouted in a hoarse, thick voice, with a strong Breton accent, "as squire and herald from my master, who is a very valiant pursuivant-of-arms, and a liegeman to the great and powerful monarch, Charles, king of the French. My master has heard that there is jousting here, and prospect of honorable advancement, so he has come to ask that some English cavalier will vouchsafe for the love of his lady to run a course with sharpened lances with him, or to meet him with sword, mace, battle-axe, or dagger. He bade me say,

however, that he would fight only with a true Englishman and not with any mongrel who is neither English nor French, but speaks with the tongue of the one and fights under the banner of the other."

"Sir!" cried De Clisson, with a voice of thunder, while his countrymen clapped their hands to their swords. The squire, however, took no notice of their angry faces, but continued with his master's message.

"He is now ready, sire," he said, "albeit his destrier has travelled many miles this day, and fast, for we were in fear lest we come too late for the jousting."

"Ye have, indeed, come too late," said the prince, "seeing that the prize is about to be awarded; yet I doubt not that one of these gentlemen will run a course for the sake of honor with this cavalier of France."

"And as to the prize, sire," quoth Sir Nigel, "I am sure that I speak for all when I say this French knight hath our leave to bear it away with him if he can fairly win it."

"Bear word of this to your master," said the prince, "and ask him which of these five Englishmen he would desire to meet. But stay; your master bears no coat-armor, and we have not yet heard his name."

"My master, sire, is under vow to the Virgin neither to reveal his name nor to open his vizor until he is back upon French ground once more."

"Yet what assurance have we," said the prince, "that this is not some varlet masquerading in his master's harness, or some caitiff knight, the very touch of whose lance might bring infamy upon an honorable gentleman?"

"It is not so, sire," cried the squire earnestly.

"There is no man upon earth who would demean himself by breaking a lance with my master."

"You speak out boldly, squire," the prince answered; "but unless I have some further assurance of your master's noble birth and gentle name I cannot match the choicest lances of my court against him."

"You refuse, sire?"

"I do refuse."

"Then, sire, I was bidden to ask you from my master whether you would consent if Sir John Chandos, upon hearing my master's name, should assure you that he was indeed a man with whom you might yourself cross swords without indignity."

"I ask no better," said the prince.

"Then I must ask, Lord Chandos, that you will step forth. I have your pledge that the name shall remain ever a secret, and that you will neither say nor write one word which might betray it. The name is—" He stooped down from his horse and whispered something into the old knight's ear which made him start with surprise, and stare with much curiosity at the knight, who was sitting on his charger at the further end of the arena.

"Is this indeed sooth?" he exclaimed.

"It is, my lord, and I swear it by St. Ives of Brittany."

"I might have known it," said Chandos, twisting his mustache, and still looking thoughtfully at the cavalier.

"What then, Sir John?" asked the prince.

"Sire, this is a knight whom it is indeed great honor to meet, and I would that your grace would grant me

leave to send my squire for my harness, for I would dearly love to run a course with him."

"Nay, nay, Sir John, you have gained as much honor as one man can bear, and it were hard if you could not rest now. But, I pray you, squire, to tell your master that he is very welcome to our court, and that wines and spices will be served him if he would refresh himself before jousting."

"My master will not drink," said the squire.

"Let him, then, name the gentleman with whom he would break a spear."

"He would contend with these five knights, each to choose such weapons as suit him best."

"I perceive," said the prince, "that your master is a man of great heart and high enterprise. But the sun already is low in the west, and there will scarce be light for these courses. I pray you, gentlemen, to take your places, that we may see whether this stranger's deeds are as bold as his words."

The unknown knight had sat like a statue of steel, looking neither to the right nor to the left during these preliminaries. He had changed from the horse upon which he had ridden, and bestrode the black charger which his squire had led beside him. His immense breadth, his stern, composed appearance, and the mode in which he handled his shield and his lance, were enough in themselves to convince the thousands of critical spectators that he was a dangerous opponent. Aylward, who stood in the front row of the archers with Simon, big John, and others of the Company, had been criticising the proceedings from the commencement with the ease and freedom of a man who

had spent his life under arms and had learned in a hard school to know at a glance the points of a horse and his rider. He stared now at the stranger with a wrinkled brow and the air of a man who is striving to stir his memory.

"By my hilt! I have seen the thick body of him before to-day. Yet I cannot call to mind where it could have been. At Nogent, belike, or was it at Auray? Mark me, lads, this man will prove to be one of the best lances of France, and there are no better in the world."

"It is but child's play, this poking game," said John. "I would fain try my hand at it, for, by the black rood! I think that it might be amended."

"What, then, would you do, John?" asked several.

"There are many things which might be done," said the forester thoughtfully. "Methinks that I would begin by breaking my spear."

"So they all strive to do."

"Nay, but not upon another man's shield. I would break it over my own knee."

"And what the better for that, old beef and bones?" asked Black Simon.

"So I would turn what is but a lady's bodkin of a weapon into a very handsome club."

"And then, John?"

"Then I would take the other's spear into my arm or my leg, or where it pleased him best to put it, and I would dash out his brains with my club."

"By my ten finger-bones, old John!" said Aylward, "I would give my feather-bed to see you at a spear-running. This is a most courtly and gentle sport which you have devised."

"So it seems to me," said John. "Or, again, one might seize the other round the middle, pluck him off his horse and bear him to the pavilion, there to hold him to ransom."

"Good!" cried Simon, amid a roar of laughter from all the archers round. "By Thomas of Kent! we shall make a camp-marshal of thee, and thou shalt draw up rules for our jousting. But, John, who is it that you would uphold in this knightly and pleasing fashion?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, John, so strong and strange a tilter must fight for the brightness of his lady's eyes or the curve of her eyelash, even as Sir Nigel does for the Lady Loring."

"I know not about that," said the big archer, scratching his head in perplexity. "Since Mary hath played me false, I can scarce fight for her."

"Yet any woman will serve."

"There is my mother, then," said John. "She was at much pains at my upbringing, and, by my soul! I will uphold the curve of her eye-lashes, for it tickleth my very heart-root to think of her. But who is here?"

"It is Sir William Beauchamp. He is a valiant man, but I fear that he is scarce firm enough upon the saddle to bear the thrust of such a tilter as this stranger promises to be."

Aylward's words were speedily justified, for even as he spoke the two knights met in the centre of the lists. Beauchamp struck his opponent a shrewd blow upon the helmet, but was met with so frightful a thrust that he

whirled out of his saddle and rolled over and over upon the ground. Sir Thomas Percy met with little better success, for his shield was split, his vambrace torn, and he himself wounded slightly in the side. Lord Audley and the unknown knight struck each other fairly upon the helmet; but, while the stranger sat as firm and rigid as ever upon his charger, the Englishman was bent back to his horse's crupper by the weight of the blow, and had galloped half-way down the lists ere he could recover himself. Sir Thomas Wake was beaten to the ground with a battle-axe — that being the weapon which he had selected — and had to be carried to his pavilion. These rapid successes, gained one after the other over four celebrated warriors, worked the crowd up to a pitch of wonder and admiration. Thunders of applause from the English soldiers, as well as from the citizens and peasants, showed how far the love of brave and knightly deeds could rise above the rivalries of race.

“By my soul, John!” cried the prince, with his cheek flushed and his eyes shining, “this is a man of good courage and great hardiness. I could not have thought that there was any single arm upon earth which could have overthrown these four champions.”

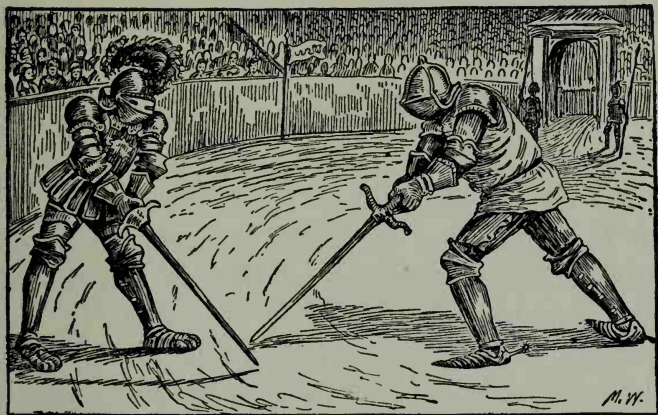
“He is indeed, as I have said, sire, a knight from whom much honor is to be gained. But the lower edge of the sun is wet, and it will be beneath the sea ere long.”

“Here is Sir Nigel Loring, on foot and with his sword,” said the prince. “I have heard that he is a fine swordsman.”

“The finest in your army, sire,” Chandos answered.

"Yet I doubt not that he will need all his skill this day."

As he spoke, the two combatants advanced from either end in full armor with their two-handed swords sloping over their shoulders. The stranger walked heavily and with a measured stride, while the English knight advanced as briskly as though there was no iron shell to weigh down the freedom of his limbs. At four



"UP AND DOWN WENT THE SHINING BLADES."

paces' distance they stopped, eyed each other for a moment, and then in an instant fell to work with a clatter and clang as if two sturdy smiths were busy upon their anvils. Up and down went the long shining blades, round and round they circled in curves of glimmering light, crossing, meeting, disengaging, with flash of sparks at every parry. Here and there bounded Sir Nigel, his head erect, his jaunty plume fluttering in the air, while his dark opponent sent in crashing blow upon blow, following fiercely up with cut and with

thrust, but never once getting past the practised blade of the skilled swordsman. The crowd roared with delight as Sir Nigel would stoop his head to avoid a blow, or by some slight movement of his body allow some terrible thrust to glance harmlessly past him. Suddenly, however, his time came. The Frenchman, whirling up his sword, showed for an instant a chink betwixt his shoulder-piece and the rere-brace which guarded his upper arm. In dashed Sir Nigel, and out again so swiftly that the eye could not follow the quick play of his blade, but a trickle of blood from the stranger's shoulder, and a rapidly widening red smudge upon his white surcoat, showed where the thrust had taken effect. The wound was, however, but a slight one, and the Frenchman was about to renew his onset, when, at a sign from the prince, Chandos threw down his bâton, and the marshals of the lists struck up the weapons and brought the contest to an end.

"It were time to check it," said the prince, smiling, "for Sir Nigel is too good a man for me to lose, and, by the five holy wounds! if one of those cuts came home I should have fears for our champion. What think you, Pedro?"

"I think, Edward, that the little man was very well able to take care of himself. For my part, I should wish to see so well matched a pair fight on while a drop of blood remained in their veins."

"We must have speech with him. Such a man must not go from my court without rest or sup. Bring him hither, Chandos, and, certes, if the Lord Loring hath resigned his claim upon this goblet, it is right and proper that this cavalier should carry it to France with

him as a sign of the prowess that he has shown this day."

As he spoke, the knight-errant, who had remounted his war-horse, galloped forward to the royal stand, with a silken kerchief bound round his wounded arm. The setting sun cast a ruddy glare upon his burnished armor, and sent his long black shadow streaming behind him up the level clearing. Pulling up his steed, he slightly inclined his head, and sat in the stern and composed fashion with which he had borne himself throughout, heedless of the applauding shouts and the flutter of kerchiefs from the long lines of brave men and of fair women who were looking down upon him.

"Sir knight," said the prince, "we have all marvelled this day at the great skill and valor with which God has been pleased to endow you. I would fain that you should tarry at our court for a time, at least, until your hurt is healed and your horses rested."

"My hurt is nothing, sire, nor are my horses weary," returned the stranger in a deep voice.

"Will you not at least hie back to Bordeaux with us, that you may drain a cup of muscadine and sup at our table?"

"I will neither drink your wine nor sit at your table," returned the other. "I bear no love for you or for your race, and there is naught that I wish at your hands until the day when I see the last sail which bears you back to your island vanishing away against the western sky."

"These are bitter words, sir knight," said Prince Edward with an angry frown.

"And they come from a bitter heart," answered the

unknown knight. "How long is it since there has been peace in my hapless country? Where are the steadings, and orchards, and vineyards, which made France fair? Where are the cities which made her great? From Provence to Burgundy we are beset by every prowling hireling in Christendom, who rend and tear the country which you have left too weak to guard her own marches. Is it not a by-word that a man may ride all day in that unhappy land without seeing thatch upon roof or hearing the crow of cock? Does not one fair kingdom content you, that you should strive so for this other one which has no love for you? Pardieu! a true Frenchman's words may well be bitter, for bitter is his lot and bitter his thoughts as he rides through this thrice unhappy country."

"Sir knight," said the prince, "you speak like a brave man, and our cousin of France is happy in having a cavalier who is so fit to uphold his cause either with tongue or with sword. But if you think such evil of us, how comes it that you have trusted yourself to us without warranty or safe-conduct?"

"Because I knew that you would be here, sire. Had the man who sits upon your right been ruler of this land, I had indeed thought twice before I looked to him for aught that was knightly or generous." With a soldierly salute, he wheeled round his horse, and galloping down the lists, disappeared amid the dense crowd of footmen and of horsemen who were streaming away from the scene of the tournament.

"The insolent villain!" cried Pedro, glaring furiously after him. "I have seen a man's tongue torn from his jaws for less. Would it not be well, even now, Edward,

to send horsemen to hale him back? Bethink you that it may be one of the royal house of France; or at least some knight whose loss would be a heavy blow to his master? Sir William Felton, you are well mounted; gallop after the caitiff, I pray you!"

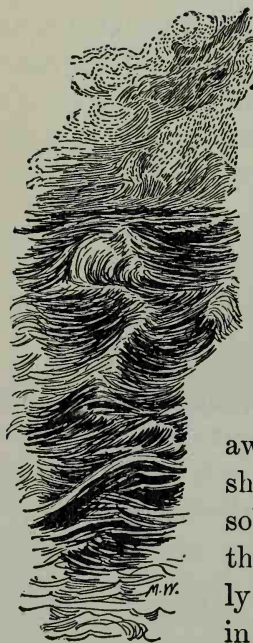
"Do so, Sir William," said the prince, "and give him this purse of a hundred nobles as a sign of the respect which I bear for him; for, by St. George! he has served his master this day even as I would wish liegemen of mine to serve me." So saying, the prince turned his back upon the king of Spain, and, springing upon his horse, rode slowly homeward to the Abbey of St. Andrew's.



THE RESCUE OF FLORENCE

(FROM ROMOLA.)

By GEORGE ELIOT.



IT was the thirtieth of October, 1496. The sky that morning was clear enough, and there was a pleasant autumnal breeze. But the Florentines just then thought very little about the land breezes: they were thinking of the gales at sea, which seemed to be uniting with all other powers to disprove the Frate's declaration that Heaven took special care of Florence.

For those terrible gales had driven away from the coast of Leghorn certain ships from Marseilles, freighted with soldiery and corn; and Florence was in the direst need, first of food, and secondly of fighting men. Pale famine was in her streets, and her territory was threatened on all its borders.

For the French king, that new Charlemagne, who had entered Italy in an anticipatory triumph, and had conquered Naples without the least trouble, had gone

away again fifteen months ago, and was even, it was feared, in his grief for the loss of a new-born son, losing the languid intention of coming back again to redress grievances and set the Church in order. A league had been formed against him — a Holy League, with Pope Borgia at its head — to “drive out the barbarians,” who still garrisoned the fortress of Naples. That had a patriotic sound; but, looked at more closely, the Holy League seemed very much like an agreement among certain wolves to drive away all other wolves, and then to see which among themselves could snatch the largest share of the prey. And there was a general disposition to regard Florence, not as a fellow-wolf, but rather as a desirable carcass. Florence, therefore, of all the chief Italian States, had alone declined to join the League, adhering still to the French alliance.

She had declined at her peril. At this moment Pisa, still fighting savagely for liberty, was being encouraged not only by strong forces from Venice and Milan, but by the presence of the German Emperor Maximilian, who had been invited by the League, and was joining the Pisans with such troops as he had in the attempt to get possession of Leghorn, while the coast was invested by Venetian and Genoese ships. And if Leghorn should fall into the hands of the enemy, woe to Florence! For if that one outlet towards the sea were closed, hedged in as she was on the land by the bitter ill-will of the Pope, and the jealousy of smaller States, how could succors reach her?

The government of Florence had shown a great heart in this urgent need, meeting losses and defeats with vigorous effort, raising fresh money, raising fresh sol-

diers, but not neglecting the good old method of Italian defence — conciliatory embassies. And while the scarcity of food was every day becoming greater, they had resolved, in opposition to old precedent, not to shut out the starving country people, and the mendicants driven from the gates of other cities, who came flocking to Florence like birds from a land of snow. These acts of a government in which the disciples of Savonarola made the strongest element were not allowed to pass without criticism. The disaffected were plentiful, and they saw clearly that the government took the worse course for the public welfare. Florence ought to join the League, and make common cause with the other great Italian States, instead of drawing down their hostility by a futile adherence to a foreign ally. Florence ought to take care of her own citizens, instead of opening her gates to famine and pestilence in the shape of starving *contadini* and alien mendicants.

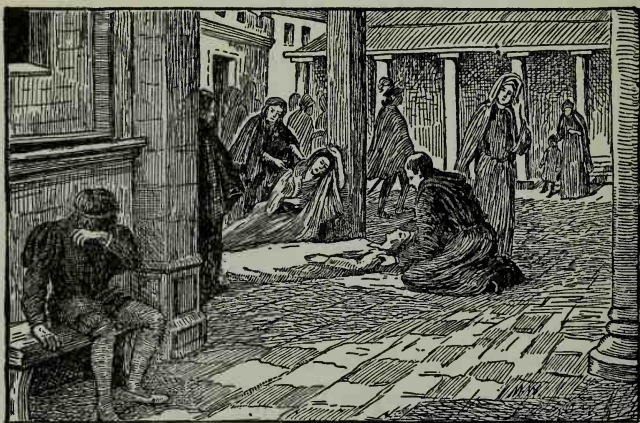
Every day the distress became sharper: every day the murmurs became louder. And, to crown the difficulties of the government, for a month and more — in obedience to a mandate from Rome — Fra Girolamo had ceased to preach. But on the arrival of the terrible news that the ships from Marseilles had been driven back, and that no corn was coming, the need for the voice that could infuse faith and patience into the people became too imperative to be resisted. In defiance of the Papal mandate the Signoria requested Savonarola to preach. And two days ago he had mounted again the pulpit of the Duomo, and had told her people only to wait and be steadfast, and the Divine help would certainly come. It was a bold sermon: he consented

to have his frock stripped off him if, when Florence persevered in fulfilling the duties of piety and citizenship, God did not come to her rescue.

Yet at present, on this morning of the thirtieth, there were no signs of rescue. Perhaps if the precious Tabernacle of the Madonna dell' Impruneta were brought into Florence and carried in devout procession to the Duomo, that Mother, rich in sorrows and therefore in mercy, would plead for the suffering city? For a century and a half there were records how the Florentines, suffering from drought, or flood, or famine, or pestilence, or the threat of wars, had fetched the potent image within their walls, and had found deliverance. And grateful honor had been done to her and her ancient church of L'Impruneta; the high house of Buondelmonti, patrons of the church, had to guard her hidden image with bare sword; wealth had been poured out for prayers at her shrine, for chantings, and chapels, and ever-burning lights; and lands had been added, till there was much quarrelling for the privilege of serving her. The Florentines were deeply convinced of her graciousness to them, so that the sight of her tabernacle within their walls was like the parting of the cloud, and the proverb ran, that the Florentines had a Madonna who would do what they pleased. When were they in more need of her pleading pity than now? And already, the evening before, the tabernacle containing the miraculous hidden image had been brought with high and reverent escort from L'Impruneta, the privileged spot six miles beyond the gate of San Piero that looks towards Rome, and had been deposited in the church of San Gaggio, outside the

gate, whence it was to be fetched in solemn procession by all the fraternities, trades, and authorities of Florence.

But the Pitying Mother had not yet entered within the walls, and the morning arose on unchanged misery and despondency. Pestilence was hovering in the track of famine. Not only the hospitals were full, but the court-yards of private houses had been turned into



“PESTILENCE WAS HOVERING IN THE TRACK OF FAMINE.”

refuges and infirmaries; and still there was unsheltered want. And early this morning, as usual, members of the various fraternities who made it part of their duty to bury the unfriended dead were bearing away the corpses that had sunk by the wayside. As usual, sweet womanly forms, with the refined air and carriage of the well-born, but in the plainest garb, were moving about the streets on their daily errands of tending the sick and relieving the hungry. . . .

When Romola approached the meeting of the roads

where the Por' Santa Maria would be on her right hand and the Ponte Vecchio on her left, she found herself involved in a crowd who suddenly fell on their knees; and she immediately knelt with them. The Cross was passing—the Great Cross of the Duomo—which headed the procession. Romola was later than she had expected to be, and now she must wait till the procession had passed. As she rose from her knees, when the Cross had disappeared, the return to a standing posture, with nothing to do but gaze, made her more conscious of her fatigue than she had been while she had been walking and occupied. A shop-keeper by her side said:

“Madonna Romola, you will be weary of standing; Gian Fantoni will be glad to give you a seat in his house. Here is his door close at hand. Let me open it for you. What! he loves God and the Frate as we do. His house is yours.”

Romola was accustomed now to be addressed in this fraternal way by ordinary citizens, whose faces were familiar to her from her having seen them constantly in the Duomo. The idea of “home” had come to be identified for her, less with the house in the Via de' Vardi, where she sat in frequent loneliness, than with the towered circuit of Florence, where there was hardly a turn of the streets at which she was not greeted with looks of appeal or of friendliness. She was glad enough to pass through the opened door on her right hand and to be led by the fraternal hose-vender to an up-stairs window, where a stout woman with three children, all in the plain garb of Piagnoni, made a place for her with much reverence above the bright

hanging draperies. From this corner station she could see, not only the procession pouring in solemn slowness between the lines of houses on the Ponte Vecchio, but also the river and the Lung' Arno on towards the bridge of the Santa Trinità.

In sadness and in stillness came the slow procession. Not even a wailing chant broke the silent appeal for mercy; there was only the tramp of footsteps, and the



"FROM THIS CORNER STATION SHE COULD SEE."

faint sweep of woollen garments. They were young footsteps that were passing when Romola first looked from the window—a long train of the Florentine youth, bearing high in the midst of them the white image of the youthful Jesus, with a golden glory above his head, standing by the tall cross where the thorns and nails lay ready.

After that train of fresh beardless faces came the mysterious-looking Companies of Discipline, bound by secret rules to self-chastisement and devout praise, and

special acts of piety; all wearing a garb which concealed the whole head and face except the eyes. Every one knew that these mysterious forms were Florentine citizens of various ranks, who might be seen at ordinary times going about the business of the shop, the counting-house, or the State; but no member now was discernible as son, husband, or father. They had dropped their personality, and walked as symbols of a common vow. Each company had its color and its badge, but the garb of all was a complete shroud, and left no expression of fellowship.

In comparison with them the multitude of monks seemed to be strongly distinguished individuals in spite of the common tonsure and the common frock. First came a white stream of reformed Benedictines; and then a much longer stream of the Frati Minori, or Franciscans, in that age all clad in gray, with the knotted cord round their waists, and some of them with the *zocoli*, or wooden sandals, below their bare feet; — perhaps the most numerous order in Florence, owning many zealous members who loved mankind and hated the Dominicans. And after the gray came the black of the Augustinians of San Spirito with more cultured human faces above it — men who had inherited the library of Boccaccio, and had made the most learned company in Florence when learning was rarer; then the white over dark of the Carmelites; and then again the unmixed black of the Servites, that famous Florentine order founded by seven merchants who forsook their gains to adore the Divine Mother.

And now the hearts of all on-lookers began to beat a little faster, either with hatred or with love, for there

was a stream of black and white coming over the bridge — of black mantles over white scapularies; and every one knew that the Dominicans were coming. Those of Fiesole passed first. One black mantle parted by white after another, one tonsured head after another, and still expectation was suspended. They were very coarse mantles, all of them, and many were threadbare, if not ragged; for the Prior of San Marco had reduced the fraternities under his rule to the strictest poverty and discipline. But in the long line of black and white there was at last singled out a mantle only a little more worn than the rest, with a tonsured head above it which might not have appeared supremely remarkable to a stranger who had not seen it on bronze medals, with the sword of God as its obverse; or surrounded by an armed guard on the way to the Duomo; or transfigured by the inward flame of the orator as it looked round on a rapt multitude.

As the approach of Savonarola was discerned, none dared conspicuously to break the stillness by a sound which would rise above the solemn tramp of footsteps and the faint sweep of garments; nevertheless his ear, as well as other ears, caught a mingled sound of low hissing that longed to be curses, and murmurs that longed to be blessings. Perhaps it was the sense that the hissing predominated which made two or three of his disciples in the foreground of the crowd, at the meeting of the roads, fall on their knees as if something divine were passing. The movement of silent homage spread: it went along the sides of the streets like a subtle shock, leaving some unmoved, while it made the most bend the knee and bow the head. But

the hatred, too, gathered a more intense expression; and as Savonarola passed up the Por' Santa Maria, Romola could see that some one at an upper window spat upon him.

Monks again — Frati Umiliati, or Humbled Brethren from Ognissanti, with a glorious tradition of being the earliest workers in the wool-trade; and again more monks — Vallombrosan and other varieties of Benedictines, reminding the instructed eye by niceties of form and color that in ages of abuse, long ago, reformers had arisen who had marked a change of spirit by a change of garb; till at last the shaven crowns were at an end, and there came the train of untoured secular priests.

Then followed the twenty-one incorporated Arts of Florence in long array, with their banners floating above them in proud declaration that the bearers had their distinct functions, from the bakers of bread to the judges and notaries. And then all the secondary offices of State, beginning with the less and going on to the greater, till the line of secularities was broken by the Canons of the Duomo, carrying a sacred relic — the very head, enclosed in silver, of San Zenobio, immortal bishop of Florence, whose virtues were held to have saved the city perhaps a thousand years before.

Here was the nucleus of the procession. Behind the relic came the archbishop in gorgeous cope, with canopy held above him: and after him the mysterious hidden Image — hidden first by rich curtains of brocade enclosing an outer painted tabernacle; but within this, by the more ancient tabernacle which had never been opened in the memory of living men, or the fathers

of living men. In that inner shrine was the image of the Pitying Mother, found ages ago in the soil of L'Impruneta, uttering a cry as the spade struck it. Hitherto the unseen Image had hardly ever been carried to the Duomo without having rich gifts borne before it. There was no reciting the list of precious offerings made by emulous men and communities, especially of veils and curtains and mantles. But the richest of all these, it was said, had been given by a poor abbess and her nuns, who, having no money to buy materials, wove a mantle of gold brocade with their prayers, embroidered it and adorned it with their prayers, and, finally, saw their work presented to the Blessed Virgin in the great Piazza by two beautiful youths who spread out white wings and vanished in the blue.

But to-day there were no gifts carried before the tabernacle ; no donations were to be given to-day except to the poor. That had been the advice of Fra Girolamo, whose preaching never insisted on gifts to the invisible powers, but only on help to visible need ; and altars had been raised at various points in front of the churches, on which the oblations for the poor were deposited. Not even a torch was carried. Surely the hidden Mother cared less for torches and brocade than for the wail of the hungry people. Florence was in extremity ; she had done her utmost, and could only wait for something divine that was not in her own power.

The Frate in the torn mantle had said that help would certainly come, and many of the faint-hearted were clinging more to their faith in the Frate's word

than to their faith in the virtues of the unseen Image. But there were not a few of the fierce-hearted who thought with secret rejoicing that the Frate's word might be proved false.

Slowly the tabernacle moved forward, and knees were bent. There was a profound stillness; for the train of priests and chaplains from L'Impruneta stirred no passion in the onlookers. The procession was about to close with the Priors and the Gonfaloniere; the long train of companies and symbols, which have their silent music and stir the mind as a chorus stirs it, was passing out of sight, and now a faint yearning hope was all that struggled with the accustomed despondency.

Romola, whose heart had been swelling, half with foreboding, half with that enthusiasm of fellowship which the life of the last two years had made as habitual to her as the consciousness of costume to a vain and idle woman, gave a deep sigh, as at the end of some long mental tension, and remained on her knees for very languor; when suddenly there flashed from between the houses on to the distant bridge something bright-colored. In the instant Romola started up, and stretched out her arms, leaning from the window, while the black drapery fell from her head, and the golden gleam of her hair and the flush in her face seemed the effect of one illumination. A shout arose in the same instant; the last troops of the procession paused, and all faces were turned toward the distant bridge.

But the bridge was passed now; the horseman was pressing at full gallop along by the Arno; the sides of his bay horse, just streaked with foam, looked all white

from swiftness; his cap was flying loose by his red bechetto, and he waved an olive branch in his hand. It was a messenger — a messenger of good tidings! The blessed olive branch spoke afar off. But the impatient people could not wait. They rushed to meet the on-comer, and seized his horse's reins, pushing and trampling.

And now Romola could see that the horseman was her husband, who had been sent to Pisa a few days before on a private embassy. The recognition brought no new flash of joy into her eyes. She had checked her first impulsive attitude of expectation; but her governing anxiety was still to know what news of relief had come for Florence.

“Good news!” “Best news!” “News to be paid with hose (*novelle da calze*)!” were the vague answers with which Tito met the importunities of the crowd, until he had succeeded in pushing on his horse to the spot at the meeting of the ways where the Gonfaloniere and the priors were awaiting him. There he paused, and, bowing low, said:

“Magnificent Signori! I have to deliver to you the joyful news that the galleys from France, laden with corn and men, have arrived safely in the port of Leghorn, by favor of a strong wind, which kept the enemy's fleet at a distance.”

The words had no sooner left Tito's lips than they seemed to vibrate upon the streets. A great shout rang through the air, and rushed along the river; and then another, and another; and the shouts were heard spreading along the line of the procession towards the Duomo; and then there were fainter answering shouts,

like the intermediate splash of distant waves in a great lake whose waters obey one impulse.

For some minutes there was no attempt to speak further: the Signoria themselves lifted up their caps, and stood bareheaded in the presence of a rescue which had come from outside the limit of their power — from that region of trust and resignation which has been in all ages called divine.

At last, as the signal was given to move forward, Tito said, with a smile:

“I ought to say that any hose to be bestowed by the Magnificent Signoria, in reward of these tidings, are due, not to me, but to another man, who had ridden hard to bring them, and would have been here in my place if his horse had not broken down just before he reached Signa. Meo di Sasso will doubtless be here in an hour or two, and may all the more justly claim the glory of the messenger, because he has had the chief labor and has lost the chief delight.”

It was a graceful way of putting a necessary statement, and after a word of reply from the *Proposto*, or spokesman of the Signoria, this dignified extremity of the procession passed on, and Tito turned his horse's head to follow in its train, while the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was already beginning to swing, and give a louder voice to the people's joy.



SIR THOMAS MORE

OF all the crimes which stained the record of that much married King, Henry VIII., none was more wicked than the execution of the wise and good man, once his friend, Sir Thomas More. Famous throughout Europe for his great learning, Sir Thomas cared nothing for princes' favors, and tried as hard to keep out of court life as most men do to get into it. But Henry was charmed by his wit and eloquence, and desired him for his most intimate guide, philosopher, and friend. He was appointed to honor after honor. But he was too honorable a man long to retain his difficult position as the self-willed Henry's counsellor. He scorned to flatter or to dissimulate, and his writings breathed the spirit of religious and political freedom. There came a day when he had to contradict the King's will, although he knew that doing so meant disgrace and ruin. Like the good Bishop of Rochester he could not countenance Henry's divorce of good Queen Catherine and his marriage to Anne Boleyn, so he resigned his chancellorship and retired to his country home in Chelsea to enjoy himself with his wife and daughters until the evil times should come which he knew were inevitable. Here he dreamed and wrote, taught his daughters and shared in their pastimes, and entertained the most noted men of the day. He had not long enjoyment of this peaceful life. In 1534 he was accused of treason and sent to

Sir Thomas More

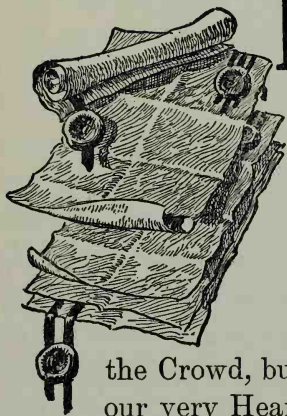
the Tower, where he remained for more than a year. At last he was brought to a most unfair trial, and was condemned to be executed. The following selection from the journal, supposed to have been written by his daughter Margaret, gives an account of the trial and the pathetic death of this good and great man "whose life was of blameless beauty, whose genius was cultivated to the highest attainable perfection," and whose death was that of a brave martyr.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE

(FROM THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE.)

By ANNE MANNING.

July 1.



BY Reason of Will's minding to be present at the Triall, which, for the Concourse of Spectators, demanded his earlie Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with Bess, to Dancey, who got us Places to see Father on his Way from the Tower to Westminster Hall.

We coulde not come at him for the Crowd, but clambered on a Bench to gaze our very Hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in Mien not a Whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen Gown, and leaning on a Staff; which unwonted Support when Bess markt, she hid her Eyes on my Shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her Eyes were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His Face was calm, as he came up, but just as he passed, he caught the Eye of some one in the Crowd, and smiled in his old, frank

Way; then glanced up towards the Windows with the bright Look he hath so oft cast to me at my Case-ment, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "Father!" but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his Face cloud at the Sichte of poor Bessy's Tears.

. . . Will tells me the Indictment was the longest ever hearde, on four Counts. First, his Opinion of the King's Marriage. Second, his writing sundrie Letters to the Bishop of Rochester, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace's Supremacy. Fourth, his positive Deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

When the reading of this was over, the Lord Chancellor sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your Obstinacie, and change your Opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn Pardon."

Father makes Answer . . . and at Sounde of his deare Voyce alle Men hold their Breaths. . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great Cause to thank your Honours for this your Courtesie . . . but I pray Almighty God I may continue in the Mind I'm in, through his Grace, until Death."

They coulde not make goode their Accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the last Count he could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter Enemy, my Lord Chancellor, called on him for his Defence. Will sayth there was a generall Murmur of Sigh ran

through the Court. Father, however, answered the Bidding by beginning to express his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightlie meeting alle the Charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat. 'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the



"WHEREON HE WAS ACCORDED
A SEAT."

Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having opposed the King's Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was so far from thinking High Treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicited by him for his Counsell. His Letters to the good Bishop he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when askt, concern-

ing the Supremacy, he alleged there could be noe Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, God onlie being cognizant of our Thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the Attorney Generall, "your Silence was the Token of a Malicious Mind."

"I had always understoode," answers Father, "that Silence stooede for Consent. *Qui tacet, consentire videtur*;" which made Sundrie smile. On the last Charge,

he protested he had never spoken Word agaynst the Law unto anie Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when o' suddain, the Solicitor Generall offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with Father in the Tower, falselie adding, like a liar as he is, that on his saying, "No Parliament coulde make a Law that God shoulde not be God," Father had rejoyned, "No more coulde they make the King supreme Head of the Church."

I marvell the Ground opened not at his Feet. Father brisklie made Answer, "If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr. Rich, have just taken be true, then I pray I may never see God in the Face. In good Truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your Perjurie than my Perrill. You and I once dwelt long together in one Parish; your Manner of Life and Conversation from your Youth up were familiar to me; and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your Tongue, a great Dicer and Gamester, and not of anie commendable Fame either there or in the Temple, the Inn to which ye have belonged. Is it creditable, therefore, to your Lordships, that the Secrets of my Conscience touching the Oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the Statute once made, either to the King's Grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private Parley with Mr. Rich?"

In short, the Villain made not goode his Poynt: ne'erthelesse, the Issue of this black Day was aforehand

fixed; my Lord Audley was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech; the Jury retired and presently returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace would have 'em doe in that Case.

Up starts my Lord Audley, — commences pronouncing Judgment, when —

“My Lord,” says Father, “in my Time, the Custom in these Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner, before Sentence, whether he could give anie Reason why Judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him.”

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then the frightful Sentence.

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know; there were Saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his mind; and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell: hoping that like as St. Paul was present and consenting unto St. Stephen's Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, soe he and they might speedilie meet there, joint Heirs of e'erlasting Salvation.

Meantime poor Bess and Cecilie, spent with Grief and long waiting, were foret to be carried Home by Heron, or ever Father returned to his Prison. Was't less Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with Dancey? God knoweth. They brought him back by Water; my poor Sisters must have passed him. . . . The first Thing I saw was the Axe, turned with its Edge towards him — my first Note of his Sentence. I forct my Way through the Crowd. . . . some one laid a cold Hand on mine Arm; 'twas poor Patteson, soe changed I scarce knew

him, with a Rosary of Gooseberries he kept running through his Fingers. He sayth, "Bide your Time, Mistress Meg; when he comes past, I'll make a Passage for ye; . . . Oh, Brother, Brother! what ailed thee to refuse the Oath? I've taken it!" In another Moment, "Now, Mistress, now!" and flinging his Arms right and left, made a Breach through which I darted, fearlesse of Bills and Halberds, and did cast mine Arms about Father's Neck. He cries, "My Meg!" and hugs me to him as though our very Souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my Child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine Heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the Will of God, who coulde have turned mine Enemies' Hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your Soul in Patience.



"AND DID CAST MY ARMS ABOUT
FATHER'S NECK."

Kiss them all for me, thus and thus . . ." soe gave me back into Dancey's Arms, the Guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose Sight of him for ever; soe, after a Minute's Pause, did make a second Rush, brake away from Dancey, clave to Father agayn, and agayn they had Pitie on me, and made Pause while I hung upon his neck. This Time there were large

Drops standing on his dear Brow, and the big Tears were swelling into his Eyes. He whispered, "Meg, for Christ's Sake don't unman me! thou'lt not deny my last Request?" I sayd, "Oh! no!" and at once loosened mine Arms. "God's Blessing be with you!" he sayth with a last Kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My Father, my Father!" "The Chariot of Israel, and the Horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a Regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific Vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more Sense nor Life till I find myself agayn in mine owne Chamber, my Sisters chafing my Hands.

July 5th.

Alle's over now . . . they've done theire worst, and yet I live. There were Women coulde stand aneath the Cross. The Maccabees' Mother — . . . yes, my Soul, yes; I know — Nought but unpardoned Sin. . . . The chariot of Israel.

6th.

Dr. Clement hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a Bridegroom to be clothed upon with Immortality.

Rupert stoode it alle out. Perfect love casteth out Feare. Soe did his.

7th.

. . . My most precious Treasure is this deare Billet, writ with a Coal; the last Thing he sett his Hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your Manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

19th.

They have let us bury his poor mangled Trunk ; but, as sure as there's a Sun in Heaven, I'll have his head ! — before another Sun hath risen, too. If wise Men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a Fool.

I doe think Men, for the most Part, be Cowards in their Hearts . . . moral Cowards. Here and there we find one like Father, and like Socrates, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not their Names just now ; but in the Main, methinketh they lack the moral Courage of Women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

July 20th.

. . . I lay down, but my Heart was waking. Soon after the first Cock crew, I hearde a pebble cast agaynst my lattice ; knew the Signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down, and let myself out. I knew the Touch of the poor Fool's Fingers ; his Teeth were chattering 'twixt Cold and Fear, yet he laught aneath his Breath as he caught my Arm and dragged me after him, whispering, "Fool and fayr Lady will cheat 'em yet." At the Stairs lay a Wherry with a Couple of Boatmen, and one of 'em stepping up to me cries, "Alas for ruth, Mistress Meg, what is't ye do ? Art mad to go on this Errand ?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I goe not, and succeed too — put me in, and push off."

We went down the River quietlie enow — at length reach London Bridge Stairs. Patteson, starting up, says ; "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aland and runneth up to the Bridge. Anon returns, and sayth, "Now, Mistress, alle's readie . . . readier than ye wist

. . . come up quickly, for the Coast's clear." Hobson (for 'twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, Mistress . . . An' I dared, I would goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that Case.

Nor lookt I up till aneath the Bridgegate, when, casting upward a fearsome Look, I beheld the dark Out-



WE WENT DOWN THE RIVER.

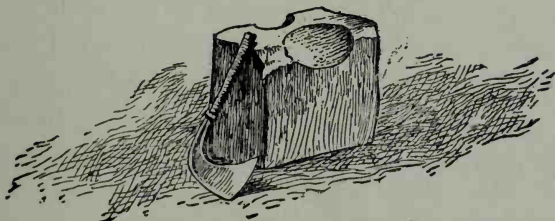
line of the ghastly, yet precious Relic; and, falling into a Tremour, did wring my hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas! that Head hath lain full manie a Time in my lap! woulde God, woulde God it lay there now!" When, 'o suddain, I saw the Pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my Apron, I did,

in an Extasy of Gladness, Pity, and Horror, catch its Burthen as it fell. Patteson, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his Breath, "Managed I not well, Mistress? Let's speed away with our Theft, for Fools and their Treasures are soon parted; but I think they'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are Wellwishers to us on the Bridge. I'll put ye into the Boat, and then say, God speed ye, Lady, with your Burthen."

July 23.

Rispah, Daughter of Aiah, did watch her Dead from the beginning of Harvest until the latter Rain, and suffered neither the Birds of the Ayre to light on them by Day, nor the wild Beasts of the Field by Night. And it was told the King, but he intermeddled not with her.

Argia stole Polynices' Body by Night, and buried it, for the which she with her Life did willingly pay Forfeit. Antigone, for aiding in the pious Theft, was adjudged to be buried alive. Artemisia did make herself her loved one's Shrine, by drinking his ashes. Such is the Love of Women; many Waters cannot quench it, neither can the Floods drown it. I've heard Bonvisi tell of a poor Italian girl, whose Brothers did slay her Lover; and in Spite of 'em she got his Heart, and Buried it in a Pot of Basil, which she watered Day and Night with her Tears, just as I do my Coffin. Will has promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my Heart; and since then, I've beene easier.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT KENILWORTH

(FROM KENILWORTH.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.



HIS further meditations were interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous that the country echoed for miles round. The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wild-fire to the castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the royal chase of Kenilworth. The whole music sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements ; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amid the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced

along the open and fair avenue that led toward the gallery tower; which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line: "The queen! The queen! Silence, and stand fast!"

Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner and



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of a hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendor and beauty.

The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

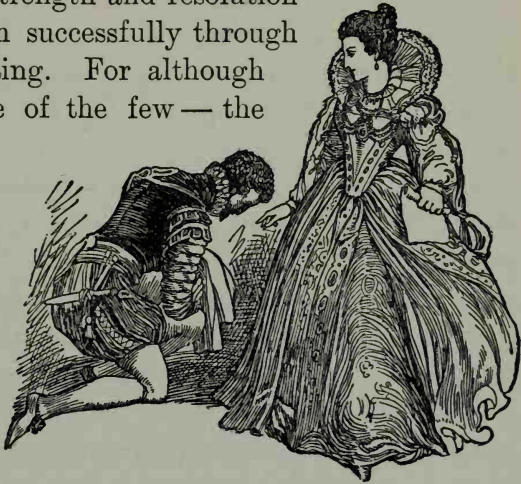
Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her master of the horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth and speckled his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honor which the queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed

to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

Varney followed close behind his master, as the principal esquire in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's black velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds and surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye constantly on his master; and, for reasons with which the reader is not unacquainted, was, among Leicester's numerous dependants, the one who was most anxious that his lord's strength and resolution

should carry him successfully through a day so agitating. For although Varney was one of the few — the very few moral

monsters, who contrive to lull to sleep the remorse of their own bosoms, and are drugged into moral insensibility, by atheism, as men in extreme



LEICESTER AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wild retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the queen's person were, of course, of the bravest and the fairest — the highest born nobles, and the wisest councillors, of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshalled, the cavalcade approached the gallery tower, which formed, as we have often observed, the extreme barrier of the castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the lubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of spirit — the contents of one immense black jack of double ale, which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear — that he only groaned piteously, and remained sitting on his stone seat; and the queen would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warder's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet, who lay perdu behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of the short femoral garment which we elsewhere described.

The porter uttered a sort of a yell, which came not amiss into his part, started up with his club, and dealt a sound douse or two on each side of him; and then,

like a coach-horse pricked by the spur, started off at once into the full career of his address, and by dint of active prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, delivered, in sounds of gigantic intonation, a speech which may be thus abridged—the reader being to suppose that the first lines were addressed to the throng who approached the gateway; the conclusion, at the approach of the queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the goddess of the night and all her magnificent train.

What, sir, what turmoil, have we for the nones !
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones !
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw,
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what visions have we here—
What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer ?
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold;
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold ?

Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,
My club, my key, my knee, my homage take.
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss ;
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this !

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of war-like music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again stationed in the chase; while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were

caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.

Amid these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the gallery tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighboring village of Kenilworth, following the queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the gallery tower.

On this occasion, as at different times during the evening, Raleigh addressed himself to Tressilian, and was not a little surprised at his vague and unsatisfactory answers; which, joined to his leaving his apartment without any assigned reason, appearing in an undress when it was likely to be offensive to the queen, and some other symptoms of irregularity which he thought he discovered, led him to doubt whether his friend did not labor under some temporary derangement.

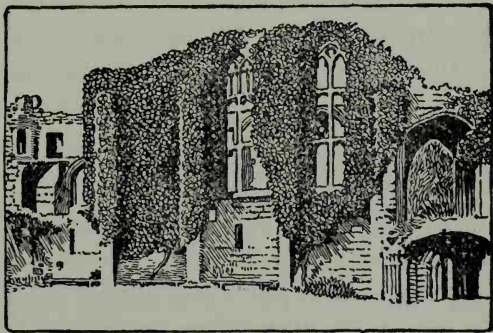
Meanwhile, the queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fab-

ulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed floated gently toward the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-colored silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with golden bracelets of uncommon size. Amid her long silky black hair she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed that this lady of the floating island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's tower with her two

attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous



RUINS AT KENILWORTH.

Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Mer-

lin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successfully tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The queen received this address, also, with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery: "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake vanished and Arion, who was among the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon himself the part in the absence of Wayland, chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizer and swearing: "Cogs bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her majesty's health from morning till midnight and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle."

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The queen laughed heartily and swore (in her turn) that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the queen was about to enter the castle that memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

"Such," says the clerk of the council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire and flight-shot of thunderbolts, with continuance, terror and vehemence, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged and the earth shook; and for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."



THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

(FROM WESTWARD HO!)

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.



AND now began that great sea-fight. It is a twelve days' epic, worthy, as I said in the beginning of this book, not of dull prose, but of the thunder-roll of Homer's verse: but having to tell it, I must do my best, rather using, where I can, the words of contemporary authors than my own.

“The Lord High Admirall of England, sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance*, announced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musquet-shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the *Arkroyall* (alias the *Triumph*), first set upon the admirall's as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was *Alfonso de Leon's* ship). Soon after, *Drake*, *Hawkins*, and *Frobisher* played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by *Recalde*.” The Spaniards soon discover the superior “nimbleness of the English ships;” and *Recalde's* squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of

his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed, and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull Cœnâ Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here), are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the meanwhile, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a

man is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanour."

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two



A LARGE SPANIARD DRIFTS BY.

ships only.

At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics,

and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their place to board her; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbor, and towed off to Weymouth,

where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice-Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "mis-used," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day ; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth ? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again, but it is only to return on the opposite tack ; and now begin a series of manœuvres, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other ; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes ; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards ; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman " (whom Prince claims, I hope

rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), “died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships.” “This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all” (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft) “in which the Lord Admiral fighting amidst his enemies’ fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, ‘O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?’ With which words he being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain;” as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh, and Blunt, and many another honorable name, “as to a set field, where immortal fame and honour was to be attained.” Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Aragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son—and shall mourn the loss of one; and England’s gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the Cava-

liers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition ; but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy sea again. But what day is this ? The twenty-fifth, St. James's-day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honor by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance ? He might have sent them, certainly, a favoring breeze ; perhaps, he only means to try their faith ; at least the galleys shall attack ; and in their van three of the great galliasses (the fourth lies half-crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece ; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's Triumph, his brother's Lion, Southwell's Elizabeth Jonas, Lord Sheffield's Bear, Barker's Victory, and George Fenner's Leicester, towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvos of chain-shot smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast ; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard ; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn ; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the

English gunnery), "no galliasse would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur-smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James's-day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time. "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least, the only fire by which he has answered his votaries, has been that of English cannon; and the Armada, "gathering itself in a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and bright out of the south-south-west, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood, which was then more honorable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins

kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. For many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to an hundred and forty sail — larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one-third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn, will be either the death-knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted

coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dared not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." And many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those beloved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland, — these were the spectres, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invaders' fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow. . . .

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath-day, before

the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sandhills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and, above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devotions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure-lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer; first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and thirdly, that over and above all, he cannot come, so "strangely provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five-and-thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuwport and Dunkirk. Having insured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return to-morrow to make experience of its effects; but only to hear across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying, and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe," as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire-ships "besmeared with wild-fire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more, the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics, which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches, make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire-ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbor.

The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after awhile, and fires a signal for re-

turn: but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows: but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to re-form. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honor which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galliasse! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the south-west horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the Triumph and the Bear; and on the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards: but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and foreyards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great San Philip into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the San Matthew comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the Evangelist, though smaller, is stouter than the Deacon, and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away

at one of the great galliasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy, —

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew*, and then glides on to re-load; but not to return. For not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop — can he believe his eyes for joy? — the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the star-board side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Re-load, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop-railing, twenty feet above Amyas's head, and shouts through the vizor, —

"At your service, sir! whosoever you may be."

A dozen muskets and arrows are levelled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. "No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on

board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat;" and lingering a moment out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard re-appears instantly. "Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England, who leave their wives to be burnt alive."

The moment the words had passed Amyas's lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword-hilt, and then hissed back through his closed vizor, —

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yard-arm, if Saint Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the stern-works of the Spaniard: and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury;

three times has the Vengeance, as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the Sta. Catharina, pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck-beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defences of the Vengeance, that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thresher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asks Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The San Matthew has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder" —

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

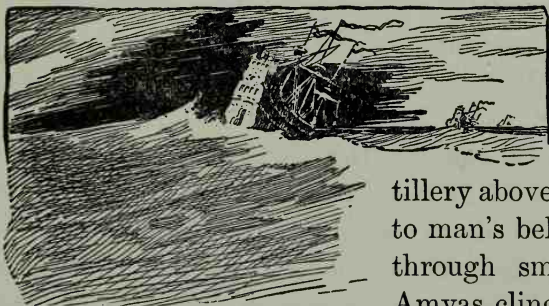
A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the San Philip is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the San Matthew is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will

leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses." And on went Lord Henry, and on shore went the San Philip at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the San Matthew, whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunder-storm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur-



COMES DOWN THE THUNDER-STORM.

smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's ar-

tillery above makes answer to man's below. But still, through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey.

She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her top-sails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high, and cripple her rigging; but in vain: for three or four belated galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds

his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroical captain," says Cary, pulling a long face; "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silent, the Vengeance sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-north-west breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the Sta. Catharina has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we — What is the Admiral about?"

He is signalling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to

fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-by to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet; and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore, against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people!"

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the gray north-west, as it does so often after a thunder-storm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labor! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

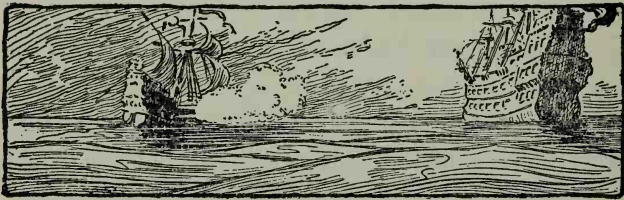
And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on: when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas's heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with some quantity; but he was on board again only just in time, for the south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were

moving away; but this time northward. Whither now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.


The Armada was defeated, and England saved.



CHARLES THE FIRST AND THE FALL OF STRAFFORD

(FROM JOHN INGLESANT.)

By J. H. SHORTHOUSE.



ON the 20th of August 1640 the King set out for York on his way to Scotland, in some haste, and Inglesant accompanied or rather preceded him, his duty being to provide apartments for the King. The King advanced no farther than North Allerton, Lord Strafford being at Darlington, and a large part of the army at Newburn-upon-Tyne, from whence they retreated before the Scots almost without fighting. It was at this time that Inglesant began to see more of the real state of affairs among the leaders of the royal party, and became aware of the real weakness of their position. He appears to have formed the opinion that Lord Strafford, in spite of his great qualities, had failed altogether in establishing himself on a firm and lasting footing of power, and was deficient in those qualities of a statesman that ensure success, and incapable of realizing the necessities of the times. His army, on which

he relied, was disorganized, and totally without devotion or enthusiasm. It melted away before the Scots, or fraternized with them, and the trained bands and gentry who came in to the King's standard and to the Earl, prefaced all their offers of service with petitions for the redress of grievances and the calling together a Parliament. Inglesant had already formed the opinion that the Archbishop, who was now left at the head of affairs in London with the Privy Council, and was



EARL OF STRAFFORD.

vainly endeavoring to prevent the citizens from sending up monster petitions to the King, was even more at variance with the inevitable course of events, and more powerless to withstand them, than the Earl; and he appears to have written to his friend the Jesuit, for his guidance, careful explanations of his own views on these sub-

jects. Father Hall, however, was not a man hastily to change his course. He had belonged from the beginning to that section of the popish party whose policy had been to support the High Church party rather than to oppose it, and this policy was strengthened now that the royal power itself began to be attacked. Whatever others of the popish party might think, those with whom the Jesuit acted, and the party at Rome which directed their conduct, were undeviating supporters of the King, and were convinced that

all advantage which the Papists might in future achieve was dependent upon him. It is not apparent what action the Jesuit was taking at this moment, probably he was contented to watch the course of events; but this much is certain, that his efforts to induce Churchmen to work with him were increased rather than diminished.

While the King was at York, the Marquis of Montrose, who was in the Covenanters' army, carried on a correspondence with him, and copies of his letters were believed to be stolen from the King's pockets at night by one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and sent to the leader of the Scots' army. Montrose retired into Scotland, and as the King was desirous of continuing a correspondence which promised so much, he decided upon sending a special messenger to the Marquis. Inglesant was fixed upon for this mission, as being known by the Royalists as a confidential agent of the Court, but at the same time almost entirely unknown to the opposite party. He found Montrose at Edinburgh, at a time when the Marquis was endeavoring to form a party among the nobility of Scotland, in opposition to the Covenant. Inglesant was probably little more in this negotiation than an accredited letter-carrier; but a circumstance occurred in connection with his stay in Scotland which is not without interest with reference to his future character. Among the gentlemen with whom Montrose was in connection, were some of the Highland chiefs, and to one of these the Marquis sent Inglesant as a safe agent, being perfectly unknown in Scotland. This gentleman, understanding that the messenger of Montrose was coming to meet

him, travelled down from the Highlands with a great retinue of servants, and sent on one of his gentlemen, with a few attendants, to meet the young Englishman on the borders of Perthshire. Inglesant had ridden from Stirling, and the night being stormy and dark, he had stopped at a gentleman's house in a lonely situation at the foot of the Badenoch Hills. Here, late in the evening, his entertainers met him, and they passed the night in company.



CHARLES THE FIRST.

After supper, as they were sitting in front of the fire with the master of the house and several more, the conversation turned upon the faculty of second sight and the numberless instances of its certainty with which the Highland gentlemen were acquainted. While they were thus discoursing, the attention of the

gentleman who had come to meet Inglesant was attracted by an old Highlander who sat in the large chimney, and he inquired whether he saw anything unusual in the Englishman, that made him regard him with such attention. He said no, he saw nothing in him fatal or remarkable more than this, that he was much mistaken if that young man was not a seer himself, or, at any rate, would be able before many months

were over to see apparitions and spirits. Inglesant thought little of this at the time, but he remembered it afterwards when an event occurred on his return to London which recalled it to his recollection.

The treaty having been settled with the Scots, and the writs issued for a new Parliament, the King returned to London.

One day in September, Inglesant received a visit from one of the servants of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who brought a message from Laud expressing a wish to see Mr. Inglesant at his dinner at Lambeth Palace on any day that would suit his convenience. He went the next day by water at the proper hour, and was ushered into the great hall of the palace, where dinner was laid, and many gentlemen and clergymen standing about in the windows and round the tables, waiting the Archbishop. Inglesant's entrance was remarked at once, his dress and appearance rendering him conspicuous, and his person being well known, and occasioning some surprise; for the Archbishop had not been latterly on friendly terms with the Queen, whom he had opposed on some questions relating to Papists, to whose party, even since his being in the King's household, Inglesant was considered to belong. The servants had evidently received orders concerning him, for he was placed very high at table, and waited upon with great attention. On the Archbishop's entrance he noticed Inglesant particularly, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him there. The conversation at dinner turned entirely on the Scotch rebellion, and the failure of the Earl of Strafford to repress it; and on the King's return to London, which had not long taken place. Several gentlemen

present had been with the army, and spoke of the insubordination among the officers, especially such as had been Parliament men. The elections for the new Parliament were expected shortly to take place, and many of the officers were deserting from the army, and coming up to London and other places to secure their return. The utmost dissatisfaction and insubordination prevailed over the whole country, for Laud and Strafford, after exciting the animosity of the people, had proved themselves weak, and the people began to despise as well as hate them — not perceiving that this probably proved that they were not the finished tyrants they were supposed to be. Strafford's army, raised by himself, having proved powerless against the Scots and insubordinate against its master, the popular party was encouraged to attack him, whom they hated as much as ever, though they began to fear him less. The violent excitement of the popular party against the High Churchmen and against ceremonies was also a subject of conversation. The wildest rumors were prevalent as to the probable conduct of the new Parliament, but all agreed that the Lord Lieutenant and the Archbishop, and probably the Lord Keeper, would be impeached. After dinner the Archbishop rose from table, and retired into one of the windows, at the upper end of the hall, overlooking the river, requesting Inglesant, to whom he pointed out the beauties of the view, to follow him. Having done this, he said a few words to him in a low voice, explaining his regret at the difference which had arisen between himself and the Queen, whose most faithful servant he protested he had ever been, and whom he was most desirous to please. He then went

on to say that he both could and intended to inform Her Majesty of this through other channels than Mr. Inglesant, though he bespoke his good offices therein; but he wished principally to speak to him of another matter, which would require privacy to explain fully to him; but thus far he would say, that although he had always been a true servant of the Church of England, and had never entertained any thoughts inconsistent with such fidelity, yet he believed the Roman Catholics were aware that he had always behaved with great toleration to them, and had always entertained a great respect for their religion, refusing to allow it to be abused or described as Antichrist in the English pulpits; that it was notorious that he had excited the enmity of the popular party by this conduct; and that whatever he might suffer under the new Parliament would be in consequence of it. He was aware that Mr. Inglesant was in the confidence of that party, and especially the particular friend of Father Hall, the leader of the most powerful section of it; and he entreated his services to bring the Jesuit and himself to some understanding and concerted action, whereby, at least, they might ward off some of the blows that would be aimed at them. The Archbishop said that many of the wisest politicians considered that the two parties who would divide the stage between them would be the popular party and the Papists; and if this were really the case (though he himself thought that the loyal Church party would prove stronger than was thought) it was evident that Mr. Inglesant's friend would be well able to return any kindness that the Archbishop had shown the Romanists.

Inglesant went to the Jesuit as soon as possible, and related his interview with the Archbishop. Father Hall listened to it with great interest.

"He has been like a true ecclesiastic," he said, "blind to facts while he was in the course of his power, astonished and confounded when the natural results arrive. Nevertheless, I fancy he will make a good fight, or at least a good ending. The people know not what they want, and might have been led easily, but it is too late. What was the real amount of tyranny and persecution the people suffered? The Church officers were blamed on the one hand for not putting the laws in force against the Papists, and on the other, for putting them in force against the Puritans. However, he has a right view of the power of the Church party, in which I join him. We shall see the good fight they will make for the King yet. The gentry and chivalry of England are rather rusty for want of use, but we shall see the metal they are made of before long. However, the Catholics will be ready in fact now, and I have great hopes of the use we shall make of these opportunities. I am much mistaken if such a chance as we shall have before many months are over will not be greater than we have had for a century. I shall count on you. We have been long delayed, and you must have thought all our pains would come to nothing; but we must have long patience if we enter on the road of politics.

"You are now," said the Jesuit, "embracing the cause full of enthusiasm and zeal, and this is very well; how else could we run out the race, unless we began with some little fire? But this will not last, and un-

less you are warned, you may be offended and fall away. When you have lived longer in this world and outlived the enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth, you will find your love and pity for the race increase tenfold, your admiration and attachment to any particular party or opinion fall away altogether. You will not find the royal cause perfect any more than any other, nor those embarked in it free from mean and sordid motives, though you think now that all of them act from the noblest. This is the most important lesson that a man can learn — that all men are really alike ; that all creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result of chance and temperament ; that no party is on the whole better than another ; that no creed does more than shadow imperfectly forth some one side of truth ; and it is only when you begin to see this that you can feel that pity for mankind, that sympathy with its disappointments and follies, and its natural human hopes, which have such a little time of growth, and such a sure season of decay.

“I have seen nothing more pathetic than touches in the life of some of these Puritans — men who have, as they thought in obedience to the will of the Deity, denied themselves pleasure — human pleasure — through their lives, and now and then some old song, some pleasant natural tale of love flashes across their path, and the true human instinct of the sons of Adam lights up within them.

“Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

“As you know, we have many parties in our Church, nay, in our own order ; different members may be sent

on opposing missions; but it is no matter, they are all alike. Hereafter it will be of little importance which of these new names, Cavalier or Roundhead, you are called by, whether you turn Papist or Puritan, Jesuit or Jansenist, but it will matter very much whether you acted as became a man, and did not flinch ignobly at the moment of trial. Choose your part from the instinct of your order, from your birth, or from habit or what not; but having chosen it, follow it to the end. Stand by your party or your order, and especially in the hour of trial or danger be sure you never falter; for, be certain of this, that no misery can be equal to that which a man feels who is conscious that he has proved unequal to his part, who has deserted the post his captain set him, and who, when men said 'such and such a one is there on guard, there is no need to take further heed,' has left his watch or quailed before the foeman, to the loss, perhaps the total ruin, of the cause he had made his choice. I pray God that such misery as this may never be yours."

The elections being over, London became very full. The new members hastened up. The nobility and country gentry came crowding in, and all the new houses in the Strand and Charing Cross were occupied, and a throng of young Cavaliers filled the courts and precincts of the palace. As soon as the King arrived Inglesant went into waiting in his new post, in which great responsibility in the keeping of the royal household, especially at night, devolved upon him. His post came immediately after that of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, with whom the immediate attendance on the person of the King stopped, but the charge of

the King's rooms brought him continually into the royal presence.

As soon as the Parliament met, the impeachment of Strafford began ; and as it proceeded, the excitement grew more and more intense. It was not safe for the courtiers to go into the city, except in numbers together, and a court of guard was kept by the Cavaliers before Whitehall towards Charing Cross.

One day Inglesant received a letter from the Jesuit, whom he seldom saw, as follows : —

“Jack, tell your friend the Archbishop, that Lambeth House will be attacked two nights from this, by a rabble of the populace. The Parliament leaders will not be seen in this, but they can be felt. Burn this, but let the Archbishop know the hand from which it comes.”

On receiving this warning the Archbishop fortified his house, and crossed the water to his chamber in Whitehall, where he slept that night and two others following. His house was attacked by a mob of five hundred men ; one of them was wounded and afterwards executed ; not much damage was done.

History can furnish few events so startling and remarkable as the trial and death of Lord Strafford — events which, the more they are studied the more wonderful they appear. It is not easy to find words to express the miserable weakness and want of statesmanship which led to, and made possible, such an event ; and one is almost equally surprised at the comparatively few traces of the sensation and consternation that such an event must have produced. I am not speaking of the justice or the injustice of the sentence,

nor of the crime or innocence of the accused, — I speak only of a great minister and servant of the Crown, in whose policy and support the whole of the royal power, the whole strength of the national establishment, was involved and pledged. That such a man, by the simple clamor of popular opinion, should have been arrested, tried, and executed in a few days, with no effort but the most degrading and puny one made on his behalf by his royal master and friend, certainly must have produced a terror and excitement, one would think, unequalled in history. That the King never recovered from it is not surprising; one would have thought he would never have held up his head again. That the royal party was amazed and confounded is not wonderful; one would have thought it would have been impossible ever to have formed a royal party afterwards. That there was no power in the country able to protect either the Lords or the Monarch in the discharge of their conscience seems too strange to be believed.

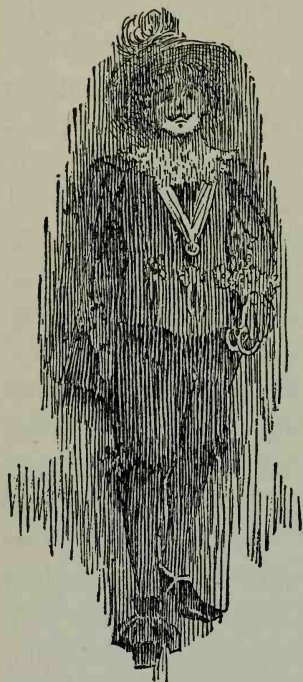
It was two nights after the execution. The guard was set at Whitehall and the "all night" served up. The word for the night was given, and the whole palace was considered as under the sole command of Inglesant, as the esquire in waiting. He had been round to the several gates and seen that the courts and anterooms were quiet and clear of idlers, and then came up into the anteroom outside the privy chamber, and sat down alone before the fire. In the room beyond him were two gentlemen of the privy chamber, who slept in small beds drawn across the door opening into the royal bedchamber beyond.

The King was in his room in bed, but not asleep; Lord

Abergavenny, the gentleman of the bedchamber in waiting, was reading Shakespeare to him before he slept. Inglesant took out a little volume of the classics, of the series printed in Holland, which it was the custom of the gentlemen of the Court, and those attached to great nobles, to carry with them to read in ante-chambers while in waiting. The night was perfectly still, and the whole palace wrapped in a profound quiet that was almost oppressive to one who happened to be awake. Inglesant could not read; the event that had just occurred, the popular tumults, the shock of feeling which the royal party had sustained, the fear and uncertainty of the future, filled his thoughts. The responsibility of his post sat on him to-night like a nightmare, and with very unusual force: a sense of approaching terror in the midst of the intense silence fascinated him and became almost insupportable. His fancy filled his mind with images of some possible oversight and of some unseen danger which might be lurking even then in the precincts of the vast rambling palace. Gradually, however, all these images became confused and the sense of terror dulled, and he was on the point of falling asleep when he was startled by the ringing sound of arms and the challenge of the yeoman of the guard, on the landing outside the door. The next instant a voice, calm and haughty, which sent a tremor through every nerve, gave back the word, "Christ." Inglesant started up and grasped the back of his chair in terror.

Gracious Heaven! who was this that knew the word? In another moment the hangings across the door were drawn sharply back, and with a quick step, as one who went straight to where he was expected and had a

right to be, the intruder entered the antechamber. It wore the form and appearance of Strafford—it was



IT WORE THE FORM AND APPEARANCE OF STRAFFORD.

Strafford—in dress, and mien, and step. Taking no heed of Inglesant, crouched back in terror against the carved chimney-piece, the apparition crossed the room with a quick step, drew the hangings that screened the door of the privy chamber, and disappeared. Inglesant recovered in a moment, sprang across the room, and followed the figure through the door. He saw nothing; but the two gentlemen raised themselves from their couches, startled by his sudden appearance and white, scared look, and said, “What is it, Mr. Esquire?”

Before Inglesant, who stood with eyes and mouth open, the picture of terror, could recover himself, the curtain of the bedchamber was drawn hastily back, and the Lord Abergavenny suddenly appeared, saying in a hurried, startled voice:—

“Send for Mayern; send for Dr. Mayern, the King is taken very ill!”

Inglesant, who by this time was recovered sufficiently to act, seized the opportunity to escape, and, hurrying through the antechamber and down the staircase to the guard-room, he found one of the pages,

and despatched him for the Court physician. He then returned to the guard at the top of the staircase.

"Has any one passed?" he asked.

"No," the man said; "he had seen no one."

"Did you challenge no one a moment ago?"

The man looked scared, but finally acknowledged what he feared at first to confess, lest it should be thought he had been sleeping at his post, that he had become suddenly conscious of, as it seemed to him, some presence in the room, and found himself the next moment, to his confusion, challenging the empty space.

Failing to make anything of the man, Inglesant returned to the privy chamber, where Lord Abergavenny was relating what had occurred.

"I was reading to the King," he repeated, "and His Majesty was very still, and I began to think he was falling asleep, when he suddenly started upright in bed, grasped the book on my knee with one hand, and with the other pointed across the chamber to some object upon which his gaze was fixed with a wild and horror-stricken look, while he faintly tried to cry out. In a second the terror of the sight, whatever it was, overcame him, and he fell back on the bed with a sharp cry."

"Mr. Inglesant saw something," said both the gentlemen at once; "he came in here as you gave the alarm."

"I saw nothing," said Inglesant; "whatever frightened me I must tell the King."

Dr. Mayern, who lodged in the palace, soon arrived; and as the King was sensible when he came, he merely

prescribed some soothing drink, and soon left. The moment he was gone the King called Abergavenny into the room alone to him, and questioned him as to what had occurred. Abergavenny told him all he knew, adding that the esquire in waiting, Mr. Inglesant, was believed to have seen something by the gentlemen of the privy chamber, whom he had aroused. Inglesant was sent for, and found the King and Abergavenny alone. He declined to speak before the latter, until the King positively commanded him to do so. Deadly pale, with his eyes on the ground, and speaking with the greatest difficulty, he then told his story; of the deep silence, his restlessness, the sentry's challenge, and the apparition that appeared. Here he stopped.

"And this figure," said Abergavenny in a startled whisper, "did you know who it was?"

"Yes, I knew him," said the young man; "would to God I had not."

"Who was it?"

Paler, if possible, than before, with a violent effort, Inglesant forced himself to look at the King.

A contortion of pain, short but terrible to see, passed over the King's face, but he rose from the chair in which he sat (for he had risen from the bed and even dressed himself), and, with that commanding dignity which none ever assumed better than he, he said, —

"Who was it, Mr. Esquire?"

"My Lord Strafford."

Abergavenny stepped back several paces, and covered his face with his hands. No one spoke. Inglesant dared not stir, but remained opposite to the King,

trembling in every limb, and his eyes upon the ground like a culprit. The King continued to stand with his commanding air, but stiff and rigid as a statue; it seemed as though he had strength to command his outward demeanor, but no power besides.

The silence grew terrible. At last the King was able to make a slight motion with his hand. Inglesant seized the opportunity, and, bowing to the ground, retired backward to the door. As he closed the door the King turned towards Abergavenny, but the room was empty. The King was left alone.



THE BATTLE OF EDGEHILL

(FROM MEMOIRS OF A CAVALIER.)

BY DANIEL DEFOE.



ON the 10th of October the king's army was in full march, his Majesty generalissimo, the Earl of Lindsey, general of the foot, Prince Rupert, general of the horse; and the first action in the field was by Prince Rupert and Sir John Byron. Sir John had brought his body of five hundred horse, as I noted already, from Oxford to Worcester; the Lord Say, with a strong party, being in the neighborhood of Oxford, and expected in the town, Colonel Sandys, a hot man, and who had more courage than judgment, advances with about fifteen hundred horse and dragoons, with design to beat Sir John Byron out of Worcester, and take post there for the Parliament.

The king had noticed that the Earl of Essex designed for Worcester, and Prince Rupert was ordered to advance with a body of horse and dragoons to face the enemy, and bring off Sir John Byron. This his Majesty did to amuse the Earl of Essex, that he might

expect him that way; whereas the king's design was to get between the Earl of Essex's army and the city of London; and his Majesty's end was doubly answered, for he not only drew Essex on to Worcester, where he spent more time than he needed, but he beat the party into the bargain.

I went volunteer in this party, and rode in my father's regiment; for though we really expected not to see the enemy, yet I was tired with lying still. We came to Worcester just as notice was brought to Sir John Byron, that a party of the enemy was on their march for Worcester, upon which the prince immediately consulting what was to be done, resolves to march the next morning and fight them.

The enemy, who lay at Pershore, about eight miles from Worcester, and, as I believe, had no notice of our march, came on very confidently in the morning, and found us fairly drawn up to receive them. I must confess this was the bluntest, downright way of making war that ever was seen. The enemy, who, in all the little knowledge I had of war, ought to have discovered our numbers, and guessed by our posture what our design was, might easily have informed themselves that we intended to attack them, and so might have secured the advantage of a bridge in their front; but without any regard to these methods of policy, they came on at all hazards. Upon this notice, my father proposed to the prince to halt for them, and suffer



A CAVALIER.

ourselves to be attacked, since we found them willing to give us the advantage. The prince approved of the advice, so we halted within view of a bridge, leaving space enough on our front for about half the number of their forces to pass and draw up; and at the bridge was posted about fifty dragoons, with orders to retire as soon as the enemy advanced, as if they had been afraid. On the right of the road was a ditch, and a very high bank behind, where he had placed three hundred dragoons, with orders to lie flat on their faces till the enemy had passed the bridge, and to let fly among them as soon as our trumpets sounded a charge. Nobody but Colonel Sandys would have been caught in such a snare, for he might easily have seen that when he was over the bridge there was not room enough for him to fight in. But the Lord of hosts was so much in their mouths, for that was the word for that day, that they took little heed how to conduct the host of the Lord to their own advantage.

As we expected, they appeared, beat our dragoons from the bridge, and passed it. We stood firm in one line with a reserve, and expected a charge, but Colonel Sandys, showing a great deal more judgment than we thought he was master of, extends himself to the left, finding the ground too strait, and began to form his men with a great deal of readiness and skill, for by this time he saw our number was greater than he expected. The prince perceiving it, and foreseeing that the stratagem of the dragoons would be frustrated by this, immediately charges with the horse, and the dragoons at the same time standing upon their feet, poured in their shot upon those that were passing the bridge.

This surprise put them into such disorder, that we had but little work with them. For though Colonel Sandys with the troops next him sustained the shock very well, and behaved themselves gallantly enough, yet the confusion beginning in their rear, those that had not yet passed the bridge were kept back by the fire of the dragoons, and the rest were easily cut in pieces. Colonel Sandys was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, and the crowd was so great to get back, that many pushed into the water, and were rather smothered than drowned. Some of them who never came into the fight, were so frightened, that they never looked behind them till they came to Pershore, and, as we were afterwards informed, the lifeguards of the general who had quartered in the town, left it in disorder enough, expecting us at the heels of their men.

If our business had been to keep the Parliament army from coming to Worcester, we had a very good opportunity to have secured the bridge at Pershore; but our design lay another way, as I have said, and the king was for drawing Essex on to the Severn, in hopes to get behind him, which fell out accordingly.

Essex, spurred by this affront in the infancy of their affairs, advances the next day, and came to Pershore time enough to be at the funeral of some of his men; and from thence he advances to Worcester.

We marched back to Worcester extremely pleased with the good success of our first attack, and our men were so flushed with this little victory that it put vigor into the whole army. The enemy lost about three thousand men, and we carried away near one hundred and fifty prisoners, with five hundred horses, some

standards and arms, and among the prisoners their colonel; but he died a little after of his wounds.

Upon the approach of the enemy, Worcester was quitted, and the forces marched back to join the king's army, which lay then at Bridgnorth, Ludlow, and thereabout. As the king expected, it fell out; Essex found so much work at Worcester to settle Parliament quarters, and secure Bristol, Gloucester, and Hereford, that it gave the king a full day's march of him. So the king, having the start of him, moves towards London; and Essex, nettled to be both beaten in fight and outdone in conduct, decamps, and follows the king.

The Parliament, and the Londoners too, were in a strange consternation at this mistake of their general; and had the king, whose great misfortune was always



CROMWELL.

to follow precipitant advices, — had the king, I say, pushed on his first design, which he had formed with very good reason, and for which he had been dodging with Essex eight or ten days, viz., of marching directly to London, where he had a very great interest, and where his friends were not yet oppressed and impover-

ished, as they were afterwards, he had turned the scale of his affairs. And every man expected it; for the members began to shift for themselves, expresses were

sent on the heels of one another to the Earl of Essex to hasten after the king, and, if possible, to bring him to a battle. Some of these letters fell into our hands, and we might easily discover that the Parliament were in the last confusion at the thoughts of our coming to London. Besides this, the city was in a worse fright than the House, and the great moving men began to go out of town. In short, they expected us, and we expected to come, but Providence for our ruin had otherwise determined it.

Essex, upon news of the king's march, and upon receipt of the Parliament's letters, makes long marches after us, and on the 23rd of October reaches the village of Kineton, in Warwickshire. The king was almost as far as Banbury, and there calls a council of war. Some of the old officers that foresaw the advantage the king had, the concern the city was in, and the vast addition, both to the reputation of his forces and the increase of his interest, it would be if the king could gain that point, urged the king to march on to London. Prince Rupert and the fresh colonels pressed for fighting, told the king it dispirited their men to march with the enemy at their heels; that the Parliament army was inferior to him by six thousand men, and fatigued with hasty marching; that as their orders were to fight, he had nothing to do but to post himself to advantage, and receive them to their destruction; that the action near Worcester had let them know how easy it was to deal with a rash enemy; and that 'twas a dishonor for him, whose forces were so much superior, to be pursued by his subjects in rebellion. These and the like arguments prevailed with the king to alter his wiser

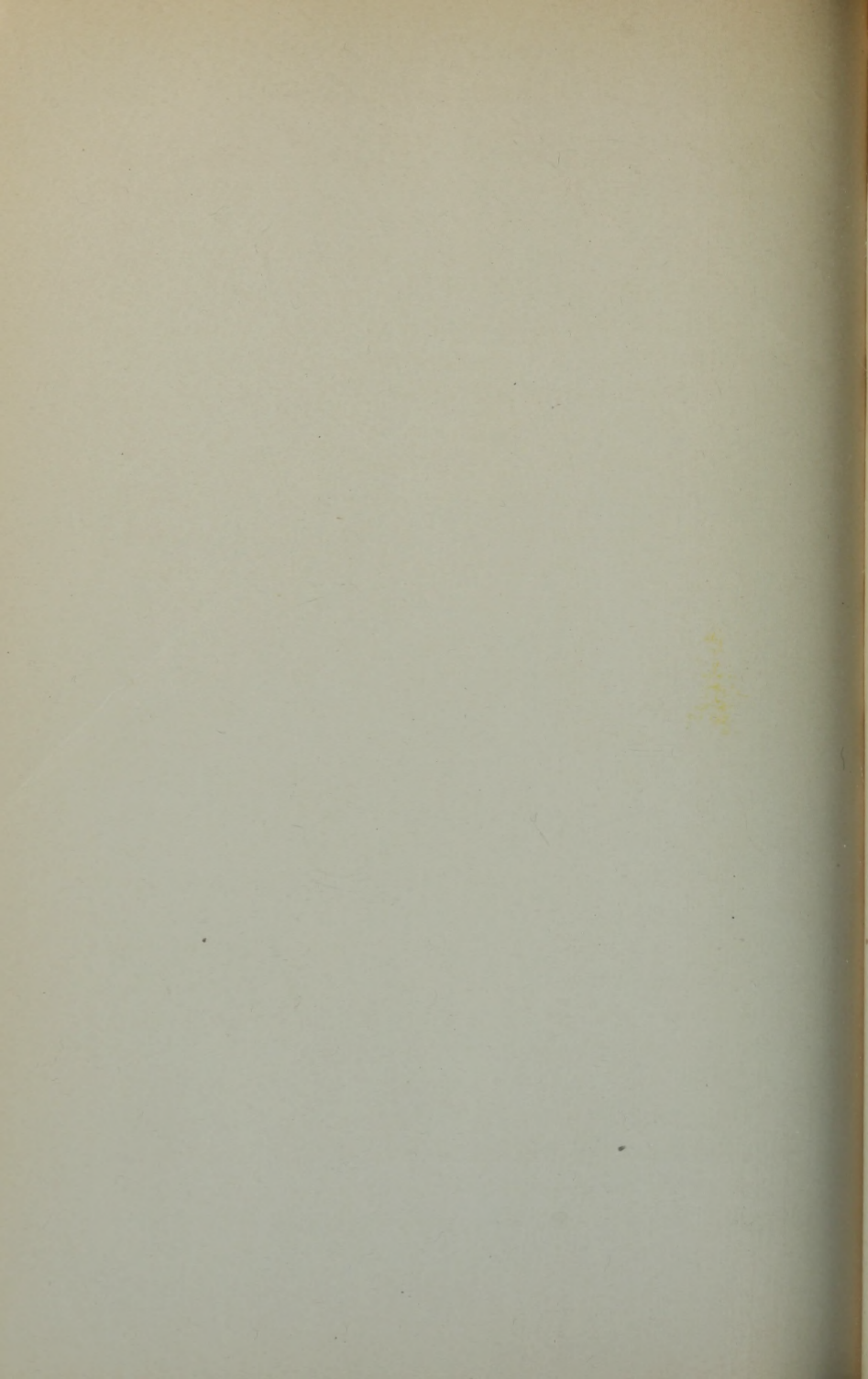
measures and resolve to fight. Nor was this all; when a resolution of fighting was taken, that part of the advice which they who were for fighting gave, as a reason for their opinion, was forgot, and instead of halting and posting ourselves to advantage till the enemy came up, we were ordered to march back and meet them.

Nay, so eager was the prince for fighting, that when, from the top of Edgehill, the enemy's army was descried in the bottom between them and the village of Kineton, and that the enemy had bid us defiance, by discharging three cannons, we accepted the challenge, and answering with two shots from our army, we must needs forsake the advantages of the hills, which they must have mounted under the command of our cannon, and march down to them into the plain. I confess, I thought here was a great deal more gallantry than discretion; for it was plainly taking an advantage out of our own hands, and putting it into the hands of the enemy. An enemy that must fight, may always be fought with to advantage. My old hero, the glorious Gustavus Adolphus, was as forward to fight as any man of true valor mixed with any policy need to be, or ought to be; but he used to say, "An enemy reduced to a necessity of fighting, is half beaten."

'Tis true, we were all but young in the war; the soldiers hot and forward, and eagerly desired to come to hands with the enemy. But I take the more notice of it here, because the king in this acted against his own measures; for it was the king himself had laid the design of getting the start of Essex, and marching to London. His friends had invited him thither, and expected him, and suffered deeply for the omission;



“PRINCE RUPERT FELL ON WITH SUCH FURY.”



and yet he gave way to these hasty counsels, and suffered his judgment to be overruled by majority of voices; an error, I say, the King of Sweden was never guilty of. For if all the officers at a council of war were of a different opinion, yet unless their reasons mastered his judgment, their votes never altered his measures. But this was the error of our good, but unfortunate master, three times in this war, and particularly in two of the greatest battles of the time, viz., this of Edgehill, and that of Naseby.

The resolution for fighting being published in the army, gave an universal joy to the soldiers, who expressed an extraordinary ardor for fighting. I remember my father talking with me about it, asked me what I thought of the approaching battle. I told him I thought the king had done very well; for at that time I did not consult the extent of the design, and had a mighty mind, like other rash people, to see it brought to a day, which made me answer my father as I did.

"But," said I, "sir, I doubt there will be but indifferent doings on both sides, between two armies both made up of fresh men, that have never seen any service."

My father minded little what I spoke of that; but when I seemed pleased that the king had resolved to fight, he looked angrily at me, and told me he was sorry I could see no farther into things.

"I tell you," says he hastily, "if the king should kill and take prisoners this whole army, general and all, the Parliament will have the victory; for we have lost more by slipping this opportunity of getting into London, than we shall ever get by ten battles."

I saw enough of this afterwards to convince me of the weight of what my father said, and so did the king too; but it was then too late. Advantages slipped in war are never recovered.

We were now in a full march to fight the Earl of Essex. It was on Sunday morning the 24th of October, 1642, fair weather overhead, but the ground very heavy and dirty. As soon as we came to the top of Edgehill, we discovered their whole army. They were not drawn up, having had two miles to march that morning, but they were very busy forming their lines, and posting the regiments as they came up. Some of their horse were exceedingly fatigued, having marched forty-eight hours together; and had they been suffered to follow us three or four days' march farther, several of their regiments of horse would have been quite ruined, and their foot would have been rendered unserviceable for the present. But we had no patience.

As soon as our whole army was come to the top of the hill, we were drawn up in order of battle. The king's army made a very fine appearance; and indeed they were a body of gallant men as ever appeared in the field, and as well furnished at all points; the horse exceeding well accoutred, being most of them gentlemen and volunteers, some whole regiments serving without pay; their horses very good and fit for service as could be desired. The whole army were not above eighteen thousand men, and the enemy not one thousand over or under, though we had been told they were not above twelve thousand; but they had been reinforced with four thousand men from Northampton. The king was with the general, the Earl of

Lindsey, in the main battle; Prince Rupert commanded the right wing, and the Marquis of Hertford, the Lord Willoughby, and several other very good officers the left.

The signal of battle being given with two cannon shots, we marched in order of battalia down the hill, being drawn up in two lines with bodies of reserve; the enemy advanced to meet us much in the same form, with this difference only, that they had placed the cannon on their right, and the king had placed ours in the centre, before, or rather between two great brigades of foot. Their cannon began with us first, and did some mischief among the dragoons of our left wing; but our officers, perceiving the shot took the men and missed the horses, ordered all to alight, and every man leading his horse, to advance in the same order; and this saved our men, for most of the enemy's shot flew over their heads. Our cannon made a terrible execution upon their foot for a quarter of an hour, and put them into great confusion, till the general obliged them to halt, and changed the posture of his front, marching round a small rising ground by which he avoided the fury of our artillery.



SOLDIER OF CROMWELL.

By this time the wings were engaged, the king having given the signal of battle, and ordered the right wing to fall on. Prince Rupert, who, as is said, com-

manded that wing, fell on with such fury, and pushed the left wing of the Parliament army so effectually, that in a moment he filled all with terror and confusion. Commissary-General Ramsey, a Scotsman, a Low Country soldier, and an experienced officer, commanded their left wing, and though he did all that an expert soldier, and a brave commander could do, yet 'twas to no purpose; his lines were immediately broken, and all overwhelmed in a trice. Two regiments of foot, whether as part of the left wing, or on the left of the main body, I know not, were disordered by their own horse, and rather trampled to death by the horses, than beaten by our men; but they were so entirely broken and disordered, that I do not remember that ever they made one volley upon our men; for their own horse running away, and falling foul on these foot, were so vigorously followed by our men, that the foot never had a moment to rally or look behind them. The point of the left wing of horse was not so soon broken as the rest, and three regiments of them stood firm for some time. The dexterous officers of the other regiments taking the opportunity, rallied a great many of their scattered men behind them, and pieced in some troops with those regiments; but after two or three charges, which a brigade of our second line, following the prince, made upon them, they also were broken with the rest.

I remember that at the great battle of Leipsic, the right wing of the Imperialists having fallen in upon the Saxons with like fury to this, bore down all before them, and beat the Saxons quite out of the field; upon which the soldiers cried, "Victoria, let us follow."

“No, no,” said the old General Tilly, “let them go, but let us beat the Swedes too, and then all’s our own.” Had Prince Rupert taken this method, and instead of following the fugitives, who were dispersed so effectually that two regiments would have secured them from rallying, — I say, had he fallen in upon the foot, or wheeled to the left, and fallen in upon the rear of the enemy’s right wing of horse, or returned to the assistance of the left wing of our horse, we had gained the most absolute and complete victory that could be; nor had one thousand men of the enemy’s army got off. But this prince, who was full of fire, and pleased to see the rout of the enemy, pursued them quite to the town of Kineton, where indeed he killed abundance of their men, and some time also was lost in plundering the baggage.

But in the meantime, the glory and advantage of the day was lost to the king, for the right wing of the Parliament horse could not be so broken. Sir William Balfour made a desperate charge upon the point of the king’s left, and had it not been for two regiments of dragoons who were planted in the reserve, had routed the whole wing, for he broke through the first line, and staggered the second, who advanced to their assistance, but was so warmly received by those dragoons, who came seasonably in, and gave their first fire on horseback, that his fury was checked, and having lost a great many men, was forced to wheel about to his own men; and had the king had but three regiments of horse at hand to have charged him, he had been routed. The rest of this wing kept their ground, and received the first fury of the enemy with great firm-

ness ; after which, advancing in their turn, they were once masters of the Earl of Essex's cannon. And here we lost another advantage ; for if any foot had been at hand to support these horse, they had carried off the cannon, or turned it upon the main battle of the enemy's foot, but the foot were otherwise engaged. The horse on this side fought with great obstinacy and variety of success a great while. Sir Philip Stapleton, who commanded the guards of the Earl of Essex, being engaged with a party of our Shrewsbury cavaliers, as we called them, was once in a fair way to have been cut off by a brigade of our foot, who, being advanced to fall on upon the Parliament's main body, flanked Sir Philip's horse in their way, and facing to the left, so furiously charged him with their pikes, that he was obliged to retire in great disorder, and with the loss of a great many men and horses.

All this while the foot on both side were desperately engaged, and coming close up to the teeth of one another with the clubbed musket and push of pike, fought with great resolution, and a terrible slaughter on both sides, giving no quarter for a great while ; and they continued to do thus, till, as if they were tired, and out of wind, either party seemed willing enough to leave off, and take breath. Those which suffered most were that brigade which had charged Sir William Stapleton's horse, who being bravely engaged in the front with the enemy's foot, were, on the sudden, charged again in front and flank by Sir William Balfour's horse and disordered, after a very desperate defence. Here the king's standard was taken, the standard-bearer, Sir Edward Verney, being killed ; but it was rescued again

by Captain Smith, and brought to the king the same night, for which the king knighted the captain.

This brigade of foot had fought all the day, and had not been broken at last, if any horse had been at hand to support them. The field began to be now clear; both armies stood, as it were, gazing at one another, only the king, having rallied his foot, seemed inclined to renew the charge, and began to cannonade them, which they could not return, most of their cannon being nailed while they were in our possession, and all the cannoniers killed or fled; and our gunners did execution upon Sir William Balfour's troops for a good while.

My father's regiment being in the right with the prince, I saw little of the fight but the rout of the enemy's left, and we had as full a victory there as we could desire, but spent too much time in it. We killed about two thousand men in that part of the action, and having totally dispersed them, and plundered their baggage, began to think of our fellows when 'twas too late to help them. We returned, however, victorious to the king, just as the battle was over. The king asked the prince what news? He told him he could give his Majesty a good account of the enemy's horse. "Ay, . . .," says a gentleman that stood by me, "and of their carts, too." That word was spoken with such a sense of the misfortune, and made such an impression in the whole army, that it occasioned some ill blood afterwards among us; and but that the king took up the business, it had been of ill consequence, for some person who had heard the gentleman speak it, informed the prince who it was, and the prince resenting it, spoke

something about it in the hearing of the party when the king was present. The gentleman, not at all surprised, told his Highness openly he had said the words; and though he owned he had no disrespect for his Highness, yet he could not but say, if it had not been so, the enemy's army had been better beaten. The prince replied something very disobliging; upon which the gentleman came up to the king, and kneeling, besought his Majesty to accept of his commission, and to give him leave to tell the prince that whenever his Highness pleased, he was ready to give him satisfaction. The prince was exceedingly provoked, and as he was very passionate, began to talk very oddly, and without all government of himself. The gentleman, as bold as he, but much calmer, preserved his temper, but maintained his quarrel; and the king was so concerned, that he was very much out of humor with the prince about it. However, his Majesty, upon consideration, soon ended the dispute, by laying his commands on them both to speak no more of it for that day; and refusing the commission from the colonel, for he was no less, sent for them both next morning in private, and made them friends again.

But to return to our story. We came back to the king timely enough to put the Earl of Essex's men out of all humor of renewing the fight, and as I observed before, both parties stood gazing at one another, and our cannon playing upon them obliged Sir William Balfour's horse to wheel off in some disorder, but they returned us none again, which, as we afterwards understood, was, as I said before, for want of both powder and gunners, for the cannoniers and firemen were killed, or had quitted their train in the fight, when our

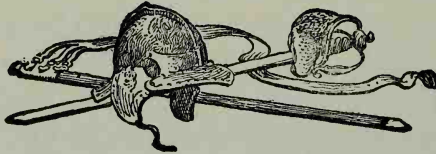
horse had possession of their artillery ; and as they had spiked up some of the cannon, so they had carried away fifteen carriages of powder.

Night coming on ended all discourse of more fighting, and the king drew off and marched towards the hills. I know no other token of victory which the enemy had than their lying in the field of battle all night, which they did for no other reason than that, having lost their baggage and provisions, they had nowhere to go, and which we did not, because we had good quarters at hand.

The number of prisoners and of the slain were not very unequal ; the enemy lost more men, we most of quality. Six thousand men on both sides were killed on the spot, whereof, when our rolls were examined, we missed twenty-five thousand. We lost our brave general the old Earl of Lindsey, who was wounded and taken prisoner, and died of his wounds ; Sir Edward Stradling, Colonel Lundsford, prisoners ; and Sir Edward Verney and a great many gentlemen of quality slain. On the other hand, we carried off Colonel Essex, Colonel Ramsey, and the Lord St. John, who also died of his wounds ; we took five ammunition wagons full of powder, and brought off about five hundred horses in the defeat of the left wing, with eighteen standards and colors, and lost seventeen.

The slaughter of the left wing was so great, and the flight so effectual, that several of the officers rid clear away, coasting round, and got to London, where they reported that the Parliament army was entirely defeated — all lost, killed, or taken, as if none but them were left alive to carry the news. This filled them with

consternation for a while, but when other messengers followed, all was restored to quiet again, and the Parliament cried up their victory and sufficiently mocked God and their general with their public thanks for it. Truly, as the fight was a deliverance to them, they were in the right to give thanks for it; but as to its being a victory, neither side had much to boast of, and they less a great deal than we had.



THE MAYPOLE OF MERRY MOUNT

(FROM TWICE TOLD TALES.)

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount when the Maypole was the banner staff of that gay colony. They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve

had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months and revelling with autumn and basking in the glow of winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care she flitted with a dream-like smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the Maypole been so gayly decked as at

sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine tree which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood-monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden-flowers and blossoms of the wilderness laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated the shaft of the Maypole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses — some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. Oh people of the golden age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the Maypole? It could not be that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the west. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable

he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here, again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his forepaws to the grasp of a human hand and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose halfway to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the savage man — well known in heraldry — hairy as a baboon and girdled with green leaves. By his side — a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit — appeared an Indian hunter with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore foolscaps and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng by the expression of wild revelry upon their features.

Such were the colonists of Merry Mount as they stood in the broad smile of sunset round their venerated Maypole. Had a wanderer bewildered in the melancholy forest heard their mirth and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change; but a band of Puritans who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those

devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple-and-golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff — the ensign of high dignity among the revellers — and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden not less gayly decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the Maypole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine-leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

“Votaries of the Maypole,” cried the flower-decked priest, “merrily all day long have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo! here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oakford and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morrice-dancers, green men and glee-maidens, bears and wolves and horned gentlemen! Come! a chorus now rich with the old mirth of Merry England and the wilder glee of this fresh forest, and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of and how airily they should

go through it!—All ye that love the Maypole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!”

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses that hung from the lowest green bough of the Maypole had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

“Begin you the stave, reverend sir,” cried they all, “and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal as we of the Maypole shall send up.”

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cittern and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighboring thicket in such a mirthful cadence that the boughs of the Maypole quivered to the sound. But the May-lord—he of the gilded staff—chancing to look into his lady’s eyes, was wonder-struck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

“Edith, sweet Lady of the May,” whispered he, reproachfully, “is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves that you look so sad? Oh, Edith, this is our golden time. Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind, for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing.”

“That was the very thought that saddened me. How came it in your mind too?” said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. “Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?”

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose-leaves from the Maypole. Alas for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow and troubled joy, and had no home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the Maypole till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the Old World and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West—some to barter glass and such like jewels for the furs of the Indian hunter, some to conquer virgin empires, and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so

long with life that when thought and wisdom came even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring thought and perverted wisdom were made to put on masques and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gayety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels not unknown in London streets, wandering players whose theatres had been the halls of noblemen, mummers, rope-dancers and mountebanks who would long be missed at wakes, church-ales and fairs; in a word, mirthmakers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May-lord and his lady; but, whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow willingly, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly

crowned and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest-time though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn and wreathed it with autumnal garlands and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the Maypole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs, summer brought roses of the deepest blush and the perfected foliage of the forest, autumn enriched it with that red-and-yellow gorgeousness which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower, and winter silvered it with sleet and hung it round with icicles till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the Maypole and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion or their altar, but always it was the banner-staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the new world of a sterner faith than these Maypole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a set of Puritans—most dismal wretches who said their prayers before daylight and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer-time again. Their weapons were always at hand to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours

long or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast-days and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance. The selectman nodded to the constable, and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan Maypole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armor to burden his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists sporting round their Maypole, perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian, or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often the whole colony

were playing at blindman's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse with merriment and festive music to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times they sang ballads and

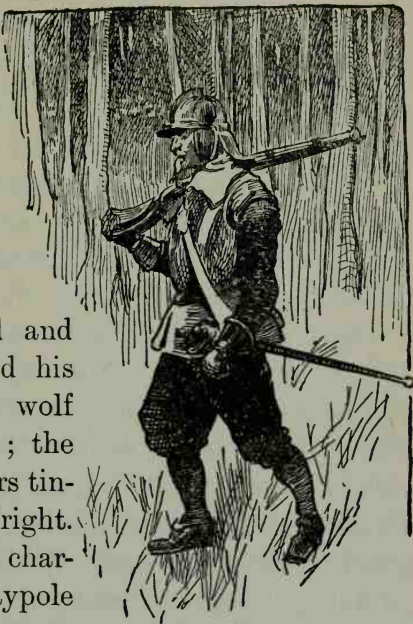


MEN OF A STERNER FAITH.

told tales for the edification of their pious visitors, or perplexed them with juggling tricks, or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity and began a yawning-match. At the very least of these enormities the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly that the revellers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed that when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend and his bond-slaves the crew of Merry Mount had thus disturbed them? In due time a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the Maypole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grisly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm forever; but should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest and late posterity do homage to the Maypole. After these authentic passages from history we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance at the Maypole a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit and leaves only a faint golden tinge blended with the hues of the rain-

bow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes, with the setting sun the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morrice-dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the Maypole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the centre of the circle, while the rout of monsters cowered around him like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with



IT WAS ENDICOTT HIMSELF.

his head-piece and breastplate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself.

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he with a grim frown and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone! Thou art the man who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity and to give example of it in thy life. But now it shall be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed Maypole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound, it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast, and finally, with all its green boughs and ribbons, and flowers symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker and the woods threw forth a more sombre shadow.

"There!" cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work; "there lies the only Maypole in New England. The thought is strong within me that by its fall is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirth-makers among us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott!"

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the Maypole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet at this moment strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a Maypole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping-post."

"But there are pine trees now," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore bind the heathen crew and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself. For such as violate our civil order it may be permitted us to show mercy, but woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear?" resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive, yet there was an air of mutual support and of pure affection seeking aid and giving it that showed them to be man and wife with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast too lightly to burden him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together for good or evil. They looked first at each other and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures of which their companions were the emblems had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case — thou and thy maiden-wife. Make ready presently, for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day."

"Stern man," cried the May-lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death; being powerless, I entreat. Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched."

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We

are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me."

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny in the shape of the Puritan leader their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened. He smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials ere we burden them with greater. If among the spoil there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May-lord and his Lady instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the lovelock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth which may make him valiant to fight and sober to toil and pious to pray, and in the maiden that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they

are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a Maypole.”

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the Maypole and threw it with his own gauntleted hands over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gayety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so in the tie that united them were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.



THE DEFEAT OF THE DUKE OF
MONMOUTH

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION

THE stupid and unpopular King, James II., began his reign amid a sea of troubles. In the north the Scotch were rising, and in the west the ambitious young Duke of Monmouth had gathered an army of farmers and miners who hoped to make the handsome adventurer their king. But Monmouth had ruined his chances by already assuming that title, which he had promised to accept only from a free Parliament. Foiled in an attack upon Bristol and Bath he fell back on Bridgewater in Somerset, where he flung himself upon the King's forces as they lay encamped near Sedgemoor. But the surprise failed; after a short, desperate struggle the brave peasants who followed the Duke, checked in their advance by a deep drain which crossed the moor, were routed by the royal cavalry. Monmouth fled from the field, and after a vain attempt to escape from England, was captured and pitilessly executed. The story of the battle from the point of view of a non-combatant is told in Blackmore's novel, "Lorna Doone." John Ridd, the young Devonshire giant and wrestling champion, is seeking for the husband of his sister Annie, wild Tom Faggus, who has joined the rebel Monmouth's army. John has wandered from town to town throughout Somerset, when he comes at last to Bridgewater on the very eve of the fatal battle. In his simple way John thus describes the events following his arrival at Bridgewater.

THE DEFEAT OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH

(FROM LORNA DOONE.)

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.



THIS last place I reached on a Sunday night, the fourth or fifth of July, I think — or it might be the sixth, for that matter; inasmuch as I had been too much worried to get the day of the month at church. Only I know that my horse and myself were glad to come to a decent place, where meat and corn could be had for money; and being quite weary of wandering about we hoped to rest there a little.

Of this, however, we found no chance, for the town was full of the good duke's soldiers; if men may be called so, the half of whom had never been drilled, nor had fired a gun. And it was rumored among them that the "popish army," as they called it, was to be attacked that very night, and with God's assistance, beaten. However, by this time I had been taught to pay little attention to rumors; and having sought vainly for Tom Faggus among these poor rustio

warriors, I took to my hostel, and went to bed, being as weary as weary can be.

Falling asleep immediately, I took heed of nothing; although the town was all alive, and lights had come glancing, as I lay down, and shouts making echo all round my room. But all that I did was to bolt the door; not an inch would I budge unless the house, and even my bed, were on fire. And so, for several hours I lay, in the depth of the deepest slumber, without even a dream on its surface, until I was roused and awakened at last by a pushing, and pulling, and pinching, and a plucking of hair out by the roots. And at length being able to open mine eyes, I saw the old landlady with a candle, heavily wondering at me.

"Can't you let me alone?" I grumbled; "I have paid for my bed, mistress, and I won't get up for any one."

"Would to God, young man," she answered, shaking me as hard as ever, "that the popish soldiers may sleep this night only half as strong as thou dost! Fie on thee, fie on thee! Get up and go fight; we can hear the battle already; and a man of thy size mought stop a cannon."

"I would rather stop abed," said I; "what have I to do with fighting? I am for King James, if any."

"Then thou mayest even stop abed," the old woman muttered, sulkily. "A would never have labored half an hour to awake a Papisher. But hearken you one thing, young man; Zummerzett thou art, by thy brogue; or at least by thy understanding of it; no Zummerzett maid will look at thee, in spite of thy size and stature, unless thou strikest a blow this night."

“I lack no Zummerzett maid, mistress; I have a fairer than your brown things, and for her alone would I strike a blow.”

At this the old woman gave me up, as being beyond correction; and it vexed me a little that my great fame had not reached so far as Bridgewater, when I thought that it went to Bristowe. But these people in East Somerset knew nothing about wrestling. Devon is the headquarters of the art, and Devon is the country of my chief love. Howbeit, my vanity was moved by this slur upon it, for I had told her my name was “John Ridd” when I had a gallon of ale with her ere ever I came up-stairs; and she had nodded in such a manner that I thought she knew both name and fame; and here was I, not only shaken, pinched, and with many hairs pulled out in my first good sleep for a week, but also abused, and taken amiss, and — which vexed me most of all — unknown.

Now there is nothing like vanity to keep a man awake at night, however he be weary; and most of all, when he believes that he is doing something great — this time, if never done before — yet other people will not see, except what they may laugh at; and so be far above him, and sleep themselves the happier. Therefore their sleep robs his own; for all things play so, in and out (with the godly and ungodly ever moving in a balance, as they have done in my time, almost every year or two), all things have such a nice reply of produce to the call for it, and such a spread across the world, giving here and taking there, yet on the whole pretty even, that haply sleep itself has but a certain stock, and keeps in hand, and sells to flattered (which

can pay) that which flattened vanity cannot pay, and will not sue for.

Be that as it may, I was by this time wide awake, though much aggrieved at feeling so, and through the open window heard the distant roll of musketry, and the beating of drums, with a quick rubadub, and the "come round the corner" of the trumpet-call. And perhaps Tom Faggus might be there, and shot at any moment, and my dear Annie left a poor widow, and my godson Jack an orphan, without a tooth to help him.

Therefore I reviled myself for all my heavy laziness; and partly through good honest will, and partly through the stings of pride, and yet a little, perhaps, by virtue of a young man's love of riot, up I arose, and dressed myself, and woke Kickums (who was snoring), and set out to see the worst of it. The sleepy hostler scratched his poll, and could not tell me which way to take; what odds to him who was king or pope, so long as he paid his way, and got a bit of bacon on Sunday? And would I please to remember that I had roused him up at night, and the quality always made a point of paying four times over for a man's loss of his beauty-sleep. I replied that his loss of beauty-sleep was rather improving to a man of so high complexion; and that J being none of the quality, must pay half quality prices, and so I gave him double fee, as became a good farmer; and he was glad to be rid of Kickums, as I saw by the turn of his eye, while going out at the archway.

All this was done by lantern-light, although the moon was high and bold; and in the northern heaven, flags and ribbons of a jostling pattern, such as we have often seen in autumn, but in July very rarely. Of



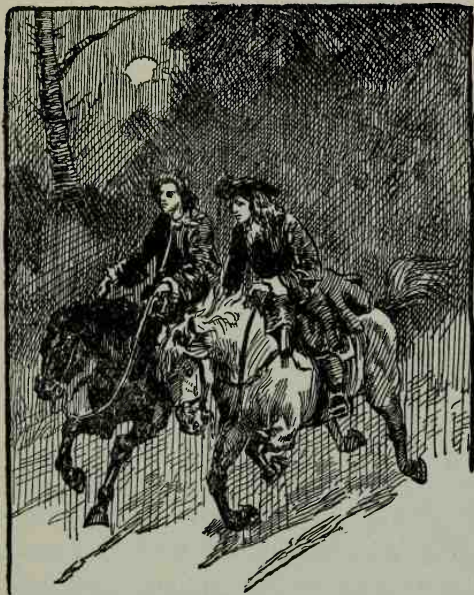
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH CRAWING PARDON OF KING JAMES

these Master Dryden had spoken somewhere, in his courtly manner ; but of him I think so little — because by fashion preferred to Shakespeare — that I cannot remember the passage ; neither is it a credit to him.

Therefore I was guided mainly by the sound of guns and trumpets, in riding out of the narrow ways, and into the open marshes. And thus I might have found my road, in spite of all the spread of water and the glaze of moonshine ; but that, as I followed sound (far from hedge or causeway), fog (like a chestnut-tree in blossom touched with moonlight) met me. Now fog is a thing that I understand, and can do with well enough, where I know the country ; but here I had never been before. It was nothing to our Exmoor fogs ; nothing to be compared with them ; and all the time one could see the moon, which we cannot do in our fogs, nor even the sun, for a week together. Yet the gleam of water always makes a fog more difficult ; like a curtain on a mirror, none can tell the boundaries. And here we had broad-water patches, in and out, inlaid on land, like mother-of-pearl in brown shittim wood. To a wild duck, born and bred there, it would almost be a puzzle to find her own nest among us ; what chance, then, had I and Kickums, both unused to marsh and mere ? Each time when we thought that we must be right now at last, by track or passage, and approaching the conflict, with the sound of it waxing nearer, suddenly a break of water would be laid before us, with the moon looking mildly over it, and the northern lights behind us, dancing down the lines of fog.

It was an awful thing, I say (and to this day I remember it), to hear the sounds of raging fight, and the

yells of raving slayers, and the howls of poor men stricken hard, and shattered from wrath to wailing; then suddenly the dead low hush, as of a soul departing, and spirits kneeling over it. Through the vapor of the earth, and white breath of water, and beneath the pale round moon (bowing as the drift went by), all this rush



I PROCURED FOR MY GUIDE A YOUNG MAN.

and pause of fear passed or lingered on my path.

At last, when I almost despaired of escaping from this tangle of spongy banks, and of hazy creeks and reed-fringe, my horse heard the neigh of a fellow-horse, and was only too glad to answer it; upon which the other, having lost his rider, came up and pricked his ears at

us, and gazed through the fog very steadfastly. Therefore, I encouraged him with a soft and genial whistle, and Kickums did his best to tempt him with a snort of inquiry. However, nothing would suit that nag, except to enjoy his new freedom; and he capered away, with his tail set on high, and the stirrup-irons clashing under him. Therefore, as he might know the way, and appeared to have been in the battle, we followed him

very carefully ; and he led us to a little hamlet, called, as I found afterward, West Zuyland, or Zealand, so named, perhaps, from its situation amidst his inland sea.

Here the king's troops had been quite lately, and their fires were still burning ; but the men themselves had been summoned away by the night attack of the rebels. Hence I procured for my guide a young man who knew the district thoroughly, and who led me by many intricate ways to the rear of the rebel army. We came upon a broad open moor striped with sullen water-courses, shagged with sedge and yellow iris, and in the dryer part with bilberries. For by this time it was four o'clock, and the summer sun, arising wanly, showed us all the ghastly scene.

Would that I had never been there ! Often in the lonely hours, even now it haunts me ; would, far more, that the piteous thing had never been done in England ! Flying men, flung back from dreams of victory and honor, only glad to have the luck of life and limbs to fly with, mud-bedraggled, foul with slime, reeking both with sweat and blood, which they could not stop to wipe, cursing, with their pumped-out lungs, every stick that hindered them, or gory puddle that slipped the step, scarcely able to leap over the corpses that had dragged to die. And to see how the corpses lay ; some, as fair in death as sleep, with the smile of placid valor and of noble manhood hovering yet on the silent lips. These had bloodless hands put upward, white as wax, and firm as death, clasped (as on a monument) in prayer for dear ones left behind, or in high thanksgiving. And of these men there was nothing in their broad

blue eyes to fear. But others were of different sort; simple fellows unused to pain, accustomed to the bill-hook, perhaps, or rasp of the knuckles in a quick-set hedge, or making some to-do at breakfast over a thumb cut in sharpening a scythe, and expecting their wives to make more to-do. Yet here lay these poor chaps, dead; dead, after a deal of pain, with little mind to bear it, and a soul they had never thought of, gone, their God alone knows whither; but to mercy we may trust. Upon these things I cannot dwell, and none I trow would ask me; only if a plain man saw what I saw that morning, he (if God had blessed him with the heart that is in most of us) must have sickened of all desire to be great among mankind.

Seeing me riding to the front (where the work of death went on among the men of true English pluck; which, when moved, no further moves), the fugitives called out to me in half a dozen dialects to make no utter fool of myself, for the great guns were come, and the fight was over; all the rest was slaughter.

"Arl oop wi' Moonmo'," shouted one big fellow, a miner of the Mendip hills, whose weapon was a pickaxe: "no oose to vaight na moor. Wend thee hame, yoong mon, agin."

Upon this I stopped my horse, desiring not to be shot for nothing, and eager to aid some poor sick people who tried to lift their arms to me. And this I did to the best of my power, though void of skill in the business and more inclined to weep with them than to check their weeping. While I was giving a drop of cordial from my flask to one poor fellow who sat up while his life was ebbing, and with slow insistence

urged me, when his broken voice would come, to tell his wife (whose name I knew not) something about an apple-tree, and a golden guinea stored in it, to divide among six children — in the midst of this I felt warm lips laid against my cheek quite softly, and then a little push; and behold, it was a horse leaning over me! I arose in haste, and there stood Winnie looking at me with beseeching eyes, enough to melt a heart of stone. Then seeing my attention fixed, she turned her head and glanced back sadly toward the place of battle, and gave a little wistful neigh, and then looked me full in the face again, as much as to say, “Do you understand?” while she scraped with one hoof impatiently. If ever a horse tried hard to speak, it was



AND THIS I DID TO THE BEST OF MY POWER.

Winnie at that moment. I went to her side and patted her; but that was not what she wanted. Then I offered to leap into the empty saddle; but neither did that seem good to her, for she ran away toward the part of the field at which she had been, glancing back, and then turned round and shook her mane, entreating me to follow her.

Upon this I learned from the dying man where to find his apple-tree, and promised to add another guinea to the one in store for his children; and so, commend-

ing him to God, I mounted my own horse again, and to Winnie's great delight, professed myself at her service. With her ringing silvery neigh, such as no other horse of all I ever knew could equal, she at once proclaimed her triumph, and told her master (or meant to tell, if death should not have closed his ears) that she was coming to his aid, and bringing one who might be trusted, of the higher race that kill.

A cannon-bullet (fired low, and ploughing the marsh slowly) met poor Winnie front to front; and she, being as quick as thought, lowered her nose to sniff at it. It might be a message from her master, for it made a mournful noise. But luckily for Winnie's life, a rise of wet ground took the ball even under her very nose and there it cut a splashy groove, missing her off hind-foot by an inch, and scattering black mud over her. It frightened me much more than Winnie; of that I am quite certain; because though I am firm enough when it comes to a real tussle, and the heart of a fellow warms up and tells him that he must go through with it, yet I never did approve of making a cold pie of death.

Therefore, with those reckless cannons, brazen-mouthed, and bellowing, two furlongs off, or it might be more (and the more the merrier), I would have given that year's hay crop for a bit of a hill, or a thicket of oaks, or almost even a badger's earth. People will call me a coward for this (especially when I had made up my mind that life was not worth having, without any sign of Lorna); nevertheless, I cannot help it; those were my feelings, and I set them down because they made a mark on me. At Glen Doone I had fought, even against cannon, with some spirit and fury; but

now I saw nothing to fight about; but rather in every poor doubled corpse a good reason for not fighting. So, in cold blood riding on, and yet ashamed that a man should shrink where a horse went bravely, I cast a bitter blame upon the reckless ways of Winnie.

Nearly all were scattered now. Of the noble countrymen — armed with scythe or pickaxe, blacksmith's hammer or fold-pitcher — who had stood their ground for hours against blazing musketry (from men whom they could not get at by reason of the water-dike), and then against the deadly cannon, dragged by the bishop's horses to slaughter his own sheep; of these sturdy Englishmen, noble in their want of sense, scarce one out of four remained for the cowards to shoot down. "Cross the rhaine," they shouted out, "cross the rhaine, and coom within rache:" but the other mongrel Britons, with a mongrel at their head, found it pleasanter to shoot men who could not shoot in answer, than to meet the chance of mischief from strong arms and stronger hearts.

The last scene of this piteous play was acting just as I rode up. Broad daylight, and upstanding sun, winnowing fog from the eastern hills, and spreading the moors with freshness; all along the dikes they shone, glistened on the willow trunks, and touched the banks with a hoary gray. But alas! those banks were touched more deeply with a gory red, and strewn with fallen trunks more woeful than the wreck of trees; while howling, cursing, yelling, and the loathsome reek of carnage drowned the scent of new-mown hay, and the carol of the lark.

Then the cavalry of the king, with their horses at

full speed, dashed from either side upon the helpless mob of countrymen. A few pikes feebly levelled met them; but they shot the pikemen, drew swords, and helter-skelter leaped into the shattered and scattering mass. Right and left they hacked and hewed; I could hear the snapping of scythes beneath them, and see the flash of their sweeping swords. How it must end was plain enough, even to one like myself, who had never beheld such a battle before. But Winnie led me away to the left; and as I could not help the people, neither stop the slaughter, but found the cannon-bullets coming very rudely nigh me, I was only too glad to follow her.



THE GRAY CHAMPION.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

HERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a

single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Mon-

arch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would arouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed

since the pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them.

Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All

our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St.

Bartholomew!"

cried others.

"We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the



GOVERNOR BRADSTREET.

Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

“My children,” concluded this venerable person, “do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter !”

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that “blasted wretch,” as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with

a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together

nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty — a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

“Who is this gray patriarch?” asked the young men of their sires.

“Who is this venerable brother?” asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all



THE FIGURE OF AN
ANCIENT MAN.

the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories — that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

“Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?” whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior’s step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader’s truncheon.

“Stand!” cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man’s word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so

dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grand-sire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King himself, ere

now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended — to-morrow, the prison! — back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

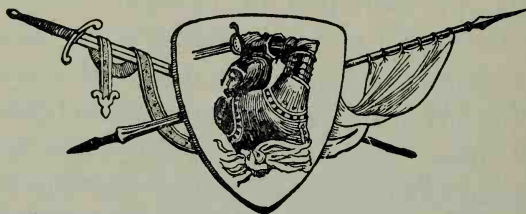
The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor,

and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that, when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes

again ! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit ; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.



A KING AND NO KING

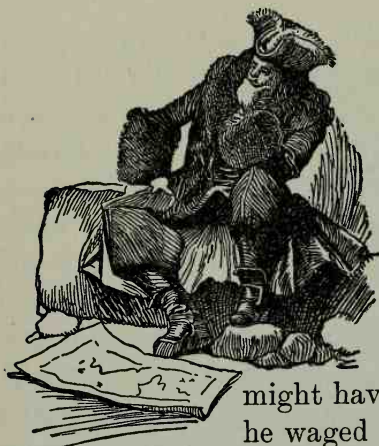
(FROM THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ.)

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



THE gazetteers and writers, both of the French and English side, have given accounts sufficient of that bloody battle of Blarignies or Malplaquet, which was the last and the hardest earned of the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. In that tremendous combat near upon two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged, more than thirty thousand of whom were slain or wounded (the allies lost twice as many men as they killed of the French, whom they conquered); and this dreadful slaughter very likely took place because a great general's credit was shaken at home and he thought to restore it by a victory. If such were the motives which induced the Duke of Marlborough to venture that prodigious stake and desperately sacrifice thirty thousand brave lives so that he might figure once more in a *Gazette* and hold his places and pensions a little longer, the event defeated the dreadful and selfish design, for the victory was purchased at a cost which

no nation, greedy of glory as it may be, would willingly pay for any triumph. The gallantry of the French was as remarkable as the furious bravery of their assailants. We took a few score of their flags and few pieces of their artillery; but we left twenty thousand of the bravest soldiers of the world round about the intrenched lines, from which the enemy were driven. He retreated in perfect good order; the panic-spell seemed to be broke, under which the French had labored



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

ever since the disaster of Hochstedt; and, fighting now on the threshold of their country, they showed an heroic ardor of resistance such as had never met us in the course of their aggressive war. Had the battle been more successful, the conqueror might have got the price for which he waged it. As it was (and justly, I think), the party adverse to the duke in England were indignant at the lavish extravagance of slaughter, and demanded more eagerly than ever the recall of a chief whose cupidity and desperation might urge him further still. After this bloody fight of Malplaquet, I can answer for it, that in the Dutch quarters and our own and among the very regiments and commanders whose gallantry was most conspicuous upon this frightful day of carnage, the general cry was, that there was enough of the war. The French were driven back into their

own boundary and all their conquests and booty of Flanders disgorged. As for the Prince of Savoy, with whom our commander-in-chief, for reasons of his own, consorted more closely than ever, 'twas known that he was animated not merely by a political hatred, but by personal rage against the old French king; the imperial generalissimo never forgot the slight put by Lewis upon the Abbé de Savoie; and in the humiliation or ruin of his most Christian majesty, the holy Roman emperor found his account. But what were these quarrels to us, the free citizens of England and Holland? Despot as he was, the French monarch was yet the chief of European civilization, more venerable in his age and misfortunes than at the period of his most splendid successes; while his opponent was but a semi-barbarous tyrant, with a pillaging, murderous horde of Croats and Pandours, composing a half of his army, filling our camp with their strange figures, bearded like the miscreant Turks, their neighbors, and carrying into Christian warfare their native heathen habits of rapine, lust and murder. Why should the best blood in England and France be shed in order that the holy Roman and apostolic master of these ruffians should have his revenge over the Christian king? And it was to this end we were fighting; for this that every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved sons and fathers. We dared not speak to each other, even at table, of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heart-rending for an officer who had a heart to look down his line on a parade-day afterward and miss hundreds of faces of comrades, humble or of high rank, that

had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried. . . . "Why don't you cheer?" But the men had no heart for that; not one of them but was thinking: "Where's my comrade? Where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yesterday?" 'Twas the most gloomy pageant I ever looked on; and the "Te Deum" sung by our chaplains the most woeful and dreary satire.

Esmond's general added one more to the many marks of honor which he had received in the front of a score of battles and got a wound in the groin, which laid him on his back; and you may be sure he consoled himself by abusing the commander-in-chief, as he lay groaning. "Corporal John's as fond of me," he used to say, "as King David was of General Uriah; and so he always gives me the post of danger." He persisted to his dying day, in believing that the duke intended he should be beat at Wynendael, and sent him purposely with a small force, hoping that he might be knocked on the head there. Esmond and Frank Castlewood both escaped without hurt, though the division which our general commanded suffered even more than any other, having to sustain not only the fury of the enemy's cannonade, which was very hot and well served, but the furious and repeated charges of the famous Maison-du-Roy,

which we had to receive and beat off again and again with volleys of shot and hedges of iron and our four lines of musketeers and pikemen. They said the King of England charged us no less than twelve times that day, along with the French household. Esmond's late regiment, General Webb's own fusileers, served in the division which their colonel commanded. The general was thrice in the centre of the square of the fusileers, calling the fire at the French charges, and, after the action, his grace the Duke of Berwick sent his compliments to his old regiment and their colonel for their behavior on the field.

We drank my Lord Castlewood's health and majority, the 25th of September, the army being then before Mons; and here Colonel Esmond was not so fortunate as he had been in actions much more dangerous, and was hit by a spent ball just above the place where his former wound was, which caused the old wound to open again, fever, spitting of blood, and other ugly symptoms, to ensue; and, in a word, brought him near to death's door. The kind lad, his kinsman, attended his elder comrade with a very praiseworthy affectionateness and care until he was pronounced out of danger by the doctors, when Frank went off, passed the winter at Bruxelles, and besieged, no doubt, some other fortress there. Very few lads would have given up their pleasures so long and so gayly as Frank did; his cheerful



COLONEL ESMOND.

prattle soothed many long days of Esmond's pain and languor. Frank was supposed to be still at his kinsman's bedside for a month after he had left it, for letters came from his mother at home full of thanks to the younger gentleman for his care of his elder brother (so it pleased Edmond's mistress now affectionately to style him); nor was Mr. Esmond in a hurry to undeceive her, when the good young fellow was gone for his Christmas holiday. It was as pleasant to Esmond on his couch to watch the young man's pleasure at the idea of being free, as to note his simple efforts to disguise his satisfaction on going away. There are days when a flask of champagne at a cabaret and a red-cheeked partner to share it are too strong temptations for any young fellow of spirit. I am not going to play the moralist and cry "Fie." For ages past, I know how old men preach, and what young men practise; and that patriarchs have had their weak moments, too, long since Father Noah toppled over after discovering the vine. Frank went off, then, to his pleasures at Bruxelles, in which capital many young fellows of our army declared they found infinitely greater diversion even than in London; and Mr. Henry Esmond remained in his sick-room, where he wrote a fine comedy, that his mistress pronounced to be sublime, and that was acted no less than three successive nights in London in the next year. . . .

Though they lost the day at Malplaquet, it was the French who were elated by that action, while the conquerors were dispirited by it; and the enemy gathered together a larger army than ever and made prodigious efforts for the next campaign. Marshal Berwick was

with the French this year; and we heard that Marshal Villars was still suffering of his wound, was eager to bring our duke to action and vowed that he would fight us in his coach. Young Castlewood came flying back from Bruxelles, as soon as he heard that fighting was to begin; and the arrival of the Chevalier de St. George was announced about May. "It's the king's third campaign and it's mine," Frank liked saying. He was come back a greater Jacobite than ever and Esmond suspected that some fair conspirator at Bruxelles had been inflaming the young man's ardor. Indeed, he owned that he had a message from the queen, Beatrix's godmother, who had given her name to Frank's sister the year before he and his sovereign were born.

However desirous Marshal Villars might be to fight, my lord duke did not seem to be disposed to indulge him this campaign. Last year his grace had been all for the whigs and Hanoverians; but finding, on going to England, his country cold toward himself and the people in a ferment of high-church loyalty, the duke comes back to his army cooled toward the Hanoverians, cautious with the imperialists, and particularly civil and polite toward the Chevalier de St. George. 'Tis certain that messengers and letters were continually passing between his grace and his brave nephew, the Duke of Berwick, in the opposite camp. No man's caresses were more opportune than his grace's and no man ever uttered expressions of regard and affection more generously. He professed to Monsieur de Torcy, so Mr. St. John told the writer, quite an eagerness to be cut in pieces for the exiled queen and her family; nay more, I believe, this year he parted with a portion of the

most precious part of himself — his money — which he sent over to the royal exiles. Mr. Tunstal, who was in the prince's service, was twice or thrice in and out of our camp; the French, in theirs of Arlieu and about Arras. A little river, the Canihe I think 'twas called (but this is written away from books and Europe; and the only map the writer has of these scenes of his youth, bears no mark of this little stream), divided our pickets from the enemy's. Our sentries talked across the stream, when they could make themselves understood to each other, and when they could not, grinned and handed each other their brandy-flasks or their pouches of tobacco. And one fine day of June, riding thither with the officer who visited the outposts (Colonel Esmond was taking an airing on horseback, being too weak for military duty), they came to this river, where a number of English and Scots were assembled, talking to the good-natured enemy on the other side.

Esmond was especially amused with the talk of one long fellow, with a great curling red mustache and blue eyes, that was half a dozen inches taller than his swarthy little comrades on the French side of the stream, and being asked by the colonel, saluted him, and said that he belonged to the royal cravats.

From his way of saying "royal cravat," Esmond at once knew that the fellow's tongue had first wagged on the banks of the Liffey, and not the Loire; and the poor soldier — a deserter probably — did not like to venture very deep into French conversation, lest his unlucky brogue should peep out. He chose to restrict himself to such few expressions in the French language as he thought he had mastered easily; and his attempt

at disguise was infinitely amusing. Mr. Esmond whistled Lillibullero, at which Teague's eyes began to twinkle, and then flung him a dollar, when the poor boy broke out with a "God bless—that is, Dieu benisse votre honor," that would infallibly have sent him to the provost-marshal had he been on our side of the river.

While this parley was going on, three officers on horseback, on the French side, appeared at some little distance and stopped as if eyeing us, when one of them left the other two and rode close up to us who were by the stream. "Look, look," says the royal cravat, with great agitation, "pas lui, that's he; not him, l'autre," and pointing to the distant officer on a chestnut horse, with a cuirass shining in the sun and over it a broad blue ribbon.

"Please to take Mr. Hamilton's services to my Lord Marlborough—my lord duke," says the gentleman in English; and, looking to see that the party were not hostilely disposed, he added with a smile: "There's a friend of yours, gentlemen, yonder; he bids me to say that he saw some of your faces on the 11th of September last year."

As the gentleman spoke the other two officers rode up and came quite close. We knew at once who it was. It was the king, then twenty-two years old, tall and slim, with deep brown eyes, that looked melancholy, though his lips wore a smile. We took off our hats and saluted him. No man, sure, could see for the first time, without emotion, the youthful inheritor of so much fame and misfortune. It seemed to Mr. Esmond that the prince was not unlike young Castle-

wood, whose age and figure he resembled. The Chevalier de St. George acknowledged the salute and looked at us hard. Even the idlers on our side of the river set up a hurrah. As for the royal cravat, he ran to the prince's stirrup, knelt down and kissed his boot, and bawled and looked a hundred ejaculations and blessings. The prince bade the aide-de-camp give him a piece of money; and when the party saluting us had ridden away, the royal cravat spat upon the piece of gold



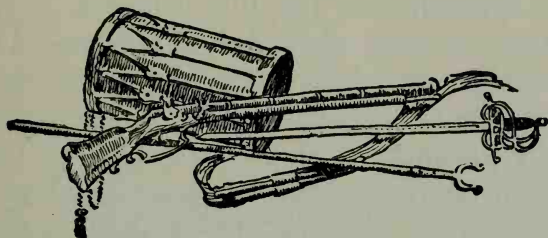
THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE ACKNOWLEDGED THE
SALUTE.

by way of benediction, and swaggered away, pouching his coin and twirling his honest carrotty mustache.

The officer in whose company Esmond was,

the same little captain of Handyside's regiment, Mr. Sterne, who had proposed the garden at Lille, when my Lord Mohum and Esmond had their affair, was an Irishman, too, and as brave a little soul as ever wore a sword. "Bedad," says Roger Sterne, "that long fellow spoke French so beautiful that I shouldn't have known he wasn't a foreigner till he broke out with his hulla-ballooing, and only an Irish calf can bellow like that." And Roger made another remark in his wild way, in

which there was sense as well as absurdity. "If that young gentleman," says he, "would but ride over to our camp instead of Villars', toss up his hat and say: 'Here am I, the king, who'll follow me?' by the Lord, Esmond, the whole army would rise and carry him home again and beat Villars and take Paris by the way."



THE FRENCH AND INDIANS

THE bloodiest deeds of the French and Indian wars were perpetrated after General Braddock's defeat in 1755. For now that the French had won the upper hand the Indians utterly despised the English whom they already hated. They needed little encouragement to believe that now was the time to drive the English forever from the land which had once belonged wholly to the redskins; and the country reeked with blood and resounded with the cries of massacre. Such allies were not readily controlled, and the French were forced to countenance many cruelties which undoubtedly filled them with horror. In 1757 the English garrison of Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, was besieged by the French army under General the Marquis of Montcalm, with his fierce Indian allies. At length the English, who had many women and children with them in the fort suffering from lack of food and water, were forced to surrender, on condition that they be allowed honorably to depart with all their arms and personal effects. But the Indians were determined not to let the hated English escape. The account of the subsequent massacre, one of the most atrocious incidents in the war, forms a thrilling chapter of Cooper's novel, "The Last of the Mohicans." Perhaps the novelist exaggerates the weakness of the gallant French commander, who it is generally agreed, did all in his power

The French and Indians

to prevent the massacre. Among the English in the fort at the time of its surrender were Colonel Munro and his daughters, Cora and Alice, the heroines of the story, Major Duncan Heyward, betrothed to Alice, and David Gamut, a psalm-singing music-teacher. Magua, chief of the Huron allies, had seen the beautiful Cora and wished her for his squaw. In order to capture her, he incited his savage followers to break the truce and disregard Montcalm's assurance of safety to the conquered. The story of the massacre is told by Cooper as follows:—

THE MASSACRE OF WILLIAM HENRY

(FROM THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.)

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.



THE hostile armies, which lay in the wilds of the Horican, passed the night of the 9th of August, 1757, much in the manner they would had they encountered on the fairest fields of Europe. While the conquered were still, sullen, and dejected, the victors triumphed. But there are limits alike to grief and joy; and long before the watches of the morning came, the stillness of those boundless woods was only broken by a gay call from some exulting young Frenchman of the advanced pickets, or a menacing challenge from the fort, which sternly forbade the approach of any hostile footsteps before the stipulated moment. Even these occasional threatening sounds ceased to be heard in that dull hour which precedes the day, at which period a listener might have sought in vain any evidence of the presence of those armed powers that then slumbered on the shores of the "holy lake."

It was during these moments of deep silence, that

the canvas which concealed the entrance to a spacious marquee in the French encampment was shoved aside, and a man issued from beneath the drapery into the open air. He was enveloped in a cloak that might have been intended as a protection from the chilling damps of the woods, but served equally well as a mantle, to conceal his person. He was permitted to pass the grenadier, who watched over the slumbers of the French commander, without interruption, the man making the usual salute which betokens military deference, as the other passed swiftly through the little city of tents, in the direction of William Henry. Whenever this unknown individual encountered one of the numberless sentinels who crossed his path, his answer was prompt, and as it appeared satisfactory; for he was uniformly allowed to proceed without further interrogation.

With the exception of such repeated, but brief interruptions, he had moved, silently, from the centre of the camp, to its most advanced outposts, when he drew nigh the soldier who held his watch nearest to the works of the enemy. As he approached he was received with the usual challenge, —

“Qui vive?”

“France,” was the reply.

“Le mot d’ordre?”

“La victoire,” said the other, drawing so nigh as to be heard in a loud whisper.

“C’est bien,” returned the sentinel, throwing his musket from the charge to his shoulder; “vous vous promenez bien matin, monsieur!”

“Il est nécessaire d’être vigilant, mon enfant,” the

other observed, dropping a fold of his cloak, and looking the soldier close in the face, as he passed him, still continuing his way towards the British fortification. The man started; his arms rattled heavily, as he threw them forward, in the lowest and most respectful salute; and when he had again recovered his piece,

he turned to walk his post, muttering between his teeth, —

“Il faut être vigilant, en vérité! je crois que nous avons là, un caporal qui ne dort jamais!”

The officer proceeded, without affecting to hear the words which escaped the sentinel in his surprise; nor did he again pause until he had reached the low strand, and in a somewhat dangerous vicinity to the western



A LIGHT SOUND CAUGHT HIS EAR AND INDUCED HIM TO REMAIN.

water bastion of the fort. The light of an obscure moon was just sufficient to render objects, though dim, perceptible in their outlines. He, therefore, took the precaution to place himself against the trunk of a tree, where he leaned for many minutes, and seemed to contemplate the dark and silent mounds of the English works in profound attention. His gaze at the ramparts

was not that of a curious or idle spectator ; but his looks wandered from point to point, denoting his knowledge of military usages, and betraying that his search was not unaccompanied by distrust. At length he appeared satisfied ; and having cast his eye impatiently upward toward the summit of the eastern mountain, as if anticipating the approach of the morning, he was in the act of turning on his footsteps, when a light sound on the nearest angle of the bastion caught his ear, and induced him to remain.

Just then a figure was seen to approach the edge of the rampart, where it stood, apparently contemplating in its turn the distant tents of the French encampment. Its head was then turned towards the east, as though equally anxious for the appearance of light, when the form leaned against the mound, and seemed to gaze upon the glassy expanse of the waters, which, like a submarine firmament, glittered with its thousand mimic stars. The melancholy air, the hour, together with the vast frame of the man who thus leaned, in musing, against the English ramparts, left no doubt as to his person, in the mind of his observant spectator. Delicacy, no less than prudence, now urged him to retire ; and he had moved cautiously round the body of the tree for that purpose, when another sound drew his attention, and once more arrested his footsteps. It was a low and almost inaudible movement of the water, and was succeeded by a grating of pebbles one against the other. In a moment he saw a dark form rise, as it were out of the lake, and steal without further noise to the land, within a few feet of the place where he himself stood. A rifle next slowly rose between his eyes and the watery

mirror; but before it could be discharged his own hand was on the lock.

“Hugh!” exclaimed the savage, whose treacherous aim was so singularly and so unexpectedly interrupted.

Without making any reply, the French officer laid his hand on the shoulder of the Indian, and led him in profound silence to a distance from the spot, where their subsequent dialogue might have proved dangerous, and where it seemed that one of them, at least, sought a victim. Then, throwing open his cloak, so as to expose his uniform and the cross of St. Louis which was suspended at his breast, Montcalm sternly demanded, —

“What means this! Does not my son know that the hatchet is buried between the English and his Canadian Father?”

“What can the Hurons do?” returned the savage, speaking also, though imperfectly, in the French language. “Not a warrior has a scalp, and the pale-faces make friends!”

“Ha! Le Renard Subtil! Methinks this is an excess of zeal for a friend who was so late an enemy! How many suns have set since Le Renard struck the war-post of the English?”

“Where is that sun!” demanded the sullen savage. “Behind the hill; and it is dark and cold. But when he comes again, it will be bright and warm. Le Subtil is the sun of his tribe. There have been clouds, and many mountains between him and his nation; but now he shines, and it is a clear sky!”

“That Le Renard has power with his people, I well know,” said Montcalm; “for yesterday he hunted for their scalps, and to-day they hear him at the council-fire.”

“Magua is a great chief.”

“Let him prove it, by teaching his nation how to conduct itself towards our new friends.”

“Why did the chief of the Canadas bring his young men into the woods, and fire his cannon at the earthen house?” demanded the subtle Indian.

“To subdue it. My master owns the land, and your father has ordered me to drive off these English squatters. They have consented to go, and now he calls them enemies no longer.”

“’Tis well. Magua took the hatchet to color it with blood. It is now bright; when it is red, it shall be buried.”

“But Magua is pledged not to sully the lilies of France. The enemies of the great king across the salt lake are his enemies; his friends, the friends of the Hurons.”

“Friends!” repeated the Indian, in scorn. “Let his father give Magua a hand.”

Montcalm, who felt that his influence over the warlike tribes he had gathered was to be maintained by concession rather than by power, complied reluctantly with the other’s request. The savage placed the finger of the French commander on a deep scar in his bosom, and then exultingly demanded, —

“Does my father know that?”

“What warrior does not? ’tis where a leaden bullet has cut.”

“And this?” continued the Indian, who had turned his naked back to the other, his body being without its usual calico mantle.

“This! — my son has been sadly injured, here; who has done this?”

"Magua slept hard in the English wigwams, and the sticks have left their mark," returned the savage, with a hollow laugh, which did not conceal the fierce temper that nearly choked him. Then recollecting himself, with sudden and native dignity, he added, "Go; teach your young men, it is peace. Le Renard Subtil knows how to speak to a Huron warrior."

Without deigning to bestow further words, or to wait for any answer, the savage cast his rifle into the hollow of his arm, and moved silently through the encampment towards the woods where his own tribe was known to lie. Every few yards as he proceeded he was challenged by the sentinels; but he stalked sullenly onward, utterly disregarding the summons of the soldiers, who only spared his life because they knew the air and tread no less than the obstinate daring of an Indian.

Montcalm lingered long and melancholy on the strand, where he had been left by his companion, brooding deeply on the temper which his ungovernably had just discovered. Already had his fair fame been tarnished by one horrid scene, and in circumstances fearfully resembling those under which he now found himself. As he mused he became keenly sensible of the deep responsibility they assumed, who disregard the means to attain their end, and of all the danger of setting in motion an engine which it exceeds human power to control. Then shaking off a train of reflections that he accounted a weakness in such a moment of triumph, he retraced his steps towards his tent, giving the order as he passed, to make the signal that should arouse the army from its slumbers.

The first tap of the French drums was echoed from the bosom of the fort, and presently the valley was filled with the strains of martial music, rising long, thrilling, and lively above the rattling accompaniment. The horns of the victors sounded merry and cheerful flourishes, until the last laggard of the camp was at his post; but the instant the British fifes had blown their shrill signal, they became mute. In the meantime the day had dawned, and when the line of the French army was ready to receive its general, the rays of a brilliant sun were glancing along the glittering array. Then that success, which was already so well known, was officially announced; the favored band who were selected to guard the gates of the fort were detailed, and defiled before their chief; the signal of their approach was given, and all the usual preparations for a change of masters were ordered and executed directly under the guns of the contested works.



WOMEN RAN FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

A very different scene presented itself within the lines of the Anglo-American army. As soon as the

warning signal was given, it exhibited all the signs of a hurried and forced departure. The sullen soldiers shouldered their empty tubes and fell into their places, like men whose blood had been heated by the past contest, and who only desired the opportunity to revenge an indignity which was still wounding to their pride, concealed as it was under all the observances of military etiquette. Women and children ran from place to place, some bearing the scanty remnants of their baggage, and others searching in the ranks for those countenances they looked up to for protection.

Munro appeared among his silent troops firm but dejected. It was evident that the unexpected blow had struck deep into his heart, though he struggled to sustain his misfortune with the port of a man.

Duncan was touched at the quiet and impressive exhibition of his grief. He had discharged his own duty, and he now pressed to the side of the old man, to know in what particular he might serve him.

"My daughters," was the brief but expressive reply.

"Good heavens! are not arrangements already made for their convenience?"

"To-day I am only a soldier, Major Heyward," said the veteran. "All that you see here, claim alike to be my children."

Duncan had heard enough. Without losing one of those moments which had now become so precious, he flew towards the quarters of Munro, in quest of the sisters. He found them on the threshold of the low edifice, already prepared to depart, and surrounded by a clamorous and weeping assemblage of their own sex, that had gathered about the place, with a sort of in-

instinctive consciousness that it was the point most likely to be protected. Though the cheeks of Cora were pale, and her countenance anxious, she had lost none of her firmness; but the eyes of Alice were inflamed, and betrayed how long and bitterly she had wept. They both, however, received the young man with undisguised pleasure; the former, for a novelty, being the first to speak.

"The fort is lost," she said, with a melancholy smile; "though our good name, I trust, remains."

"'Tis brighter than ever. But, dearest Miss Munro, it is time to think less of others, and to make some provision for yourself. Military usage, — pride, — that pride on which you so much value yourself, demands that your father and I should for a little while continue with the troops. Then where to seek a proper protector for you against the confusion and chances of such a scene?"

"None is necessary," returned Cora; "who will dare to injure or insult the daughter of such a father, at a time like this?"

"I would not leave you alone," continued the youth, looking about him in a hurried manner, "for the command of the best regiment in the pay of the king. Remember, our Alice is not gifted with all your firmness, and God only knows the terror she might endure."

"You may be right," Cora replied, smiling again, but far more sadly than before. "Listen! chance has already sent us a friend when he is most needed."

Duncan did listen, and on the instant comprehended her meaning. The low and serious sounds of the sacred music, so well known to the eastern provinces, caught

his ear, and instantly drew him to an apartment in an adjacent building, which had already been deserted by its customary tenants. There he found David, pouring out his pious feelings, through the only medium in which he ever indulged. Duncan waited, until, by the cessation of the movement of the hand, he believed the strain was ended, when, by touching his shoulder, he drew the attention of the other to himself, and in a few words explained his wishes.

"Even so," replied the single-minded disciple of the King of Israel, when the young man had ended; "I have found much that is comely and melodious in the maidens, and it is fitting that we who have consorted in so much peril, should abide together in peace. I will attend them, when I have completed my morning praise, to which nothing is now wanted but the doxology. Wilt thou bear a part, friend? The metre is common, and the tune, 'Southwell.'"

Then, extending the little volume, and giving the pitch of the air anew with considerable attention, David recommenced and finished his strains, with a fixedness of manner that it was not easy to interrupt. Heyward was fain to wait until the verse was ended; when, seeing David relieving himself from the spectacles, and replacing the book, he continued, —

"It will be your duty to see that none dare to approach the ladies with any rude intention, or to offer insult or taunt at the misfortune of their brave father. In this task you will be seconded by the domestics of their household."

"Even so."

"It is possible that the Indians and stragglers of the

enemy may intrude, in which case you will remind them of the terms of the capitulation, and threaten to report their conduct to Montcalm. A word will suffice."

"If not, I have that here which shall," returned David, exhibiting his book, with an air in which meekness and confidence were singularly blended. "Here are words which, uttered or rather thundered, with proper emphasis, and in measured time, shall quiet the most unruly temper:—

"‘Why rage the heathen furiously!’"

"Enough," said Heyward, interrupting the burst of his musical invocation; "we understand each other; it is time that we should now assume our respective duties."

Gamut cheerfully assented, and together they sought the females. Cora received her new, and somewhat extraordinary protector, courteously at least; and even the pallid features of Alice lighted again with some of their native archness as she thanked Heyward for his care. Duncan took occasion to assure them he had done the best that circumstances permitted, and, as he believed, quite enough for the security of their feelings; of danger there was none. He then spoke gladly of his intention to rejoin them the moment he had led the advance a few miles towards the Hudson, and immediately took his leave.

By this time the signal of departure had been given, and the head of the English column was in motion. The sisters started at the sound, and glancing their eyes around, they saw the white uniforms of the French grenadiers, who had already taken possession of the

gates of the fort. At that moment, an enormous cloud seemed to pass suddenly above their heads, and looking upward, they discovered that they stood beneath the wide folds of the standard of France.

"Let us go," said Cora; "this is no longer a fit place for the children of an English officer."

Alice clung to the arm of her sister, and together they left the parade, accompanied by the moving throng that surrounded them.

As they passed the gates, the French officers, who had learned their rank, bowed often and low, forbearing, however, to intrude those attentions which they saw, with peculiar tact, might not be agreeable. As every vehicle and each beast of burden was occupied by the sick and wounded, Cora had decided to endure the fatigues of a foot march, rather than interfere with their comforts. Indeed, many a maimed and feeble soldier was compelled to drag his exhausted limbs in the rear of the columns, for the want of the necessary means of conveyance in that wilderness. The whole, however, was in motion; the weak and wounded, groaning, and in suffering; their comrades, silent and sullen; and the women and children in terror, they knew not of what.

As the confused and timid throng left the protecting mounds of the fort, and issued on the open plain, the whole scene was at once presented to their eyes. At a little distance on the right, and somewhat in the rear, the French army stood to their arms, Montcalm having collected his parties, so soon as his guards had possession of the works. They were attentive but silent observers of the proceedings of the vanquished, failing in

none of the stipulated military honors, and offering no taunt or insult, in their success, to their less fortunate foes. Living masses of the English, to the amount in the whole of near three thousand, were moving slowly across the plain, towards the common centre, and gradually approached each other, as they converged to the point of their march, a vista cut through the lofty trees, where the road to the Hudson entered the forest. Along the sweeping borders of the woods, hung a dark cloud of savages, eying the passage of their enemies, and hovering, at a distance, like vultures, who were only kept from swooping on their prey by the presence and restraint of a superior army. A few had straggled among the conquered columns, where they stalked in sullen discontent; attentive, though, as yet, passive observers of the moving multitude.

The advance, with Heyward at its head, had already reached the defile, and was slowly disappearing, when the attention of Cora was drawn to a collection of stragglers, by the sounds of contention. A truant provincial was paying the forfeit of his disobedience, by being plundered of those very effects which had caused him to desert his place in the ranks. The man was of powerful frame, and too avaricious to part with his goods without a struggle. Individuals from either party interfered; the one side to prevent, and the other to aid in the robbery. Voices grew loud and angry, and a hundred savages appeared, as it were by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a minute before. It was then that Cora saw the form of Magua gliding among his countrymen, and speaking with his fatal and artful eloquence. The mass of women and

children stopped, and hovered together like alarmed and fluttering birds. But the cupidity of the Indian was soon gratified, and the different bodies again moved slowly onward.

The savages now fell back, and seemed content to let their enemies advance without further molestation. But as the female crowd approached them, the gaudy



ATTRACTED THE EYES OF A
WILD HURON.

colors of a shawl attracted the eyes of a wild and untutored Huron. He advanced to seize it, without the least hesitation. The woman, more in terror than through love of the ornament, wrapped her child in the coveted article, and folded both more closely to her bosom. Cora was in the act of speaking, with an intent to advise the woman to abandon the trifle, when the savage relinquished his hold of the shawl, and tore the screaming infant from her arms. Abandoning everything to the greedy grasp of those around her, the mother darted, with

distraction in her mien, to reclaim her child. The Indian smiled grimly, and extended one hand, in sign of a willingness to exchange, while with the other, he flourished the babe over his head, holding it by the feet as if to enhance the value of the ransom.

“Here — here — there — all — any — everything!”



"COME TO US, FATHER, OR WE DIE!"

exclaimed the breathless woman; tearing the lighter articles of dress from her person, with ill-directed and trembling fingers; "take all, but give me my babe!"

The savage spurned the worthless rags, and perceiving that the shawl had already become a prize to another, his bantering but sullen smile changing to a gleam of ferocity, he dashed the head of the infant against a rock, and cast its quivering remains to her very feet. For an instant, the mother stood, like a statue of despair, looking wildly down at the unseemly object, which had so lately nestled in her bosom and smiled in her face; and then she raised her eyes and countenance towards heaven, as if calling on God to curse the perpetrator of the foul deed. She was spared the sin of such a prayer; for, maddened at his disappointment, and excited at the sight of blood, the Huron mercifully drove his tomahawk into her own brain. The mother sank under the blow, and fell, grasping at her child, in death, with the same engrossing love that had caused her to cherish it when living.

At that dangerous moment Magua placed his hands to his mouth, and raised the fatal and appalling whoop. The scattered Indians started at the well-known cry, as coursers bound at the signal to quit the goal; and, directly, there arose such a yell along the plain, and through the arches of the wood, as seldom burst from human lips before. They who heard it listened with a curdling horror at the heart, little inferior to that dread which may be expected to attend the blasts of the final summons.

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal, and threw themselves across

the fatal plain with instinctive alacrity. We shall not dwell on the revolting horrors that succeeded. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspects. Resistance only served to inflame the murderers, who inflicted their furious blows long after their victims were beyond the power of their resentment. The flow of blood might be likened to the outbreaking of a torrent; and, as the natives became heated and maddened by the sight, many among them even



DEATH WAS EVERYWHERE.

kneeled to the earth, and drank freely, exultingly, hellishly, of the crimson tide.

The trained bodies of the troops threw themselves quickly into solid masses, endeavoring to

awe their assailants by the imposing appearance of a military front. The experiment in some measure succeeded, though far too many suffered their unloaded muskets to be torn from their hands, in the vain hope of appeasing the savages.

In such a scene none had leisure to note the fleeting moments. It might have been ten minutes (it seemed an age), that the sisters had stood riveted to one spot, horror-stricken, and nearly helpless. When the first blow was struck, their screaming companions had pressed upon them in a body, rendering flight impossible; and

now that fear or death had scattered most, if not all, from around them, they saw no avenue open, but such as conducted to the tomahawks of their foes. On every side arose shrieks, groans, exhortations, and curses. At this moment Alice caught a glimpse of the vast form of her father, moving rapidly across the plain, in the direction of the French army. He was, in truth, proceeding to Montcalm, fearless of every danger, to claim the tardy escort for which he had before conditioned. Fifty glittering axes and barbed spears were offered unheeded at his life, but the savages respected his rank and calmness, even in their fury. The dangerous weapons were brushed aside by the still nervous arm of the veteran, or fell of themselves, after menacing an act that it would seem no one had courage to perform. Fortunately, the vindictive Magua was searching for his victim in the very band the veteran had just quitted.

“Father — father — we are here!” shrieked Alice, as he passed, at no great distance, without appearing to heed them. “Come to us, father, or we die!”

The cry was repeated, and in terms and tones that might have melted a heart of stone, but it was unanswered. Once, indeed, the old man appeared to catch the sounds, for he paused and listened; but Alice had dropped senseless on the earth, and Cora had sunk at her side, hovering in untiring tenderness over her lifeless form. Munro shook his head in disappointment, and proceeded, bent on the high duty of his station.

“Lady,” said Gamut, who, helpless and useless as he was, had not yet dreamed of deserting his trust, “it

is the jubilee of the devils, and this is not a meet place for Christians to tarry in. Let us up and fly."

"Go," said Cora, still gazing at her unconscious sister; "save thyself. To me thou canst not be of further use."

David comprehended the unyielding character of her resolution, by the simple but expressive gesture that accompanied her words. He gazed, for a moment, at the dusky forms that were acting their hellish rites on every side of him, and his tall person grew more erect, while his chest heaved, and every feature swelled, and seemed to speak with the power of the feelings by which he was governed.

"If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp, and the words of sacred song, it may not be amiss," he said, "to try the potency of music here."

Then raising his voice to its highest tones, he poured out a strain so powerful as to be heard even amid the din of that bloody field. More than one savage rushed towards them, thinking to rifle the unprotected sisters of their attire, and bear away their scalps; but when they found this strange and unmoved figure riveted to his post, they paused to listen. Astonishment soon changed to admiration, and they passed on to other, and less courageous victims, openly expressing their satisfaction at the firmness with which the white warrior sang his death song. Encouraged and deluded by his success, David exerted all his powers to extend what he believed so holy an influence. The unwonted sounds caught the ears of a distant savage, who flew raging from group to group, like one who, scorning to

touch the vulgar herd, hunted for some victim more worthy of his renown. It was Magua, who uttered a yell of pleasure when he beheld his ancient prisoners again at his mercy.

"Come," he said, laying his soiled hands on the dress of Cora, "the wigwam of the Huron is still open. Is it not better than this place?"

"Away!" cried Cora, veiling her eyes from his revolting aspect.

The Indian laughed tauntingly, as he held up his reeking hand, and answered, — "It is red, but it comes from white veins!"

"Monster! there is blood, oceans of blood, upon thy soul; thy spirit has moved this scene."

"Magua is a great chief!" returned the exulting savage; "will the dark hair go to his tribe?"

"Never! strike, if thou wilt, and complete thy revenge."

He hesitated a moment; and then catching the light and senseless form of Alice in his arms, the subtle Indian moved swiftly across the plain towards the woods.

"Hold!" shrieked Cora, following wildly on his footsteps; "release the child! wretch! what is't you do?"

But Magua was deaf to her voice; or rather he knew his power, and was determined to maintain it.

"Stay — lady — stay," called Gamut, after the unconscious Cora. "The holy charm is beginning to be felt, and soon shalt thou see this horrid tumult stilled."

Perceiving that, in his turn, he was unheeded, the faithful David followed the distracted sister, raising his

voice again in sacred song, and sweeping the air to the measure, with his long arm, in diligent accompaniment. In this manner they traversed the plain, through the flying, the wounded, and the dead. The fierce Huron was, at any time, sufficient for himself and the victim that he bore; though Cora would have fallen, more than once, under the blows of her savage enemies, but for the extraordinary being who stalked in her rear, and who now appeared to the astonished natives gifted with the protecting spirit of madness.

Magua, who knew how to avoid the more pressing dangers, and also to elude pursuit, entered the woods through a low ravine, where he quickly found the Narragansetts, which the travellers had abandoned so shortly before, awaiting his appearance, in custody of a savage as fierce and as malign in his expression as himself. Laying Alice on one of the horses, he made a sign to Cora to mount the other.

Notwithstanding the horror excited by the presence of her captor, there was a present relief in escaping from the bloody scene enacting on the plain, to which Cora could not be altogether insensible. She took her seat, and held forth her arms for her sister, with an air of entreaty and love that even the Huron could not deny. Placing Alice, then, on the same animal with Cora, he seized the bridle, and commenced his route by plunging deeper into the forest. David, perceiving that he was left alone, utterly disregarded, as a subject too worthless even to destroy, threw his long limbs across the saddle of the beast they had deserted, and made such progress in the pursuit as the difficulties of the path permitted.

They soon began to ascend, but as the motion had a tendency to revive the dormant faculties of her sister, the attention of Cora was too much divided between the tenderest solicitude in her behalf, and in listening to the cries which were still too audible on the plain, to note the direction in which they journeyed. When, however, they gained the flattened surface of the mountain-top, and approached the eastern precipice, she recognized the spot to which she had once before been led under the more friendly auspices of the scout. Here Magua suffered them to dismount. . . .

The cruel work was still unchecked. On every side the captured were flying before their relentless persecutors, while the armed columns of the Christian king stood fast in an apathy which has never been explained, and which has left an unmovable blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of their leader. Nor was the sword of death stayed until cupidity got the mastery of revenge. Then, indeed, the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of their murderers grew less frequent, until, finally, the cries of horror were lost to their ear, or were drowned in the loud, long, and piercing whoops of the triumphant savages.



THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

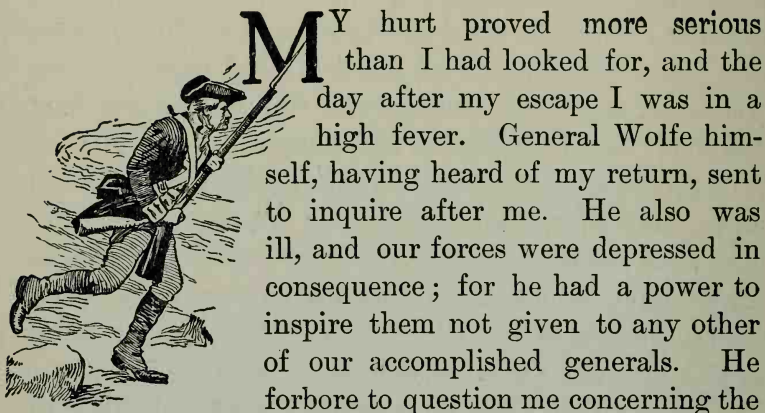
WHEN the French and Indian War had dragged along for seven years, after a series of notable victories for the English it culminated, in 1759, in their capture of Quebec ; since when Canada has been a British colony. The taking of Quebec, one of the most famous military achievements of modern times, is described by Sir Gilbert Parker in his novel, "The Seats of the Mighty." The hero, Captain Robert Moray, had for six years been a prisoner of war in Quebec, during which time he had won Gabord, his jailer, for a friend ; had wooed and secretly married Alixe Duvarney, a fair French maiden ; had made bitter enemies of her brother Juste and of the Governor of New France, Deltaire, Moray's rival in love. But more than this, he had discovered a secret path from the St. Lawrence River up over the Heights of Abraham, by which the English might invade the otherwise impregnable citadel. Having after various hardships and adventures succeeded in escaping from the city by this very path, he went to General Wolfe with this valuable piece of information and offered to guide the army up the Heights ; urging that an attack from above, for which the French would be utterly unprepared, was the only way to take the city.

This famous stratagem resulted, as everyone knows, in the capture of Quebec, wherein the brave generals of both armies, Wolfe and Montcalm, gloriously lost their lives. The following selection describes the events following General Wolfe's acceptance of Moray's plan.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

(FROM THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.)

By GILBERT PARKER.¹



MY hurt proved more serious than I had looked for, and the day after my escape I was in a high fever. General Wolfe himself, having heard of my return, sent to inquire after me. He also was ill, and our forces were depressed in consequence; for he had a power to inspire them not given to any other of our accomplished generals. He forbore to question me concerning the state of the town and what I had seen; for which I was glad. My adventure had been of a private nature, and such I wished it to remain. The General desired me to come to him as soon as I was able, that I might proceed with him above the town to reconnoitre. But for many a day this was impossible, for my wound gave me much pain and I was confined to my bed.

Yet we on the Terror of France served our good General, too; for one dark night, when the wind was fair, we piloted the remaining ships of Admiral

Holmes's division above the town. This move was made on my constant assertion that there was a way by which Quebec might be taken from above; and when General Wolfe made known my representations to his general officers, they accepted it as a last resort; for otherwise what hope had they? At Montmorenci our troops had been repulsed; the mud flats of the Beauport shore and the St. Charles River were as good as an army against us; the Upper Town and Citadel were practically impregnable; and for eight miles west of the town to the cove and river at Cap Rouge there was one long precipice, broken in but one spot; but just there, I was sure, men could come up with stiff climbing, as I had done. Bougainville came to Cap Rouge now with three thousand men, for he thought that this was to be our point of attack. Along the shore from Cap Rouge to Cape Diamond small batteries were posted, such as that of Lancy's at Anse du Foulon; but they were careless, for no conjectures might seem so wild as that of bringing an army up where I had climbed.

"Tut, tut," said General Murray, when he came to me on the Terror of France, after having, at my suggestion, gone to the south shore opposite Anse du Foulon, and scanned the faint line that marked the narrow cleft on the cliff side — "tut, tut, man," said he, "'tis the dream of a cat or a damned mathematician."

Once, after all was done, he said to me that cats and mathematicians were the only generals.

With a belligerent pride Clark showed the way up the river one evening, the batteries of the town giving us plunging shots as we went, and ours at Point Levis

answering gallantly. To me it was a good if most anxious time: good, in that I was having some sort of compensation for my own sufferings in the town; anxious because no single word came to me of Alixe or her father, and all the time we were pouring death into the place.

But this we knew from deserters, that Vaudreuil was Governor and Bigot Intendant still; by which it would seem that, on the momentous night when Doltaire was wounded by Madame Cournal, he gave back the governorship to Vaudreuil and reinstated Bigot. Presently, from an officer who had been captured as he was setting free a fire-raft to run among the boats of our fleet, I heard that Doltaire had been confined in the Intendance from a wound given by a stupid sentry. Thus the true story had been kept from the public. From him, too, I learned that nothing was known of the Seigneur Duvarney and his daughter; that they had suddenly disappeared from the Intendance, as if the earth had swallowed them; and that even Juste Duvarney knew nothing of them, and was, in consequence, greatly distressed.

This officer also said that now, when it might seem as if both the Seigneur and his daughter were dead, opinion had turned in Alixe's favor, and the feeling had crept about, first among the common folk and afterwards among the people of the garrison, that she had been used harshly. This was due largely, he thought, to the constant advocacy of the Chevalier de la Darante, whose nephew had married Mademoiselle Georgette Duvarney. This piece of news, in spite of the uncertainty of Alixe's fate, touched me, for the Chevalier had indeed kept his word to me.

At last all of Admiral Holmes's division was got above the town, with very little damage, and I never saw a man so elated, so profoundly elated as Clark over his share in the business. He was a daredevil, too; for the day that the last of the division was taken up the river, without my permission or the permission of the admiral or any one else, he took the *Terror of France* almost up to Bougainville's earthworks in the cove at Cap Rouge and insolently emptied his six swivels into them, and then came out and stood down the river. When I asked what he was doing — for I was now well enough to come on deck — he said he was going to see how monkeys could throw nuts; when I pressed him, he said he had a will to hear the cats in the eaves; and when I became severe, he added that he would bring the *Terror of France* up past the batteries of the town in broad daylight, swearing that they could no more hit him than a woman could a bird on a flagstaff. I did not relish this foolish bravado, and I forbade it; but presently I consented, on condition that he take me to General Wolfe's camp at Montmorenci first; for I now felt strong enough to be again on active service.

Clark took the *Terror of France* up the river in midday, running perilously close to the batteries; and though they pounded at him petulantly, foolishly angry at his contemptuous defiance, he ran the gantlet safely, and coming to the flagship, the *Sutherland*, saluted with his six swivels, to the laughter of the whole fleet and his own profane joy.

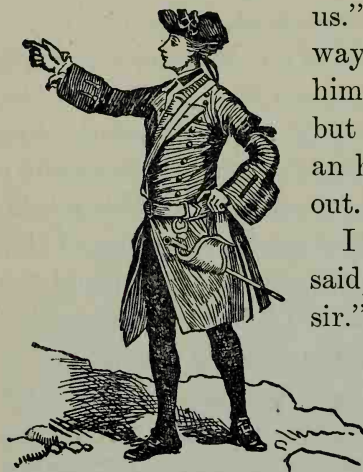
"Mr. Moray," said General Wolfe, when I saw him, racked with pain, studying a chart of the river and

town which his chief engineer had just brought him, "show me here this passage in the hillside."

I did so, tracing the plains of Maître Abraham, which I assured him would be good ground for a pitched battle. He nodded; then rose, and walked up and down for a time, thinking. Suddenly he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon me.

"Mr. Moray," said he, "it would seem that you, angering La Pompadour, brought down this war upon us." He paused, smiling in a dry way, as if the thought amused him, as if, indeed, he doubted it; but for that I cared not, it was an honor I could easily live without.

I bowed to his words, and said, "Mine was the last straw, sir."



GENERAL WOLFE.

Again he nodded, and replied, "Well, well, you got us into trouble; you must show us the way out," and he looked again at the

passage I had traced upon the chart. "You will remain with me until we meet our enemy on these heights." He pointed to the plains of Maître Abraham. Then he turned away, and began walking up and down again. "It is the last chance!" he said to himself in a tone despairing and yet heroic. "Please God! please God!" he added.

"You will speak nothing of these plans," he said to me at last, half mechanically. "We must make feints

of landing at Cap Rouge—feints of landing everywhere save at the one possible place; confuse both Bougainville and Montcalm; tire out their armies with watchings and want of sleep; and then, on the auspicious night, make the great trial.”

I had remained respectfully standing at a little distance from him. Now he suddenly came to me, and, pressing my hand, said quickly, “You have trouble, Mr. Moray. I am sorry for you. But maybe it is for better things to come!”

I thanked him stumbingly, and a moment later left him, to serve him on the morrow, and so on through many days, till, in divers perils, the camp at Montmorenci was abandoned, the troops were got aboard the ships, and the General took up his quarters on the Sutherland; from which, one notable day, I sallied forth with him to a point at the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon, where he saw the thin crack in the cliff side. From that moment instant and final attack was his purpose.

The great night came, starlit and serene. The campfires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring General, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, booted and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own

doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; of which the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more."

Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to Nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquillity.

There lay the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles's, Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much-loved, much-blamed, and impetuous Louisburg Grenadiers. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward, pain-twisted body and ugly red hair. "Say, — Jack, didst thee ever take hell in tow before?" said a sailor from the Terror of France to his fellow once, as the marines grappled with a flotilla of French fire-ships, and dragged them, spitting destruction, clear of the fleet, to the shore. "Nay, but I've been in tow of Jimmy Wolfe's red head; that's hell-fire, lad!" was the reply.

From boat to boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships — the Squirrel, the Leostaff, the Seahorse, and the rest — and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the

main-top shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response, the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oar-lock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say:

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside Doltaire’s—but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm: these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy’s tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they

might the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed ; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still ; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here Clark and I drew back, for such honor as there might be in gaining the heights first I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were safe ; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We were discovered, and shots greeted us ; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the General the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.



MONTCALM.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there ; while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode

towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks, spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eying us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs du bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed

against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights; stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army!

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisburg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks

a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here; of La Pompadour's spite which I had roused to action against my country; of the struggle between Doltaire and myself.

The public stake was worthy of our army — worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an

extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that awful fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles, scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on I observed the General sway and push for-

ward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me : Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye upon him ; and presently there was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I noticed, not far away, Gabord, mounted, and attacked by three grenadiers. Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe ; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside ; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket-barrel, and swung his sabre with fierce precision. The man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the faded golden-rod flower which spattered the field.

At this moment I saw Juste Duvarney making towards me, hatred and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy

of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us—two brothers—from fighting, by fighting me himself!

He reached me first, and with an “*Au diable!*” made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney’s rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think: Clark hungering for Gabord’s life (Gabord had once been his jailer too), and Juste Duvarney for mine; the battle faring on ahead of us. Soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the rancorous word “*Renegade!*” nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

“Fair fight and fowl for spitting,” he cried. “Go home to heaven, dickey bird!”

Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. I fought with a desperate alertness, and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he shivered—fell—where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

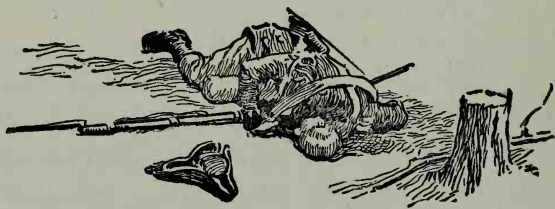
“Gabord! Gabord!” I called, grief-stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in, and drew out—one of Mathilde’s wooden crosses!

“To cheat—the devil—yet—aho!” he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood alone beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that fact. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, I beheld Juste Duvarney.

But now he was beyond all friendship or reconciliation — forever!



FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON

"THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON" is a story of old New York in the days preceding American independence. Captain Richard Hyde, a gallant English officer of the King's guards, had wooed and won for his wife fair Katherine Van Heemskirk, a wealthy Dutch merchant's daughter, and, against her parent's wish, had taken her to his English home. Some years later, on the outbreak of the American Revolution, his brave spirit turned in sympathy to the unjustly treated colonists of his wife's native land, and he resigned his commission in the King's service in order to throw in his lot with them. He sold his English estates, and taking his wife and little son, sailed for New York, where they were eagerly awaited by Joris and Lysbet, the father and mother of Katherine. The young couple reached America at a critical period, just before the embattled farmers at Lexington had fired the shot heard round the world. Everything was in confusion, business interrupted, society shaken, friends and families divided by opposing sympathies. Joris Van Heemskirk and his son Bram, one of the Sons of Liberty, were leading spirits among the Revolutionists. On the other hand Batavius, who had married Katherine's elder sister Joanna, was too shrewd or too cowardly to join either party; while others, like their Scotch neighbor, elder Semple, remained staunch Tories. Into this excitement came Hyde, eager to draw his sword in the cause of liberty. The following selection describes how brave men in those early days gave up all for freedom's sake.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE¹

(FROM THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON.)

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.



IT was into this thundery atmosphere of coming conflict, of hopes and doubts, of sundering ties and fearful looking forward, that Richard and Katherine Hyde came, from the idyllic peace and beauty of their Norfolk house. But there was something in it that fitted Hyde's real disposition. He was a natural soldier, and he had arrived at the period of life when the mere show and pomp of the profession had lost all satisfying charm. He had found a quarrel worthy of his sword, one that had not only his deliberate approval, but his passionate sympathy. In fact, his first blow for American independence had been struck in the duel with Lord Paget; for that quarrel, though nominally concerning Lady Suffolk, was grounded upon a dislike engendered by their antagonism regarding the government of the Colonies.

It was an exquisite April morning when they sailed up New York bay once more. Joris had been watch-

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ing for the Western Light; and, when she came to anchor at Murray's Wharf, his was the foremost figure on it. He had grown a little stouter, but was still a splendid looking man; he had grown a little older, but his tenderness for his daughter was still young and fresh and strong as ever. He took her in his arms, murmuring, "*Mijn Katrijntje, mijn Katrijntje! Ach, mijn kind, mijn kind!*"

Hyde had felt that there might be some embarrassment in his own case, perhaps some explanation or acknowledgment to make; but Joris waved aside any speech like it. He gave Hyde both hands; he called him "*mijn zoon*;" he stooped, and put the little lad's arms around his neck. In many a kind and delicate way he made them feel that all of the past was forgotten but its sweetness.

And surely that hour Lysbet had the reward of her faithful affection. She had always admired Hyde; and she was proud and happy to have him in her home, and to have him call her "mother." The little Joris took possession of her heart in a moment. Her Katherine was again at her side. She had felt the clasp of her hands; she had heard her whisper "*mijn moeder*" upon her lips.

They landed upon a Saturday, upon one of those delightful days that April frequently gives to New York. There was a fresh wind, full of the smell of the earth and the sea; an intensely blue sky, with flying battalions of white fleecy clouds across it; a glorious sunshine above everything. And people live, and live happily, even in the shadow of war. The stores were full of buyers and sellers. The doors and windows of

the houses were open to the spring freshness. Lysbet had heard of their arrival, and was watching for them. Her hair was a little whiter, her figure a little stouter; but her face was fair and rosy, and sweet as ever.

In a few hours things had fallen naturally and easily into place. Joris and Bram and Hyde sat talking of the formation of a regiment. Little Joris leaned on his grandfather's shoulder, listening. Lysbet and Katherine were unpacking trunks full of fineries and pretty things; occasionally stopping to give instructions to Dinorah, who was preparing an extra tea, as Batavius and Joanna were coming to spend the evening. "And to the elder and Janet Semple I have sent a message, also," said Lysbet; "for I see not why anger should be nursed, or old friendships broken, for politics."

Katherine had asked at once, with eager love, for Joanna; she had expected that she would be waiting to welcome her. Lysbet smiled faintly at the supposition. "She has a large family, then, and Batavius, and her house. Seldom comes she here now."

But about four o'clock, as Katherine and Hyde were dressing, Joanna and Batavius and all their family arrived. In a moment, their presence seemed to diffuse itself through the house. There was a sense of confusion and unrest, and the loud crying of a hungry baby determined to be attended to. And Joanna was fulfilling this duty, when Katherine hastened to meet her. Wifehood and motherhood had greatly altered the slim, fair girl of ten years previous. She had grown stout, and was untidy in her dress, and a worried, anxious expression was continually on her countenance; for, though Batavius kept an eye on the children, there were

five of them beside the baby, — fat, rosy, round-faced miniatures of himself, all having a fair share of his peculiar selfish traits, which each expressed after their individual fashion.

Hyde met his brother-in-law with a gentlemanly cordiality; and Batavius, who had told Joanna “he intended to put down a bit that insolent Englishman,” was quite taken off his guard, and, ere he was aware of his submission, was smoking amicably with him, as they discussed the proposed military organization. Very soon Hyde asked Batavius, “If he were willing to join it?”

“When such a family a man has,” he answered, waving his hand complacently toward the six children, “he must have some prudence and consideration. I had been well content with one child; but we must have our number, there is no remedy. And I am a householder, and I pay my way, and do my business. It is a fixed principle with me, not to meddle with the business of other people.”

“But, sir, this is your business, and your children’s business also.”

“I think, then, that it is King George’s business.”

“It is liberty —”

“Well, then, I have *my* liberty. I have liberty to buy and to sell, to go to my own kirk, to sail the Great Christopher when and where I will. My house, my wife, my little children, nobody has touched.”

“Pray, sir, what of your rights? your honor?”

“Oh, indeed, then for ideas I quarrel not! Facts, they are different. Every man has his own creed, and every man his own liberty, so say I. — Come here,

Alida," and he waved his hand imperiously to a little woman of four years old, who was sulking at the window, "what's the matter now? You have been crying again. I see that you have a discontented temper. There is a spot on your petticoat also, and your cap is awry. I fear that you will never become a neat, respectable girl,—you that ought to set a good pattern to your little sister Femmetia."

Evidently he wished to turn the current of the conversation; but, as soon as the child had been sent to her mother, Joris resumed it.

"If you go not yourself to the fight, Batavius, plenty of young men are there, longing to go, who have no arms and no clothes; send in your place one of them."

"It is my fixed principle not to meddle in the affairs of other people, and my principles are sacred to me."

"Batavius, you said not long ago, that the colonists were leaving the old ship, and that the first in the new boat would have the choice of oars."

"Bram, that is the truth. I said not that I would choose any of the oars."

"A fair harbor we shall make, and the rewards will be great, Batavius."

"It is not good to cry 'herrings,' till in the net you have them. And to talk of rowing, the colonists must row against wind and tide; the English will row with set sail. That is easy rowing. Into this question I have looked well, for always I think about everything."

"Have you read the speeches of Adams and Hancock and Quincy? Have you heard what Colonel Washington said in the Assembly?"

“Oh, these men are discontented! Something which they have not got, they want. They are troublesome and conceited. They expect the century will be called after them. Now, I, who punctually fulfil my obligations as a father and a citizen, *I* am contented, *I* never make complaints, *I* never want more liberty. You may read in the Holy Scriptures, that no good comes of rebellion. Did not Absalom sit in the gate, and say to the discontented, ‘See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the kind to hear thee;’ and, moreover, ‘Oh, that I were made a judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice’? And did not Sheba blow a trumpet, and say, ‘We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse. Every man to his tents, O Israel’? Well, then, what came of such follies? You may read in the Word of God, that they ended in ruin.”

Hyde looked with curiosity at the complacent orator. Bram rose, and, with a long-drawn whistle, left the room. Joris said sternly, “Enough you have spoken, Batavius. None are so blind as those who will not see.”

“Well, then, father, I can see what is in the way of mine own business; and it is a fixed principle with me not to meddle with the business of other people. And look here, Joanna, the night is coming, and the dew with it, and Alida had a sore throat yesterday; we had better go. Fast in sleep the children ought to be at this hour.” And he bustled about them, tying on caps and capes; and finally, having marshalled the six

children and their two nurses in front of him, he trotted off with Joanna upon his arm, fully persuaded that he had done himself great credit, and acted with uncommon wisdom. "But it belongs to me to do that, Joanna," he said; "among all the merchants, I am known for my great prudence."

"I think that my father and Bram will get into trouble in this matter."

"You took the word out of my mouth, Joanna; and I will have nothing to do with such follies, for they are



KATHERINE AND JORIS IN THE GARDEN.

waxing hand over hand like the great winds at sea, till the hurricane comes and then the ruin."

The next morning was the sabbath, and it broke in a perfect splendor of sunshine. The New World was so new and fresh, and Katherine thought she had never before seen the garden so lovely. Joris was abroad

in it very early. He looked at the gay crocus and the pale snowdrop and the budding pansies with a singular affection. He was going, perchance, on a long warfare. Would he ever return to greet them in the coming springs? If he did return, would they be there to greet him? As he stood pensively thoughtful, Katherine called him. He raised his eyes, and watched her approach as he had been used when she was a child, a schoolgirl, a lovely maiden. But never had she been so beautiful as now. She was dressed for church in a gown of rich brown brocade over a petticoat of paler satin, with costly ornaments of gold and rubies. As she joined her father, Hyde joined Lysbet in the parlor; and the two stood at the window watching her. She had clasped her hands upon his shoulder, and leaned her beautiful head against them. "A most perfect picture," said Hyde, and then he kissed Lysbet; and from that moment they were mother and son.

They walked to church together; and Hyde thought how beautiful the pleasant city was that Sabbath morning, with its pretty houses shaded by trees just turning green, its clear air full of the grave, dilating harmony of the church-bells, its quiet streets thronged with men and women, — both sexes dressed with a magnificence modern Broadway beaux and belles have nothing to compare with. What staid, dignified men in three-cornered hats and embroidered velvet coats and long plush vests! What buckles and wigs and lace ruffles and gold snuff-boxes! What beautiful women in brocades and taffetas, in hoops and high heels and gauze hats! Here and there a black-robed dominie; here and there a splendidly dressed British officer, in

scarlet and white, and gold epaulettes and silver embroideries! New York has always been a highly picturesque city, but never more so than in the restless days of A. D. 1775.

Katherine and Hyde and Bram were together; Joris and Lysbet were slowly following them. They were none of them speaking much, nor thinking much, but all were very happy and full of content. Suddenly the peaceful atmosphere was troubled by the startling clamor of a trumpet. It was a note so distinct from the music of the bells, so full of terror and warning, that every one stood still. A second blast was accompanied by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs; and the rider came down Broadway like one on a message of life and death, and made no pause until he had very nearly reached Maiden Lane.

At that point a tall, muscular man seized the horse by the bridle, and asked, "What news?"

"Great news! great news! There has been a battle, a massacre at Lexington, a running fight from Concord to Boston! Stay me not!" But, as he shook the bridle free, he threw a handbill, containing the official account of the affair at Lexington, to the inquirer.

Who then thought of church, though the church-bells were ringing? The crowd gathered around the man with the handbill, and in ominous silence listened to the tidings of the massacre at Lexington, the destruction of stores at Concord, the quick gathering of the militia from the hills and dales around Reading and Roxbury, the retreat of the British under their harassing fire, until, worn out and disorganized, they had found a refuge in Boston. "And this is the post-

script at the last moment," added the reader: "'Men are pouring in from all the country sides; Putnam left his plough in the furrow, and rode night and day to the ground; Heath, also, is with him.'"

Joris was white and stern in his emotion; Bram stood by the reader, with a face as bright as a bridegroom's; Hyde's lips were drawn tight, and his eyes flashing with the true military flame. "Father," he said, "take mother and Katherine to church; Bram and I will stay here, for I can see that there is something to be done."

"God help us! Yes, I will go to Him first;" and, taking his wife and daughter, he passed with them out of the crowd.

Hyde turned to the reader, who stood with bent brows, and the paper in his hand. "Well, sir, what is to be done?" he asked.

"There are five hundred stand of arms in the City Hall; there are men enough here to take them. Let us go."

A loud cry of assent answered him.

"My name is Richard Hyde, late of his Majesty's 'Windsor Guards'; but I am with you, heart and soul."

"I am Marinus Willet."

"Then, Mr. Willet, where first?"

"To the mayor's residence. He has the keys of the room in which the arms are kept."

The news spread, no one knew how; but men poured out from the churches and the houses on their route, and Willet's force was soon nearly a thousand strong. The tumult, the tread, the *animus*

of the gathering, was felt in that part of the city even where it could not be heard. Joris could hardly endure the suspense, and the service did him very little good. About two o'clock, as he was walking restlessly about the house, Bram and Hyde returned together.

"Well?" he asked.

"There were five hundred stand of arms in the City Hall, and I swear that we have taken them all. A man called Willet led us; a hero, quick of thought, prompt and daring, — a true soldier."

"I know him well; a good man."

"The keys the mayor refused to us," said Bram.

"Oh, sir, he lied to us! Vowed he did not have them, and sent us to the armorer in Crown Street. The armorer vowed that he had given them to the mayor."

"What then?"

"Oh, indeed, all fortune fitted us! We went *en masse* down Broadway into Wall Street, and so to the City Hall. Here some one, with too nice a sense of the sabbath, objected to breaking open the doors because of the day. But with very proper spirit Willet replied, 'If we wait until to-morrow, the king's men will not wait. The arms will be removed. And as for a key, here is one that will open any lock.' And as he said the words, he swung a great axe around his head; and so, with a few blows, he made us an entrance. Indeed, I think that he is a grand fellow."

"And you got the arms?"

"Faith, we got all we went for! The arms were divided among the people. There was a drum and

fife also found with them, and some one made us very excellent music to step to. As we returned up Broadway, the congregation were just coming out of Trinity. Upon my word, I think we frightened them a little."

"Where were the English soldiers?"

"Indeed, they were shut up in barracks. Some of their officers were in church, others waiting for orders from the governor or mayor. 'Tis to be found out where the governor might be; the mayor was frightened beyond every thing, and not capable of giving an order. Had my uncle Gordon been still in command here, he had not been so patient."

"And for you that would have been a hard case."

"Upon my word, I would not have fought my old comrades. I am glad, then, that they are in Quebec. Our swords will scarce reach so far."

"And where went you with the arms?"

"To a room in John Street. There they were stacked, the names of the men enrolled, and a guard placed over them. Bram is on the night patrol, by his own request. As for me, I have the honor of assisting New York in her first act of rebellion; and, if the military superstition be a true one, 'A Sunday fight is a lucky fight.' — And now, mother, we will have some dinner: 'the soldier loves his mess.'"

Every one was watching him with admiration. Never in his uniform had he appeared so like a soldier as he did at that hour in his citizen coat and breeches of wine-colored velvet, his black silk stockings, and gold buckled shoes. His spirits were infectious: Bram had already come into thorough sympathy

with him, and grown almost gay in his company; Joris felt his heart beat to the joy and hope in his young comrades. All alike had recognized that the fight was inevitable, and that it would be well done if it were soon done.

But events cannot be driven by wishes: many things had to be settled before a movement forward could be made. Joris had his store to let, and the stock and good-will to dispose of. Horses and accoutrements must be bought, uniforms made; and every day this charge increased: for, as soon as Van Heemskirk's intention to go to the front was known, a large number of young men from the best Dutch families were eager to enlist under him.

Hyde's time was spent as a recruiting-officer. His old quarters, the "King's Arms," were of course closed to him; but there was a famous tavern on Water Street, shaded by a great horse-chestnut tree, and there the patriots were always welcome. There, also, the news of all political events was in some mysterious way sure to be first received. In company with Willet, Sears, and McDougall, Hyde might be seen under the chestnut-tree every day, enlisting men, or organizing the "Liberty Regiment" then raising.

From the first, his valorous temper, his singleness of purpose, his military skill in handling troops, and his fine appearance and manners, had given him influence and authority. He soon, also, gained a wonderful power over Bram; and even the temperate wisdom and fine patience of Joris gradually kindled, until the man was at white heat all through. Every day's events fanned the temper of the city, although it was

soon evident that the first fighting would be done in the vicinity of Boston.

For three weeks after that memorable April Sunday, Congress, in session at Philadelphia, had recognized the men in camp there as a Continental army, the nucleus of the troops that were to be raised for the defence of the country, and had commissioned Colonel Washington as commander-in-chief to direct their operations. Then every heart was in a state of the greatest expectation and excitement. No one remembered at that hour that the little army was without organization or discipline, most of its officers incompetent to command, its troops altogether unused to obey, and in the field without enlistment. Their few pieces of cannon were old and of various sizes, and scarce any one understood their service. There was no siege-train and no ordnance stores. There was no military chest, and nothing worthy of the name of a *commissariat*. Yet every one was sure that some bold stroke would be struck, and the war speedily terminated in victory and independence.

So New York was in the buoyant spirits of a young man rejoicing to run a race. The armorers, the saddlers, and the smiths were busy day and night; weapons were in every hand, the look of apprehended triumph on every face. In June the Van Heemskirk troops were ready to leave for Boston, — nearly six hundred young men, full of pure purpose and brave thoughts and with all their illusions and enthusiasms undimmed.

The day before their departure, they escorted Van Heemskirk to his house. Lysbet and Katherine saw them coming, and fell weeping on each other's necks, — tears that were both joyful and sorrowful, the ex-

pression of mingled love and patriotism and grief. It would have been hard to find a nobler looking leader than Joris. Age had but added dignity to his fine bulk. His large, fair face was serene and confident. And the bright young lads who followed him looked like his sons, for most of them strongly resembled him in person; and any one might have been sure, even if the roll had not shown it, that they were Van Brunts and Van Rippers and Van Rensselaers, Roosevelts, Westervelts, and Terhunes.

They had a very handsome uniform, and there had been no uncertainty or dispute about it. Blue, with orange trimmings, carried the question without one dissenting voice. Blue had been for centuries the color of opposition to tyranny. The Scotch Covenanters chose it because the Lord ordered the children of Israel to wear a ribbon of blue that they might "look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; and seek not after their own heart and their own eyes, and be holy unto their God." (Num. xv. 38.) Into their cities of refuge in Holland, the Covenanters carried their sacred color; and the Dutch Calvinists soon blended the blue of their faith with the orange of their patriotism. Very early in the American struggle, blue became the typical color of freedom; and when Van Heemskirk's men chose the blue and orange for their uniform, they selected the colors which had already been famous on many a battlefield of freedom.

Katherine and Lysbet had made the flag of the new regiment,—an orange flag, with a cluster of twelve blue stars above the word *liberty*. It was

Lysbet's hands that gave it to them. They stood in a body around the open door of the Van Heemskirk house; and the pretty old lady kissed it, and handed it with wet eyes to the color-sergeant. Katherine stood by Lysbet's side. They were both dressed as for a festival, and their faces were full of tender love and lofty enthusiasm. To Joris and his men they repre-



KATHERINE AND LYSBET HAD MADE THE FLAG.

sented the womanhood dear to each individual heart. Lysbet's white hair and white cap and pale-tinted face was "the mother's face"; and Katherine, in her brilliant beauty, her smiles and tears, her shining silks and glancing jewels, was the lovely substitute for many a precious sister and many a darling lady-love. But few words were said. Lysbet and Katherine could but stand and gaze as heads were bared, and the orange folds flung to the wind, and the inspiring word *liberty* saluted with bright, upturned faces and a ringing shout of welcome.

Such a lovely day it was,—a perfect June day; doors and windows were wide open; a fresh wind blowing, a hundred blended scents from the garden were in the air; and there was a sunshine that warmed everything to the core. If there were tears in the hearts of the women, they put them back with smiles and hopeful words, and praises of the gallant men who were to fight a noble fight under the banner their fingers had fashioned.

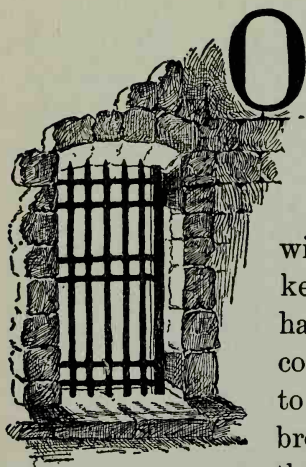
It was to be the last evening at home for Joris and Bram and Hyde, and everything was done to make it a happy memory. The table was laid with the best silver and china; all the dainties that the three men liked best were prepared for them. The room was gay with flowers and blue and orange ribbons, and bows of the same colors fluttered at Lysbet's breast and on Katherine's shoulder. And, as they went up and down the house, they were both singing, singing to keep love from weeping, and hope and courage from failing. . . .

“Oh, for the blue and the orange,
Oh for the orange and the blue!
Orange for men that are free men,
Blue for men that are true.
Over the red of the tyrant,
Bloody and cruel in hue,
Fling out the banner of orange,
With pennant and border of blue.
Orange for men that are free men,
Blue for men that are true.”

THE BURNING OF NEWGATE

(FROM BARNABY RUDGE.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



ONE man cried in a loud voice, "Who'll follow me to Newgate?" and there was a loud shout, and a general rush towards the door.

But Hugh and Dennis stood with their backs against it, and kept them back, until the clamor had so far subsided that their voices could be heard, when they called to them together that to go now, in broad day, would be madness; and that if they waited until night and arranged a plan of attack, they might release, not only their own companions, but all the prisoners, and burn down the jail.

"Not that jail alone," cried Hugh, "but every jail in London. They shall have no place to put their prisoners in. We'll burn them all down; make bonfires of them every one! Here!" he cried, catching at the hangman's hand. "Let all who're men here, join with

us. Shake hands upon it. Barnaby out of jail, and not a jail left standing ! Who joins ? ”

Every man there. And they swore a great oath to release their friends from Newgate next night ; to force the doors and burn the jail ; or perish in the fire themselves.

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During the whole of this day, every regiment in or near the metropolis was on duty in one or other part of the town ; and the regulars and militia, in obedience to the orders which were sent to every barrack and station within twenty-four hours' journey, began to pour in by all the roads. But the disturbances had attained to such a formidable height, and the rioters had grown, with impunity, to be so audacious, that the sight of this great force, continually augmented by new arrivals, instead of operating as a check, stimulated them to outrages of greater hardihood than any they had yet committed ; and helped to kindle a flame in London, the like of which had never been beheld, even in its ancient and rebellious times.

All yesterday, and on this day likewise, the commander-in-chief endeavored to arouse the magistrates to a sense of their duty, and in particular the Lord Mayor, who was the faintest-hearted and most timid of them all. With this object, large bodies of the soldiery were several times despatched to the Mansion House to await his orders : but as he could, by no threats or persuasions, be induced to give any, and as the men remained in the open street, fruitlessly for any good purpose, and thrivingly for a very bad one ; these laudable attempts did harm rather than good. For the crowd, becoming

speedily acquainted with the Lord Mayor's temper, did not fail to take advantage of it by boasting that even the civil authorities were opposed to the Papists, and could not find it in their hearts to molest those who were guilty of no other offence. These vaunts they took care to make within the hearing of the soldiers; and they, being naturally loath to quarrel with the people, received their advances kindly enough: answering, when they were asked if they desired to fire upon their countrymen, "No;" . . . and showing much honest simplicity, and good-nature. The feeling that the military were No Popery men, and were ripe for disobeying orders and joining the mob, soon became very prevalent in consequence. Rumors of their disaffection, and of their leaning towards the popular cause, spread from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity; and whenever they were drawn up idly in the streets or squares, there was sure to be a crowd about them, cheering, and shaking hands, and treating them with a great show of confidence and affection.

By this time, the crowd was everywhere; all concealment and disguise were laid aside, and they pervaded the whole town. If any man among them wanted money, he had but to knock at the door of a dwelling-house, or walk into a shop, and demand it in the rioters' name; and his demand was instantly complied with. The peaceable citizens being afraid to lay hands upon them, singly and alone, it may be easily supposed that when gathered together in bodies, they were perfectly secure from interruption. They assembled in the streets, traversed them at their will and pleasure, and publicly

concerted their plans. Business was quite suspended; the greater part of the shops were closed; most of the houses displayed a blue flag in token of their adherence to the popular side; and even the Jews in Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and those quarters, wrote upon their doors or window-shutters "This House is a True Protestant." The crowd was the law, and never was the law held in greater dread, or more implicitly obeyed.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, when a vast mob poured into Lincoln's Inn Fields by every avenue, and divided — evidently in pursuance of a previous design — into several parties. It must not be understood that this arrangement was known to the whole crowd, but that it was the work of a few leaders; who, mingling with the men as they came upon the ground, and calling to them to fall into this or that party, effected it as rapidly as if it had been determined on by a council of the whole number, and every man had known his place.

It was perfectly notorious to the assemblage that the largest body, which comprehended about two-thirds of the whole, was designed for the attack on Newgate. It comprehended all the rioters who had been conspicuous in any of their former proceedings; all those whom they recommended as daring hands and fit for the work; all those whose companions had been taken in the riots; and a great number of people who were relatives or friends of felons in the jail. This last class included, not only the most desperate and utterly abandoned villains in London, but some who were comparatively innocent. There was more than one woman there, disguised in man's attire, and bent upon the rescue of a

child or brother. There were the two sons of a man who lay under sentence of death, and who was to be executed along with three others, on the next day but one. There was a great party of boys whose fellow pickpockets were in the prison; and at the skirts of all, a score of miserable women, outcasts from the world, seeking to release some other fallen creature as miserable as themselves, or moved by a general sympathy perhaps — God knows — with all who were without hope, and wretched.

Old swords, and pistols without ball or powder; sledge hammers, knives, axes, saws, and weapons pillaged from the butchers' shops; a forest of iron bars and wooden clubs; long ladders for scaling the walls, each carried on the shoulders of a dozen men; lighted torches; tow smeared with pitch, and tar, and brimstone; staves roughly plucked from fence and paling; and even crutches taken from crippled beggars in the streets; composed their arms. When all was ready, Hugh and Dennis, with Simon Tappertit between them, led the way. Roaring and chafing like an angry sea, the crowd pressed after them.

Instead of going straight down Holborn to the jail, as all expected, their leaders* took the way to Clerkenwell, and pouring down a quiet street, halted before a locksmith's house — the Golden Key.

"Beat at the door," cried Hugh to the men about him. "We want one of his craft to-night. Beat it in, if no one answers."

The shop was shut. Both door and shutters were of a strong and sturdy kind, and they knocked without effect. But the impatient crowd raising a cry of "Set

fire to the house!" and torches being passed to the front, an upper window was thrown open, and the stout old locksmith stood before them.

"What now, you villains?" he demanded. "Where is my daughter?"

"Ask no questions of us, old man," retorted Hugh, waving his comrades to be silent, "but come down, and bring the tools of your trade. We want you."

"Want me!" cried the locksmith, glancing at the regimental dress he wore: "Ay, and if some that I could name possessed the hearts of mice, ye should have had me long ago. Mark me, my lad — and you about him do the same. There are a score among ye whom I see now and know, who are dead men from this hour. Begone! and rob an undertaker's while you can! You'll want some coffins before long." . . .

"Don't be a fool, master," whispered Hugh, seizing Varden roughly by the shoulder; "but do as you're bid. You'll soon hear what you're wanted for. Do it!"

"I'll do nothing at your request, or that of any scoundrel here," returned the locksmith. "If you want any service from me, you may spare yourselves the pains of telling me what it is. I tell you, beforehand, I'll do nothing for you."

Mr. Dennis was so affected by this constancy on the part of the stanch old man, that he protested — almost with tears in his eyes — that to balk his inclinations would be an act of cruelty and hard dealing to which he, for one, never could reconcile his conscience. The gentleman, he said, had avowed in so many words that he was ready for working off; such being the case, he considered it their duty, as a civilized and enlightened

crowd, to work him off. It was not often, he observed, that they had it in their power to accommodate themselves to the wishes of those from whom they had the misfortune to differ. Having now found an individual who expressed a desire which they could reasonably indulge (and for himself he was free to confess that in his opinion that desire did honor to his feelings), he hoped they would decide to accede to his proposition before going any further. It was an experiment which, skilfully and dexterously performed, would be over in five minutes, with great comfort and satisfaction to all parties; and though it did not become him (Mr. Dennis) to speak well of himself, he trusted he might be allowed to say that he had practical knowledge of the subject, and, being naturally of an obliging and friendly disposition, would work the gentleman off with a deal of pleasure.

These remarks, which were addressed in the midst of a frightful din and turmoil to those immediately about him, were received with great favor; not so much, perhaps, because of the hangman's eloquence, as on account of the locksmith's obstinacy. Gabriel was in imminent peril, and he knew it; but he preserved a steady silence; and would have done so, if they had been debating whether they should roast him at a slow fire.

As the hangman spoke, there was some stir and confusion on the ladder; and directly he was silent — so immediately upon his holding his peace, that the crowd below had no time to learn what he had been saying, or to shout in response — some one at the window cried, —

"He has a gray head. He is an old man: don't hurt him!"

The locksmith turned, with a start, towards the place from which the words had come, and looked hurriedly at the people who were hanging on the ladder, and clinging to each other.

"Pay no respect to my gray hair, young man," he said, answering the voice and not any one he saw. "I don't ask it. My heart is green enough to scorn and despise every man among you, band of robbers that you are!"

This incautious speech by no means tended to appease the ferocity of the crowd. They cried again to have him brought out; and it would have gone hard with the honest locksmith, but that Hugh reminded them, in answer, that they wanted his services, and must have them.

"So, tell him what we want," he said to Simon Tappertit, "and quickly. And open your ears, master, if you would ever use them after to-night."

Gabriel folded his arms, which were now at liberty, and eyed his old 'prentice in silence.

"Lookye, Varden," said Sim, "we're bound for Newgate."

"I know you are," returned the locksmith. "You never said a truer word than that."

"To burn it down, I mean," said Simon, "and force the gates, and set the prisoners at liberty. You helped to make the lock of the great door."

"I did," said the locksmith. "You owe me no thanks for that — as you'll find before long."

"Maybe," returned his journeyman, "but you **must** show us how to force it."

“Must I!”

“Yes; for you know, and I don’t. You must come along with us, and pick it with your own hands.”

“When I do,” said the locksmith quietly, “my hands shall drop off at the wrists, and you shall wear them, Simon Tappertit, on your shoulders for epaulets.”

“We’ll see that,” cried Hugh, interposing, as the indignation of the crowd again burst forth. “You fill a basket with the tools he’ll want, while I bring him down-stairs. Open the doors below, some of you. And light the great captain, others! Is there no business afoot, my lads, that you can do nothing but stand and grumble?”

They looked at one another, and quickly dispersing, swarmed over the house, plundering and breaking, according to their custom, and carrying off such articles of value as happened to please their fancy. They had no great length of time for these proceedings, for the basket of tools was soon prepared and slung over a man’s shoulders. The preparations being now completed, and everything ready for the attack, those who were pillaging and destroying in the other rooms were called down to the workshop. . . .

They who were in the house poured out into the street; the locksmith was taken to the head of the crowd, and required to walk between his two conductors; the whole body was put in rapid motion; and without any shouting or noise they bore down straight on Newgate, and halted in a dense mass before the prison gate.

Breaking the silence they had hitherto preserved, they raised a great cry as soon as they were ranged

before the jail, and demanded to speak with the governor. Their visit was not wholly unexpected, for his house, which fronted the street, was strongly barricaded, the wicket-gate of the prison was closed up, and at no loophole or grating was any person to be seen. Before they had repeated their summons many times, a man appeared upon the roof of the governor's house, and asked what it was they wanted.

Some said one thing, some another, and some only groaned and hissed. It being now nearly dark, and the house high, many persons in the throng were not aware that any one had come to answer them, and continued their clamor until the intelligence was gradually diffused through the whole concourse. Ten minutes or more elapsed before any one voice could be heard with tolerable distinctness; during which interval the figure remained perched alone, against the summer evening sky, looking down into the troubled street.

"Are you," said Hugh at length, "Mr. Akerman, the head jailer here?"

"Of course he is, brother," whispered Dennis. But Hugh, without minding him, took his answer from the man himself.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

"You have got some friends of ours in your custody, master."

"I have a good many people in my custody." He glanced downward as he spoke, into the jail: and the feeling that he could see into the different yards, and that he overlooked everything which was hidden from their view by the rugged walls so lashed and goaded the mob, that they howled like wolves.

"Deliver up our friends," said Hugh, "and you may keep the rest."

"It's my duty to keep them all. I shall do my duty."

"If you don't throw the doors open, we shall break 'em down," said Hugh; "for we will have the rioters out."

"All I can do, good people," Akerman replied, "is to exhort you to disperse; and to remind you that the consequences of any disturbance in this place will be very severe, and bitterly repented by most of you, when it is too late."

He made as though he would retire when he had said these words, but he was checked by the voice of the locksmith.

"Mr. Akerman," cried Gabriel, "Mr. Akerman."

"I will hear no more from any of you," replied the governor, turning towards the speaker, and waving his hand.

"But I am not one of them," said Gabriel. "I am an honest man, Mr. Akerman; a respectable tradesman — Gabriel Varden the locksmith. You know me?"

"You among the crowd!" cried the governor in an altered voice.

"Brought here by force — brought here to pick the lock of the great door for them," rejoined the locksmith. "Bear witness for me, Mr. Akerman, that I refuse to do it; and that I will not do it, come what may of my refusal. If any violence is done to me, please to remember this."

"Is there no way of helping you?" said the governor.

"None, Mr. Akerman. You'll do your duty, and I'll do mine. Once again, you robbers and cut-throats," said the locksmith, turning round upon them, "I refuse. Ah! Howl till you're hoarse. I refuse."

"Stay — stay!" said the jailer, hastily. "Mr. Varden, I know you for a worthy man, and one who would do no unlawful act except upon compulsion" —

"Upon compulsion, sir," interposed the locksmith, who felt that the tone in which this was said, conveyed the speaker's impression that he had ample excuse for yielding to the furious multitude who beset and hemmed him in, on every side, and among whom he stood, an old man, quite alone; "upon compulsion, sir, I'll do nothing."

"Where is that man," said the keeper, anxiously, "who spoke to me just now?"

"Here!" Hugh replied.

"Do you know what the guilt of murder is, and that by keeping that honest tradesman at your side you endanger his life?"

"We know it very well," he answered, "for what else did we bring him here? Let's have our friends, master, and you shall have your friend. Is that fair, lads?"

The mob replied to him with a loud hurrah!

"You see how it is, sir," cried Varden. "Keep 'em out, in King George's name. Remember what I have said. Good-night!"

There was no more parley. A shower of stones and other missiles compelled the keeper of the jail to retire; and the mob, pressing on, and swarming round the walls, forced Gabriel Varden close up to the door.

In vain the basket of tools was laid upon the ground before him, and he was urged in turn by promises, by blows, by offers of reward, and threats of instant death, to do the office for which they had brought him there. "No," cried the sturdy locksmith, "I will not."

He had never loved his life so well as then, but nothing could move him. The savage faces that glared upon him, look where he would; the cries of those who thirsted, like wild animals, for his blood; the sight of men pressing forward, and trampling down their fellows, as they strove to reach him, and struck at him above the heads of other men, with axes and with iron bars; all failed to daunt him. He looked from man to man, and face to face, and still, with quickened breath and lessening color, cried firmly, "I will not!"

Dennis dealt him a blow upon the face which felled him to the ground. He sprang up again like a man in the prime of life, and with blood upon his forehead, caught him by the throat. . . .

They struggled together. Some cried "Kill him," and some (but they were not near enough) strove to trample him to death. Tug as he would at the old man's wrists, the hangman could not force him to unclinch his hands.

He was down again, and up, and down once more and buffeting with a score of them, who bandied him from hand to hand, when one tall fellow, fresh from a slaughter-house, whose dress and great thigh-boots smoked hot with grease and blood, raised a pole-axe, and swearing a horrible oath, aimed it at the old man's uncovered head. At that instant, and in the very act,

he fell himself, as if struck by lightning, and over his body a one-armed man came darting to the locksmith's side. Another man was with him, and both caught the locksmith roughly in their grasp.

"Leave him to us!" they cried to Hugh — struggling as they spoke, to force a passage backward through the crowd. "Leave him to us. Why do you waste your whole strength on such as he, when a couple of men can finish him in as many minutes! You lose time. Remember the prisoners! remember Barnaby!"

The cry ran through the mob. Hammers began to rattle on the walls; and every man strove to reach the prison, and be among the foremost rank. Fighting their way through the press and struggle, as desperately as if they were in the midst of enemies rather than their own friends, the two men retreated with the locksmith between them, and dragged him through the very heart of the concourse.

And now the strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate, and on the strong building; for those who could not reach the door, spent their fierce rage on anything — even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms to tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron, mingled with the deafening tumult and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammers rattled on the nailed and plated door: the sparks flew off in showers; men worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work; but

there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and, saving for the dints upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task ; and some, rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale, and some again engaged a body of police a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers : others besieged the house on which the jailer had appeared, and, driving in the door, brought out his furniture, and piled it up against the prison gate, to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device was understood, all those who had labored hitherto, cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap ; which reached half-way across the street, and was so high, that those who threw more fuel on the top, got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile, to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch, and tar, and rosin, they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine. To all the woodwork round the prison doors they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by, awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry, and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation

only in their looks; but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped and roared, like a great furnace—when it shone upon the opposite houses, and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the inmost corners of each habitation—when, through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin—when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St. Sepulchre's, so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jewelled—when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness—when wall and tower, and roof, and chimney-stack, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect—then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamor, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height.

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison, parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils as it were, from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although

the glass fell from the window-sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs blistered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and rendered giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile: still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it, men were going always. They never slackened in their zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard, that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that, although they knew the pain, and thirst, and pressure to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting fits, and were not crushed or burned, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand, and dashed with water from a pump; of which buckets full were passed from man to man among the crowd: but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the fighting to be first, that, for the most part, the whole contents were spilled upon the ground, without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the roar and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile, heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire about the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladders, and some of these, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these fire-brands on the roof, or down into the

yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful ; which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horrors of the scene ; for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that they were in danger of being burned alive. This terrible fear, spreading from cell to cell, and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailings, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise ; which was loudly heard even above the shouting of the mob and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair, that it made the boldest tremble.

It was remarkable that these cries began in that quarter of the jail which fronted Newgate Street, where it was well known the men who were to suffer death on Thursday were confined. And not only were these four who had so short a time to live, the first to whom the dread of being burned occurred, but they were, throughout, the most importunate of all : for they could be plainly heard, notwithstanding the great thickness of the walls, crying that the wind set that way, and that the flames would shortly reach them ; and calling to the officers of the jail to come and quench the fire from a cistern which was in their yard, and full of water. Judging from what the crowd without the walls could hear from time to time, these four doomed wretches never ceased to call for help ; and that with as much distraction, and in as great a frenzy of attachment to existence, as though each had an honored, happy life before him, instead of eight and

forty hours of miserable imprisonment, and then a violent and shameful death.

But the anguish and suffering of the two sons of one of these men, when they heard, or fancied that they heard, their father's voice, is past description. After wringing their hands and rushing to and fro, as if they were stark mad, one mounted on the shoulders of his brother, and tried to clamber up the face of the high wall, guarded at the top with spikes and points of iron. And when he fell among the crowd, he was not deterred by his bruises, but mounted up again, and fell again, and, when he found the feat impossible, began to beat the stones and tear them with his hands, as if he could that way make a breach in the strong building, and force a passage in. At last, they cleft their way among the mob about the door, though many men, a dozen times their match, had tried in vain to do so, and were seen, in — yes, in — the fire, striving to prize it down, with crowbars.

Nor were they alone affected by the outcry from within the prison. The women who were looking on, shrieked loudly, beat their hands together, stopped their ears; and many fainted: the men who were not near the walls and active in the siege, rather than do nothing, tore up the pavement of the street, and did so with a haste and fury they could not have surpassed if that had been the jail, and they were near their object. Not one living creature in the throng was for an instant still. The whole great mass were mad.

A shout! Another! Another yet, though few knew why, or what it meant. But those around the gate had seen it slowly yield, and drop from its topmost

hinge. It hung on that side by but one, but it was upright still, because of the bar, and its having sunk, of its own weight, into the heap of ashes at its foot. There was now a gap at the top of the doorway, through which could be descried a gloomy passage, cavernous and dark. Pile up the fire!

It burned fiercely. The door was red-hot, and the gap wider. They vainly tried to shield their faces with their hands, and standing as if in readiness for a spring, watched the place. Dark figures, some crawling on their hands and knees, some carried in the arms of others, were seen to pass along the roof. It was plain the jail could hold out no longer. The keeper, and his officers, and their wives and children, were escaping. Pile up the fire!

The door sank down again:—it settled deeper in the cinders — tottered — yielded — was down!

As they shouted again, they fell back, for a moment, and left a clear space about the fire that lay between them and the jail entry. Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap, and scattering a train of sparks into the air, and making the dark lobby glitter with those that hung upon his dress, dashed into the jail.

The hangman followed. And then so many rushed upon their track, that the fire got trodden down and thinly strewn about the street; but there was no need of it now, for, inside and out the prison was in flames.

During the whole course of the terrible scene which was now at its height, one man in the jail suffered a degree of fear and mental torment which had no parallel in the endurance even of those who lay under sentence of death.

When the rioters first assembled before the building, the murderer was roused from sleep — if such slumbers as his may have that blessed name — by the roar of voices, and the struggling of a great crowd. He started up as the sounds met his ear, and sitting on his bedstead, listened.

After a short interval of silence the noise burst out again. Still listening attentively, he made out, in course of time, that the jail was besieged by a furious multitude. His guilty conscience instantly arrayed these men against himself, and brought the fear upon him that he would be singled out, and torn to pieces.

Once impressed with the terror of this conceit, everything tended to confirm and strengthen it. His double crime, the circumstances under which it had been committed, the length of time that had elapsed, and its discovery in spite of all, made him, as it were, the visible object of the Almighty's wrath. In all the crime and vice and moral gloom of the great pest-house of the capital, he stood alone, marked and singled out by his great guilt, a Lucifer among the devils. The other prisoners were a host, hiding and sheltering each other — a crowd like that without the walls. He was one man against the whole united concourse; a single, solitary, lonely man, from whom the very captives in the jail fell off and shrunk appalled.

It might be that the intelligence of his capture having been bruited abroad, they had come there purposely to drag him out and kill him in the street; or it might be that they were the rioters, and, in pursuance of an old design, had come to sack the prison. But in either case he had no belief or hope that they would

spare him. Every shout they raised, and every sound they made, was a blow upon his heart. As the attack went on, he grew more wild and frantic in his terror; tried to pull away the bars that guarded the chimney and prevented him from climbing up: called loudly on the turnkeys to cluster round the cell and save him from the fury of the rabble; or put him in some dungeon underground, no matter what depth, how dark it was, or loathsome, or beset with rats and creeping things, so that it hid him and was hard to find.

But no one came, or answered him. Fearful, even while he cried to them, of attracting attention, he was silent. By and by, he saw, as he looked from his grated window, a strange glimmering on the stone walls and pavement of the yard. It was feeble at first, and came and went, as though some officers with torches were passing to and fro upon the roof of the prison. Soon it reddened, and lighted brands came whirling down, spattering the ground with fire, and burning sullenly in corners. One rolled beneath a wooden bench, and set it in a blaze; another caught a water-spout, and so went climbing up the wall, leaving a long straight track of fire behind it. After a time, a slow thick shower of burning fragments, from some upper portion of the prison which was blazing nigh, began to fall before his door. Remembering that it opened outwards, he knew that every spark which fell upon the heap, and in the act lost its bright life, and died an ugly speck of dust and rubbish, helped to entomb him in a living grave. Still, though the jail resounded with shrieks and cries for help, — though the fire bounded up as if each separate flame had had

a tiger's life, and roared as though, in every one, there were a hungry voice — though the heat began to grow intense, and the air suffocating, and the clamor without increased, and the danger of his situation even from one merciless element was every moment more extreme, — still he was afraid to raise his voice again, lest the crowd should break in, and should, of their own ears or from the information given them by the other prisoners, get the clew to his place of confinement. Thus fearful alike, of those within the prison and of those without; of noise and silence; light and darkness; of being released, and being left there to die; he was so tortured and tormented, that nothing man has ever done to man in the horrible caprice of power and cruelty, exceeds his self-inflicted punishment.

Now, now, the door was down. Now they came rushing through the jail, calling to each other in the vaulted passages; clashing the iron gates dividing yard from yard; beating at the doors of cells and wards; wrenching off bolts and locks and bars; tearing down the doorposts to get men out; endeavoring to drag them by main force through gaps and windows where a child could scarcely pass; whooping and yelling without a moment's rest; and running through the heat and flames as if they were cased in metal. By their legs, their arms, the hair upon their heads, they dragged the prisoners out. Some threw themselves upon the captives as they got towards the door, and tried to file away their irons; some danced about them with a frenzied joy, and rent their clothes, and were ready, as it seemed, to tear them limb from limb. Now a party of a dozen men came darting through the yard

into which the murderer cast fearful glances from his darkened window ; dragging a prisoner along the ground whose dress they had nearly torn from his body in their mad eagerness to set him free, and who was bleeding and senseless in their hands. Now a score of prisoners ran to and fro, who had lost themselves in the intricacies of the prison, and were so bewildered with the noise and glare that they knew not where to turn or what to do, and still cried out for help, as loudly as before. Anon some famished wretch whose theft had been a loaf of bread, or scrap of butcher's meat, came skulking past, barefooted — going slowly away because that jail, his house, was burning ; not because he had any other, or had friends to meet, or old haunts to revisit, or any liberty to gain, but liberty to starve and die. And then a knot of highwaymen went trooping by, conducted by the friends they had among the crowd, who muffled their fetters as they went along, with handkerchiefs and bands of hay, and wrapped them in coats and cloaks, and gave them drink from bottles, and held it to their lips, because of their handcuffs which there was no time to remove. All this, and Heaven knows how much more, was done amidst a noise, a hurry, and distraction, like nothing that we know of, even in our dreams ; which seemed forever on the rise, and never to decrease for the space of a single instant.

He was still looking down from his window upon these things, when a band of men with torches, ladders, axes, and many kinds of weapons, poured into the yard, and hammering at his door, inquired if there were any prisoners within. He left the window when he saw

them coming, and drew back into the remotest corner of the cell; but although he returned them no answer, they had a fancy that some one was inside, for they presently set ladders against it, and began to tear away the bars at the casement; not only that, indeed, but with pickaxes to hew down the very stones in the wall.

As soon as they had made a breach at the window, large enough for the admission of a man's head, one of them thrust in a torch and looked all round the room. He followed this man's gaze until it rested on himself, and heard him demand why he had not answered, but made him no reply.

In the general surprise and wonder, they were used to this; without saying anything more, they enlarged the breach until it was large enough to admit the body of a man, and then came dropping down upon the floor, one after another, until the cell was full. They caught him up among them, handed him to the window, and those who stood upon the ladders passed him down upon the pavement of the yard. Then the rest came out, one after another, and, bidding him fly, and lose no time, or the way would be choked up, hurried away to rescue others.

It seemed not a minute's work from first to last. He staggered to his feet, incredulous of what had happened, when the yard was filled again, and a crowd rushed on, hurrying Barnaby among them. In another minute — not so much: another minute! the same instant, with no lapse or interval between! — he and his son were being passed from hand to hand, through the dense crowd in the street, and were glancing back-

ward at a burning pile which some one said was Newgate.

From the moment of their first entrance into the prison, the crowd dispersed themselves about it, and swarmed into every chink and crevice, as if they had a perfect acquaintance with its innermost parts, and bore in their minds an exact plan of the whole. For this immediate knowledge of the place, they were, no doubt in a great degree, indebted to the hangman, who stood in the lobby, directing some to go this way, some that, and some the other; and who materially assisted in bringing about the wonderful rapidity with which the release of the prisoners was effected.

But this functionary of the law reserved one important piece of intelligence, and kept it snugly to himself. When he had issued his instructions relative to every other part of the building, and the mob were dispersed from end to end, and busy at their work, he took a bundle of keys from a kind of cupboard in the wall, and going by a private passage near the chapel (it joined the governor's house, and was then on fire), betook himself to the condemned cells, which were a series of small, strong, dismal rooms, opening on a low gallery, guarded, at the end at which he entered, by a strong iron wicket, and at its opposite extremity by two doors and a thick grate. Having double locked the wicket, and assured himself that the other entrances were well secured, he sat down on a bench in the gallery, and sucked the head of his stick, with an air of the utmost complacency, tranquillity, and contentment. . . .

"Holloa!" cried Hugh, who was the first to look

into the dusky passage; "Dennis before us! Well done, old boy. Be quick, and open here, for we shall be suffocated in the smoke, going out."

"Go out at once, then," said Dennis. "What do you want here?"

"Want!" echoed Hugh. "The four men."

"Four devils!" cried the hangman. "Don't you know they're left for death on Thursday? Don't you respect the law—the constitution—nothing? Let the four men be."

"Is this a time for joking?" cried Hugh. "Do you hear 'em? Pull away these bars that have got fixed between the door and the ground; and let us in."

"Brother," said the hangman in a low voice, as he stooped under pretence of doing what Hugh desired, but only looked up in his face, "can't you leave these here four men to me, if I've the whim? You do what you like, and have what you like of everything for your share—give me my share. I want these four men left alone, I tell you!"

"Pull the bars down, or stand out of the way," was Hugh's reply.

"You can turn the crowd if you like, you know that well enough, brother," said the hangman, slowly. "What! You *will* come in, will you?"

"Yes."

"You won't let these men alone, and leave 'em to me? You've no respect for nothing—haven't you?" said the hangman retreating to the door by which he had entered, and regarding his companion with an ugly scowl. "You *will* come in, will you, brother?"

"I tell you, yes. What the devil ails you? Where are you going?"

“No matter where I’m going,” rejoined the hangman, looking in again at the iron wicket, which he had nearly shut upon himself, and held ajar. “Remember where you’re coming. That’s all!”

With that, he shook his likeness at Hugh, and giving him a grin, compared with which his usual smile was amiable, disappeared and shut the door.

Hugh paused no longer, but goaded alike by the cries of the convicts, and by the impatience of the crowd, warned the man immediately behind him—the way was only wide enough for one abreast—to stand back, and wielded a sledge hammer with such strength, that after a few blows the iron bent and broke, and gave them free admittance.

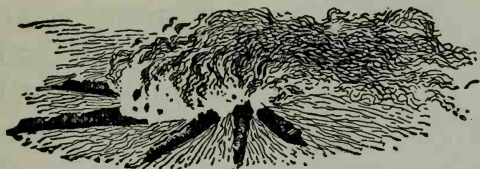
If the two sons of one of these men, of whom mention has been made, were furious in their zeal before, they had now the wrath and vigor of lions. Calling to the man within each cell to keep as far back as he could, lest the axes crashing through the door should wound him, a party went to work upon each one, to beat it in by sheer strength, and force the bolts and staples from their hold. But although these two lads had the weakest party, and the worst armed, and did not begin until after the others, having stopped to whisper to him through the grate, that door was the first open, and that man the first out. As they dragged him into the gallery to knock off his irons, he fell down among them, a mere heap of chains, and was carried out in that state on men’s shoulders with no sign of life.

The release of these four wretched creatures, and conveying them, astounded and bewildered, into the street so full of life—a spectacle they had never

thought to see again, until they emerged from the solitude and silence upon that last journey, when the air should be heavy with the pent-up breath of thousands, and the streets and houses should be built and roofed with human faces, not with bricks and tiles and stones — was the crowning horror of the scene. Their pale and haggard looks, and hollow eyes; their staggering feet, and hands stretched out as if to save themselves from falling; their wandering and uncertain air; the way they heaved and gasped for breath, as though in water, when they were first plunged into the crowd; all marked them for the men. No need to say “This one was doomed to die;” there were the words broadly stamped and branded on his face. The crowd fell off, as if they had been laid out for burial, and had risen in their shrouds; and many were seen to shudder, as though they had been actually dead men, when they chanced to touch or brush against their garments.

At the bidding of the mob, the houses were all illuminated that night — lighted up from top to bottom as at a time of public gayety and joy. Many years afterwards, old people who lived in their youth near this part of the city, remembered being in a great glare of light, within doors and without, and as they looked, timid and frightened children, from the windows, seeing *a face* go by. Though the whole great crowd and all its other terrors had faded from their recollection, this one object remained; alone, distinct, and well-remembered. Even in the unpractised minds of infants, one of these doomed men, darting past, and but an instant seen, was an image of force enough to dim the whole concourse to find itself an all-absorbing place, and hold it ever after.

When this last task had been achieved, the shouts and cries grew fainter ; the clank of fetters, which had resounded on all sides as the prisoners escaped, was heard no more ; all the noises of the crowd subsided into a hoarse and sullen murmur as it passed into the distance ; and when the human tide had rolled away, a melancholy heap of smoking ruins marked the spot where it had lately chafed and roared.



GENERAL WASHINGTON

(FROM THE VIRGINIANS.)

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



HAL never tired in speaking of his General; and it was on some such evening of friendly converse, that he told us how he had actually been in disgrace with this General whom he loved so fondly. Their difference seems to have been about Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette before mentioned, who played such a fine part in history of late, and who hath so suddenly disappeared out of it. His previous rank in our own service, and his acknowledged gallantry during the war, ought to have secured Colonel Warrington's promotion in the Continental Army, where a whipper-snapper like M. de Lafayette had but to arrive and straightway to be complimented by Congress with the rank of Major-General. Hal, with the freedom of an old soldier, had expressed himself somewhat contemptuously regarding some of the appointments made by Congress, with whom all sorts of miserable intrigues and cabals were set to work by unscrupulous officers greedy of promotion. Mr.

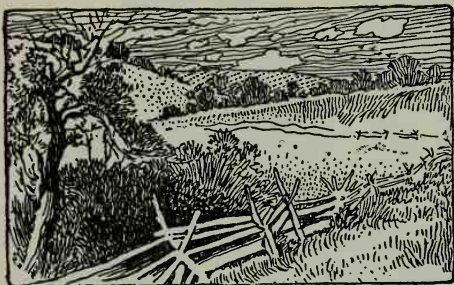
Warrington, imitating perhaps in this the example of his now illustrious friend of Mount Vernon, affected to make the war *en gentilhomme*; took his pay, to be sure, but spent it upon comforts and clothing for his men, and as for rank, declared it was a matter of no earthly concern to him, and that he would as soon serve as colonel as in any higher grade. No doubt he added contemptuous remarks regarding certain General Officers of Congress Army, their origin, and the causes of their advancement; notably he was very angry about the sudden promotion of the young French lad just named — the Marquis, as they loved to call him — in the Republican army, and who, by the way, was a prodigious favorite of the Chief himself. There were not three officers in the whole Continental force (after poor madcap Lee was taken prisoner and disgraced), who could speak the Marquis's language, so that Hal could judge the young Major-General more closely and familiarly than other gentlemen, including the Commander-in-Chief himself. Mr. Washington good-naturedly rated his friend Hal for being jealous of the beardless commander of Auvergne: was himself not a little pleased by the filial regard and profound veneration which the enthusiastic young nobleman always showed



WASHINGTON AS COLONEL IN
VIRGINIA.

for him ; and had, moreover, the very best politic reasons for treating the Marquis with friendship and favor.

Meanwhile, as it afterwards turned out, the Commander-in-Chief was most urgently pressing Colonel Warrington's promotion upon Congress ; and, as if his difficulties before the enemy were not enough, he being at this hard time of winter entrenched at Valley Forge, commanding five or six thousand men at the most, almost without fire, blankets, food or ammunition, in



CAMP GROUND AT VALLEY FORGE.

the face of Sir William Howe's army, which was perfectly appointed, and three times as numerous as his own ; as if, I say, this difficulty was not enough to try him, he had further to

encounter the cowardly distrust of Congress, and insubordination and conspiracy amongst the officers in his own camp. During the awful winter of '77, when one blow struck by the sluggard at the head of the British forces might have ended the cruel war, and all was doubt, confusion, despair in the opposite camp (save in one indomitable breast alone), my brother had an interview with the Chief, which he has subsequently described to me, and of which Hal could never speak without giving way to deep emotion. Mr. Washington had won no such triumph as that which the dare-devil courage of Arnold and the elegant imbecility of Burgoyne had procured for Gates and the

Northern Army. Save in one or two minor encounters, which proved how daring his bravery was, and how unceasing his watchfulness, General Washington had met with defeat after defeat from an enemy in all points his superior. The Congress mistrusted him. Many an officer in his own camp hated him. Those who had been disappointed in ambition, those who had been detected in peculation, those whose selfishness or incapacity his honest eyes had spied out, — were all more or less in league against him. Gates was the chief towards whom the malcontents turned. Mr. Gates was the only genius fit to conduct the war; and with a vaingloriousness, which he afterwards generously owned, he did not refuse the homage which was paid him.

To show how dreadful were the troubles and anxieties with which General Washington had to contend, I may mention what at this time was called the “Conway Cabal.” A certain Irishman — a Chevalier of St. Louis, and an officer in the French service — arrived in America in the year ’77 in quest of military employment. He was speedily appointed to the rank of brigadier, and could not be contented, forsooth, without an immediate promotion to be Major-General.

Mr. C. had friends in Congress, who, as the General-in-Chief was informed, had promised him his speedy promotion. General Washington remonstrated, representing the injustice of promoting to the highest rank the youngest brigadier in the service; and whilst the matter was pending, was put in possession of a letter from Conway to General Gates, whom he complimented, saying, that “Heaven had been determined to **save**

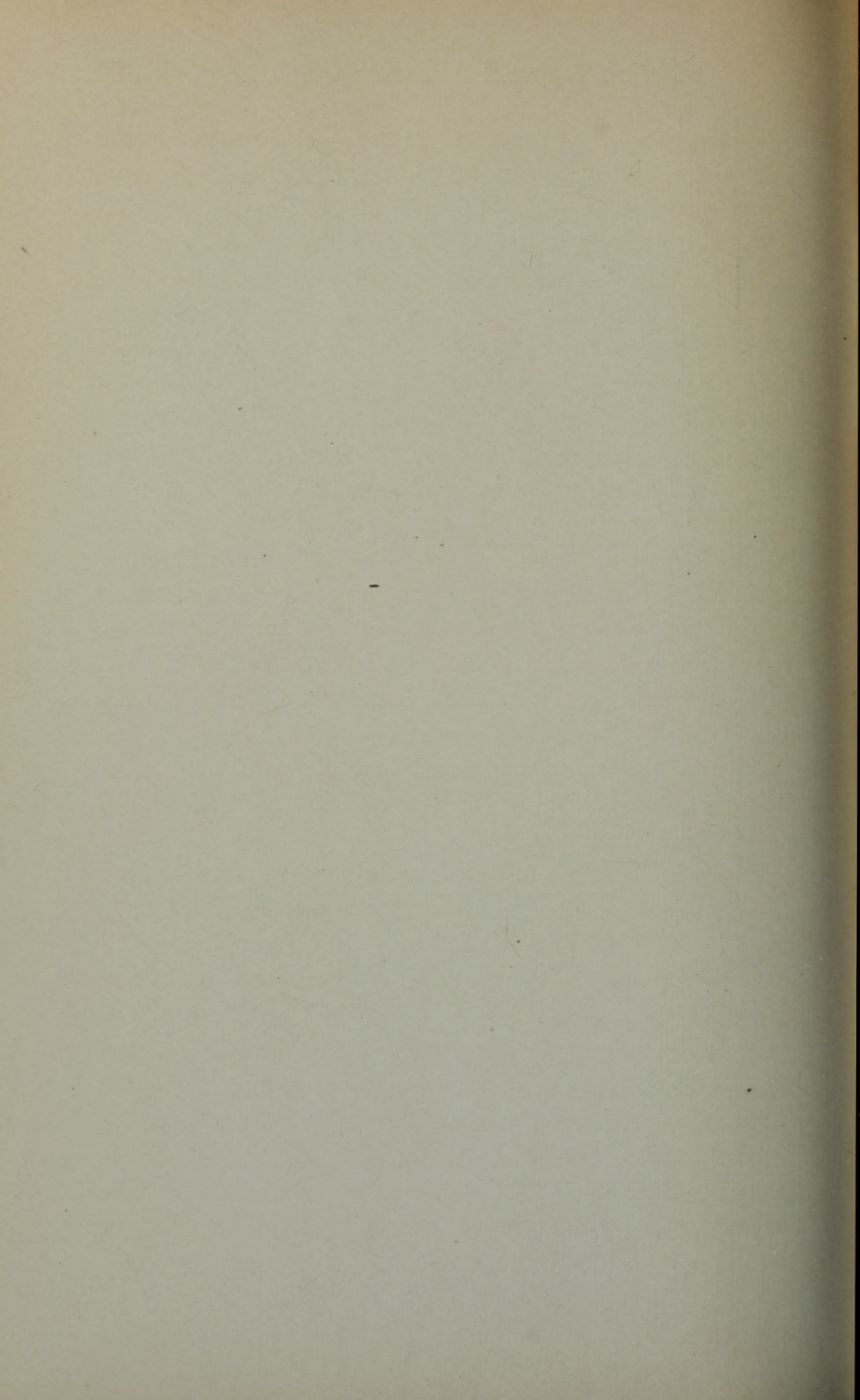
America, or a weak general and bad councillors would have ruined it." The General enclosed the note to Mr. Conway, without a word of comment; and Conway offered his resignation, which was refused by Congress, who appointed him Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Major-General.

"And it was at this time," says Harry (with many passionate exclamations indicating his rage with himself and his admiration of his leader), "when, by heavens, the glorious Chief was oppressed by troubles enough to drive ten thousand men mad — that I must interfere with my jealousies about the Frenchman! I had not said much, only some nonsense to Greene and Cadwalader about getting some frogs against the Frenchman came to dine with us, and having a bagful of Marquises over from Paris, as we were not able to command ourselves; — but I should have known the Chief's troubles, and that he had a better head than mine, and might have had the grace to hold my tongue.

"For a while the General said nothing, but I could remark by the coldness of his demeanor, that something had occurred to create a schism between him and me. Mrs. Washington, who had come to camp, also saw that something was wrong. Women have artful ways of soothing men and finding their secrets out. I am not sure that I should ever have tried to learn the cause of the General's displeasure, for I am as proud as he is, and besides" (says Hal) "when the Chief is angry, it was not pleasant coming near him, I can promise you." My brother was indeed subjugated by his old friend, and obeyed him and bowed before him as a boy before a schoolmaster.



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.



“At last,” Hal resumed, “Mrs. Washington found out the mystery. ‘Speak to me after dinner, Colonel Hal,’ says she. ‘Come out to the parade-ground, before the dining-house, and I will tell you all.’ I left a half-score of general officers and brigadiers drinking round the General’s table, and found Mrs. Washington waiting for me. She then told me it was the speech I had made about the box of Marquises, with which the General was offended. ‘I should not have heeded it in another,’ he had said, ‘but I never thought Harry Warrington would have joined against me.’

“I had to wait on him for the word that night, and found him alone at his table. ‘Can your Excellency give me five minutes’ time?’ I said, with my heart in my mouth. ‘Yes, surely, sir,’ says he, pointing to the other chair. ‘Will you please to be seated?’

“‘It used not always to be Sir and Colonel Warrington, between me and your Excellency,’ I said.

“He said calmly, ‘The times are altered.’

“‘Et nos mutamur in illis,’ says I. ‘Times and people are both changed.’

“‘You had some business with me?’ he asked.

“‘Am I speaking to the Commander-in-Chief or to my old friend?’ I asked.

“He looked at me gravely. ‘Well, — to both, sir,’ he said. ‘Pray sit, Harry.’

“‘If to General Washington, I tell his Excellency that I, and many officers of this army, are not well pleased to see a boy of twenty made a Major-General over us, because he is a Marquis, and because he can’t speak the English language. If I speak to my old friend, I have to say that he has shown me very little of trust or

friendship for the last few weeks; and that I have no desire to sit at your table, and have impertinent remarks made by others there, of the way in which his Excellency turns his back on me.'

"'Which charge shall I take first, Harry?' he asked, turning his chair away from the table, and crossing his legs as if ready for a talk. 'You are jealous, as I gather, about the Marquis?'

"'Jealous! sir,' says I. 'An aide-de-camp of Mr. Wolfe is not jealous of a Jack-a-dandy who, five years ago, was being whipped at school!'

"'You yourself declined higher rank than that which you hold,' says the Chief, turning a little red.

"'But I never bargained to have a macaroni Marquis to command me!' I cried. 'I will not, for one, carry the young gentleman's orders; and since Congress and your Excellency choose to take your generals out of the nursery, I shall humbly ask leave to resign, and retire to my plantation.'

"'Do, Harry; that is true friendship!' says the Chief, with a gentleness that surprised me. 'Now that your old friend is in a difficulty, 'tis surely the best time to leave him.'

"'Sir!' says I.

"'Do as so many of the rest are doing, Mr. Warrington. *Et tu, Brute*, as the play says. Well, well, Harry! I did not think it of you; but, at least, you are in the fashion.'

"'You asked which charge you should take first?' I said.

"'Oh, the promotion of the Marquis? I recommended the appointment to Congress, no doubt; and you and other gentlemen disapprove it.'

“‘I have spoken for myself, sir,’ says I.

“‘If you take me in that tone, Colonel Warrington, I have nothing to answer!’ says the Chief, rising up very fiercely; ‘and presume that I can recommend officers for promotion without asking your previous sanction.’

“‘Being on that tone, sir,’ says I, ‘let me respectfully offer my resignation to your Excellency, founding my desire to resign upon the fact, that Congress, at your Excellency’s recommendation, offers its highest commands to boys of twenty, who are scarcely even acquainted with our language.’ And I rise up and make his Excellency a bow.

“‘Great heavens, Harry!’ he cries — (about this Marquis’s appointment he was beaten, that was the fact, and he could not reply to me) — ‘can’t you believe that in this critical time of our affairs, there are reasons why special favors should be shown to the first Frenchman of distinction who comes amongst us?’

“‘No doubt, sir. If your Excellency acknowledges that Monsieur de Lafayette’s merits have nothing to do with the question.’

“‘I acknowledge or deny nothing, sir!’ says the General, with a stamp of his foot, and looking as though he could be terribly angry if he would. ‘Am I here to be catechised by you? Stay. Hark, Harry! I speak to you as a man of the world — nay, as an old friend. This appointment humiliates you and others, you say? Be it so! Must we not bear humiliation along with the other burthens and griefs for the sake of our country? It is no more just perhaps that the Marquis should be set over you gentlemen, than that

your Prince Ferdinand or your Prince of Wales at home should have a command over veterans. But if in appointing this young nobleman we please a whole nation, and bring ourselves twenty millions of allies, will you and other gentlemen sulk because we do him honor? 'Tis easy to sneer at him (though, believe me, the Marquis has many more merits than you allow him); to my mind it were more generous as well as more polite of Harry Warrington to welcome this stranger for the sake of the prodigious benefit our country may draw from him — not to laugh at his peculiarities, but to aid him and help his ignorance by your experience as an old soldier: that is what I would do — that is the part I expected of thee — for it is the generous and the manly one, Harry: but you choose to join my enemies, and when I am in trouble you say you will leave me. That is why I have been hurt: that is why I have been cold. I thought I might count on your friendship — and — and you can tell whether I was right or no. I relied on you as on a brother, and you come and tell me you will resign. Be it so! Being embarked in this contest, by God's will I will see it to an end. You are not the first, Mr. Warrington, has left me on the way.'

"He spoke with so much tenderness, and as he spoke his face wore such a look of unhappiness, that an extreme remorse and pity seized me, and I called out I know not what incoherent expressions regarding old times, and vowed that if he would say the word, I never would leave him." — "You never loved him, George," says my brother, turning to me, "but I did beyond all mortal men; and, though I am not clever

like you, I think my instinct was in the right. He has a greatness not approached by other men" —

"I don't say no, brother," said I, "now."

"Greatness, pooh!" says the parson, growling over his wine.

"We walked into Mrs. Washington's tea-room arm-in-arm," Hal resumed; "she looked up quite kind, and saw we were friends. 'Is it all over, Colonel Harry?' she whispered. 'I know he has applied ever so often about your promotion' —

"'I never will take it,' says I." — "And that is how I came to *do penance*," says Harry, telling me the story, "with Lafayette the next winter." (Hal could imitate the Frenchman very well.) "'I will go *weez heem*,' says I. 'I know the way to Quebec, and when we are not in action with Sir Guy, I can hear his Excellency the Major-General say his lesson.' There was no fight, you know: we could get no army to act in Canada, and returned to headquarters; and what do you think disturbed the Frenchman most? The idea that people would laugh at him, because his command had come to nothing. And so they did laugh at him, and almost to his face too, and who could help it? If our Chief had any weak point it was this Marquis.

"After our little difference we became as great friends as before — if a man may be said to be friends with a Sovereign Prince, for as such I somehow could not help regarding the General: and one night, when we had sat the company out, we talked of old times, and the jolly days of sport we had together both before and after Braddock's; and that pretty duel you were near having when we were boys. He laughed about

it, and said he never saw a man look more wicked and more bent on killing than you did. 'And to do Sir George justice, I think he has hated me ever since,' says the Chief. 'Ah!' he added, 'an open enemy I can face readily enough. 'Tis the secret foe who causes the doubt and anguish! We have sat with more than one at my table to-day to whom I am obliged to show a face of civility, whose hands I must take when they are offered, though I know they are stabbing my reputation, and are eager to pull me down from my place. You spoke but lately of being humiliated because a junior was set over you in command. What humiliation is yours compared to mine, who have to play the farce of welcome to these traitors; who have to bear the neglect of Congress, and see men who have insulted me promoted in my own army. If I consulted my own feelings as a man, would I continue in this command? You know whether my temper is naturally warm or not, and whether as a private gentleman I should be likely to suffer such slights and outrages as are put upon me daily; but in the advancement of the sacred cause in which we are engaged, we have to endure not only hardship and danger, but calumny and wrong, and may God give us strength to do our duty!' And then the General showed me the papers regarding the affair of that fellow Conway, whom Congress promoted in spite of the intrigue, and down whose black throat John Cadwalader sent the best ball he ever fired in his life.

"And it was here," said Hal, concluding his story, "as I looked at the Chief talking at night in the

silence of the camp, and remembered how lonely he was, what an awful responsibility he carried; how spies and traitors were eating out of his dish, and an enemy lay in front of him who might at any time overpower him, that I thought, 'Sure, this is the greatest man now in the world; and what a wretch I am to think of my jealousies and annoyances, whilst he is walking serenely under his immense cares!'"

"We talked but now of Wolfe," said I. "Here, indeed, is a greater than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigues spotless; and to forego even ambition when the end is gained — who can say this is not greatness, or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?"

"I wonder, Sir George, you did not take Mr. Washington's side, and wear the blue and buff yourself," grumbles Parson Blake.

"You and I thought scarlet most becoming to our complexion, Joe Blake!" says Sir George. "And my wife thinks there would not have been room for two such great men on one side."

"Well, at any rate, you were better than that odious, swearing, crazy General Lee, who was second in command!" cries Lady Warrington. "And I am certain Mr. Washington never could write poetry and tragedies as you can! What did the General say about George's tragedies, Harry?"

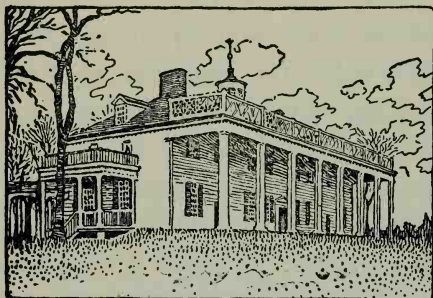
Harry burst into a roar of laughter (in which, of course, Mr. Miles must join his uncle).

"Well!" says he, "it's a fact, that Hagen read one

at my house to the General and Mrs. Washington and several more, and they all fell sound asleep!"

"He never liked my husband, that is the truth!" says Theo, tossing up her head, "and 'tis all the more magnanimous of Sir George to speak so well of him."

And then Hal told how, his battles over, his country freed, his great work of liberation complete, the General laid down his victorious sword, and met his comrades of the army in a last adieu. The last British soldier had quitted the shore of the Republic, and the Commander-in-Chief proposed to leave New York for



MOUNT VERNON.

Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and there resign his commission. About noon on the 4th of December, a barge was in waiting at Whitehall Ferry to convey him across the Hudson. The

chiefs of the army assembled at a tavern near the ferry, and there the General joined them. Seldom as he showed his emotion outwardly, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine, and said, "I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude, and wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as those past have been glorious and honorable." Then he drank to them.

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave," he said, "but shall be obliged if you will each come and shake me by the hand."

General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the Chief, with tears in his eyes, embraced him. The others came, one by one, to him, and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the tavern to the ferry, and the General, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat, and waving a farewell. And his comrades remained bare-headed on the shore till their leader's boat was out of view. . . .



THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE

(FROM A TALE OF TWO CITIES.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



S AINT ANTOINE had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could

lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.



As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

EVERY WEAPON THAT DISTRACTED INGENUITY
COULD DISCOVER OR DEVISE.



DEFARGE.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"



THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils — which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking, wagonloads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

“The Prisoners!”

“The Records!”

“The secret cells!”

“The instruments of torture!”

“The Prisoners!”

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherences, “The Prisoners!” was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men — a man with a gray head, who had a lighted torch in his hand — separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

“Show me the North Tower!” said Defarge.
“Quick!”

“I will faithfully,” replied the man, “if you will come with me. But there is no one there.”

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse and it had been as much as they could do to hear one



"SHOW ME THE NORTH TOWER!"
SAID DEFARGE.

another, even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases, All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages,

down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

“One hundred and five, North Tower!”

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There was a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

“Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them,” said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

“Stop! — Look here, Jacques!”

“A. M.!” croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

“Alexandre Manette,” said Defarge in his ear, follow-

ing the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the courtyard; seeming to recover their sense of hearing as

they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hôtel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his gray coat and red decoration, there was but one quiet steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was hewn down—down on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville where the governor's body lay—

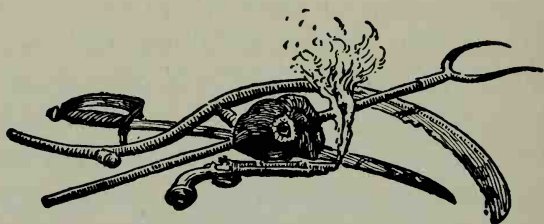
down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high overhead: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of

prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts,—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.



WATERLOO

VANITY FAIR

THACKERAY brings together at Brussels in Belgium on the eve of one of the greatest battles which the world has known the chief characters of his novel, "Vanity Fair." He describes the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the night of July 15, the festivities of which were interrupted by the booming of cannon. Captain George Osborne, a handsome, reckless, selfish young fellow and his pretty little wife, Amelia, had been married but a few weeks when George's regiment was ordered from England to the continent, to fight the hitherto invincible Napoleon. Already his first affection for his wife had begun to cool, and he was soon paying marked attentions to Rebecca, the brilliant but heartless wife of Rawdon Crawley, an officer noted chiefly for his skill in gambling. The enormously stout Jos Sedley, Amelia's brother, had also come to Brussels with the army which he admired, although he was a mere civilian, and in the face of war an arrant coward. When news of the first day's defeat was received in the city his one thought was to flee from the wrath of the dreaded Napoleon; and to this end he paid the shrewd Mrs. Crawley an outrageous price for her pair of horses. But greater events were to happen. Three days later the decisive battle was fought at Waterloo, ten miles south of Brussels, when Napoleon and his French army were utterly routed. Thackeray describes this engagement in one of the most famous chapters of English literature.

WATERLOO

(FROM VANITY FAIR.)

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



THERE never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I

have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

Jos and Mrs. O'Dowd, who were panting to be asked, strove in vain to procure tickets; but others of our friends were more lucky. For instance, through

the interest of my Lord Bareacres, and as a set-off for the dinner at the restaurateur's, George got a card for captain and Mrs. Osborne; which circumstance greatly elated him. Dobbin, who was a friend of the general commanding the division in which their regiment was, came laughing one day to Mrs. Osborne and displayed a similar invitation, which made Jos envious, and George wonder how the deuce *he* should be getting into society. Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon, finally, were of course invited as became the friends of a general commanding a cavalry brigade.

On the appointed night, George, having commanded new dresses and ornaments of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball, where his wife did not know a single soul. After looking about for Lady Bareacres, who cut him, thinking the card was quite enough — and after placing Amelia on a bench, he left her to her own cogitations there, thinking on his own part that he had behaved very handsomely in getting her new clothes and bringing her to the ball, where she was free to amuse herself as she liked. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, and nobody except honest Dobbin came to disturb them.

While her appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of a rage), Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant; her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, and the eye-glasses directed to her, Rebecca seemed to be as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. Numbers of the men she knew already, and the dandies

thronged round her. As for the ladies, it was whispered among them that Rawdon had run away with her from out of a convent, and that she was a relation of the Montmorency family. She spoke French so perfectly that there might be some truth in this report, and it was agreed that her manners were fine, and her air *distingué*. Fifty would-be partners thronged round her at once, and pressed to have the honor to dance with her. But she said she was engaged, and only going to dance very little, and made her way at once to the place where Emmy sat quite unnoticed, and dismally unhappy. And so, to finish the poor child at once, Mrs. Rawdon ran and greeted affectionately her dearest Amelia, and began forthwith to patronize her. She found fault with her friend's dress and her hair-dresser, and wondered how she could be so *chaussée*, and vowed that she must send her *corsetière* the next morning. She vowed that it was a delightful ball, that there was everybody that every one knew, and only a *very* few nobodies in the whole room. It is a fact, that in a fortnight, and after three dinners in general society, this young woman had got up the genteel jargon so well, that a native could not speak it better, and it was only from her French being so good that you could know she was not a born woman of fashion. . . .

George danced with Rebecca twice or thrice — how many times Amelia scarcely knew. She sat quite unnoticed in her corner, except when Rawdon came up with some words of clumsy conversation; and later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her. He did not like to ask her why she was so sad, but as a pretext

for the tears which were filling her eyes, she told him that Mrs. Crawley had alarmed her by telling her that George would go on playing. . . .

At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-by to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the general of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away then with the bouquet, but when he gave it to the owner there lay a note coiled like a snake among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once. She had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met that she was aware what she should find there. Her husband hurried her away, still too intent upon his own thoughts, seemingly, to take note of any marks of recognition which might pass between his friend and his wife. These were, however, but trifling. Rebecca gave George her hand with one of her usual quick knowing glances, and made a courtesy and walked away. George bowed over the hand, said nothing in reply to a remark of Crawley's, did not hear it even, his brain was so throbbing with triumph and excitement, and allowed them to go away without a word.

His wife saw the one part at least of the bouquet-scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her her scarf and flowers : it was no more than he had done twenty times before

in the course of the last few days, but now it was too much for her. "William," she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, "you've always been very kind to me — I'm — I'm not well. Take me home." She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went away with her quickly. Her lodgings were hard by, and they threaded through the crowd without, where everything seemed to be more astir than even in the ball-room within.

George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented; so she went straight to bed now; but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter, and the galloping of horsemen was incessant, she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play-table, and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness, and he started up after awhile, pocketing his winnings, and went to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card-tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial.

"Halloo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir," and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely; "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, at which George, giving a start and a wild hurra, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters — his past life and future chances — the fate which might be before him — the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been! Should any mischance befall him, what was there left for her? How unworthy he was of her. Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sat down and wrote

his father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bedroom when he entered ; she lay quiet and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure ; the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her ? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease, and turning toward him as he stepped softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside of the coverlet. Good God ! how pure she was ; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless ! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime ! Heart-stained, and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How

dared he — who was he to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly toward the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and amid the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke. . . .

The bugles had awakened everybody, there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room; Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterward like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

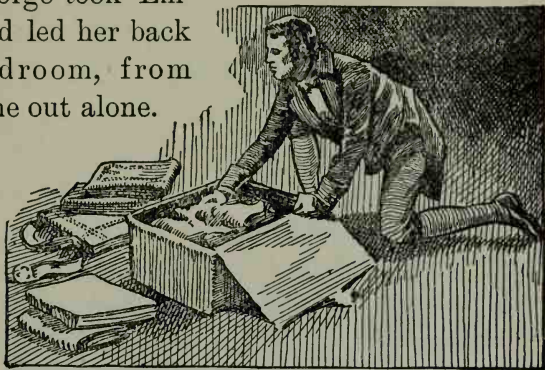
She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she, too, could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers whereon it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand,

looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding his sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God!" thought he, "and it is grief like this I dared to pry into!" And there was no help; no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

At last, George took Em-
my's hand, and led her back
into the bedroom, from
whence he came out alone.

The parting
had taken
place in that
moment, and
he was gone.

"Thank
heaven that
is over!"



GEORGE'S SERVANT WAS PACKING IN THIS ROOM.

George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm, as he ran swiftly to the alarm ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers hurrying from their billets, his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players. What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one? Into all contests requiring ath-

letic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upward, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravos of his companions had followed him everywhere; from the boys' cricket match to the garrison races, he had won a hundred of triumphs: and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause as those of bodily superiority, activity, and valor? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of a Troy down to to-day, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

So, at the sound of that stirring call to battle, George jumped away from the gentle arms in which he had been dallying; not without a feeling of shame (although his wife's hold on him had been but feeble), that he should have been detained there so long. The same feeling of eagerness and excitement was among all those friends of his of whom we have had occasional glimpses, from the stout senior major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the ensign, who was to bear its colors on that day.

The sun was just rising as the march began — it was a gallant sight — the band led the column, playing the regimental march — then came the major in command, riding upon Pyramus, his stout charger — then marched the grenadiers, their captain at their head; in the centre were the colors borne by the senior and junior en-

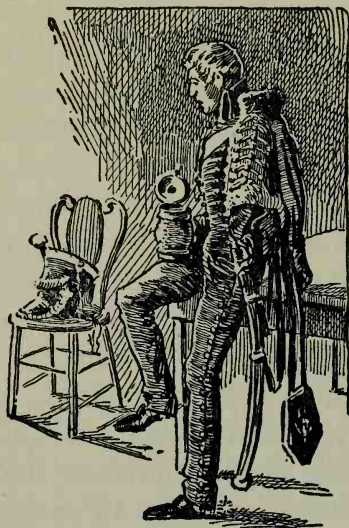
signs — then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up, and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away. . . .

At some ten o'clock the clinking of the sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a story in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured — and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled — their duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrows for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor duke is

a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him.”



REGULUS STILL SAT ON THE
KITCHEN TABLE.

So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sat on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the

black hussars fly, the Écossais pounded down by the cannon.

“And the — th,” gasped Jos.

“Cut in pieces,” said the hussar—upon which Pauline cried out, “O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*,” went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams. . . .

It was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumors of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians

had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumor gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favorable; at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take



AN AIDE-DE-CAMP WITH DESPATCHES.

leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a pitious sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing; it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.



"IT IS GEORGE, I KNOW
IT IS!" CRIED AMELIA.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy, faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two napoleons; my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months

before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant—th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men.

The major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the major was discovered seated on Pyramus' carcass, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain

Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned, so pale at the notion that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in this story. And it was Captain Dobbin who, at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well. . . .

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this

handful his grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels — where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricolored banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The immigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *portecochère*. The earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city, too. It seemed as if misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a

surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived, so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable door constantly, and had the horses saddled to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event. . . .

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, while the women

were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and the resolute survivors closing in. Toward evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and in spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line — the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels — the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.



NOTES

BARR, AMELIA E., author, born in England, 1831; came to America in 1854; husband and three sons died at Galveston, Tex., of yellow fever, 1867. She afterwards settled in New York, and wrote for religious newspapers. She has written "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Border Shepherdess," "Feet of Clay," "Bernicea," "Remember the Alamo," "She Loved a Sailor," "The Lone House," "A Sister to Esau," "Prisoners of Conscience," etc.

BLACKMORE, R. D., English lawyer and novelist, born in Longworth, Eng., 1825; died, 1890. He was always fond of gardening, and his peculiar knowledge of plant life is shown in all his books. He wrote "Lorna Doone," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Cripps the Carrier," "Erema," "Mary Averley," "Tommy Upmore," "Kit and Kitty," "Christowell," and some volumes of verse.

COOPER, J. F., American novelist, born in New Jersey, 1789; died, 1851. He followed the sea for five years, after three years at Yale. His first novel, "Precaution," was published when he was thirty. His chief books are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," and "Satans-toe," all of them either sea-tales or tales of frontier life.

DEFOE, D., English novelist and political writer, born in London, 1661; died, 1731; a great politician in his time, but best remembered by his "Robinson Crusoe." His political pamphlets, of which he wrote over four hundred, caused him to be imprisoned and pilloried, and his books to be burned by the common hangman. Among his other writings are "The Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Captain Singleton," "A History of the Plague," "The History of Colonel Jack," "Rosana," "Life and Adventures of Duncan Campbell," etc.

DICKENS, CHARLES, English novelist, born, 1812; died, 1870. As a boy he had a very hard life, and much of the story of "David Copperfield" is autobiographical. He became a reporter and began to write about 1833. His chief books are "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend," "Chimes," "Cricket on the Hearth," "Christmas Carol," "Hard Times," "Great Expectations," "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (unfinished).

DOYLE, A. CONAN, Scottish novelist and physician; born, 1859. He is the author of "Micah Clarke," "A Study in Scarlet," "The White Company," "The Refugees," and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

ELIOT, GEORGE, the pen-name of a famous English novelist, born, 1819; d. 1880. She was Mary Ann Evans, and was first married to G. H. Lewes, and afterwards in the year of her death to John Walter Cross. Her "Adam Bede" is perhaps her most famous book; but "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Felix Holt," and "Scenes of Clerical Life" are all popular. She also wrote "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda," and translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus;" and her poems are widely appreciated.

HAWTHORNE, N., one of America's most famous authors, born, 1804; died, 1864. He wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Twice Told Tales," "Fanshawe," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Snow Image," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Marble Faun," the "Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "Our Old Home," "Pansie," "Note Books," "Septimius Felton," "Tales of the White Hills," and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" (a fragment).

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman and author, born in Devonshire, 1819; died, 1875. From 1844, until his death, he was rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. In 1873 he was appointed Canon of Westminster and Chaplain to Queen Victoria. In 1874 he visited America. He wrote "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," "Two Years Ago," "Hereward the Wake," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" A charming book of travel, "At Last," and "The Heroes," "Glaucus," "The Water Babies," "Prose Idylls," "Health and Education," are some of his other books. His "Life," by his widow, is a most interesting biography.

LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER, English novelist, playwright, essayist, poet, and politician, born, 1803; died, 1873. He devoured books as a child, took early to rhyming, and published his first poem when seventeen years of age. After a wandering youth and an unfortunate marriage, he devoted himself to literature, the drama, and politics. He contributed to most of the important reviews, and is the author of the following novels, among others: "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Last of the Barons," "Harold," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do With It?" "Zanoni." Among his plays are "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money."

MANNING, ANNE, is the pen-name of Mrs. Anne Rathbone, born, 1807; died, 1879. She wrote nearly fifty stories, chiefly for young people. Her first book, "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," gained her much fame. This was followed by "The Household of Sir Thomas More;" and nearly all of her other books were pictures of past times.

PORTER, JANE, English author, born, 1776; died, 1850. Her first book, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," was published in 1803; "The Scottish Chiefs," in 1810. Among her other books are "The Pastor's Fireside," "Duke Christian," "The Field of Forty Footsteps," "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative."

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, famous Scottish novelist and poet. Born, 1771; died, 1832. He studied at the high school, and read for the bar; became an advocate and practised law. Among his novels are, "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Woodstock," "Redgauntlet," and "Guy Mannering." His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He went into business enterprises with his publishers, which resulted in bankruptcy. But he manfully set to work with his pen, and succeeded in paying all his creditors in full.

SHORTHOUSE, J. H., English author, born 1834; is a manufacturer of sulphuric acid, and an active business man. He was educated at private schools, and his recreation is literature. He has written "John Inglesant," "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," "Sir Percival," "Countess Eve," "Teacher of the Violin," "Blanche Lady Falaise," and numerous articles of literary interest in the magazines.

THACKERAY, W. M., one of England's most famous novelists, satirists, and critics, born, 1811; died, 1862; was educated at the Charterhouse School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He afterwards travelled on the Continent for several years. In 1833 he began to devote himself to literature, and wrote for "The Times," "Punch," and the magazines. He wrote "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond," "The Virginians," "The Yellowplush Papers," "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," "Rebecca the Widower," "Adventures of Philip," "English Humorists," "The Four Georges," "The Roundabout Papers," and was the first editor of the "Cornhill Magazine." He visited America in 1855.

HISTORIC SCENES IN FICTION

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

A Nameless Nobleman

Standish of Standish

JANE G. AUSTIN

Judith Shakespear

WILLIAM BLACK

Springhaven

RICHARD S. BLACKMORE

Legends of Charlemagne

THOMAS BULFINCH

Agnes Surriage

EDWIN LASSETER BYNNER

The Romance of Dollard

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

**Chronicles of the Schönberg-
Cotta Family**

ELIZABETH CHARLES

Conscript of 1813

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

The Crisis

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Spy

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Barnaby Rudge

A Tale of Two Cities

CHARLES DICKENS

Micah Clarke

A. CONAN DOYLE

The Musketeers

ALEXANDER DUMAS

Janice Meredith

PAUL LEICESTER FORD

The Man Without a Country

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Legends of the Province House

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Tory Lover

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Hypatia

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Last of the Barons

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Hugh Wynne

S. WEIR MITCHELL

The Cloister and the Hearth

CHARLES READE

Ivanhoe

Quentin Durward

Rob Roy

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Quo Vadis

SIENKIEWICZ

Uncle Tom's Cabin

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Henry Esmond

The Virginians

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACK-
ERAY

Ben Hur

LEW WALLACE

A Gentleman of France

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

